MOODY AND SANKEY

IN

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AND

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The wonderful career of
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Yours truly
Robert Boyd

THE WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

TOGETHER WITH

The Trials and Triumphs of Faith,

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE LIVES OF

PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS, KINGS AND APOSTLES.

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BY

REV. ROBERT BOYD, D.D.

EMBELLISHED WITH

STEEL PLATE PORTRAIT OF Dr. BOYD.

LIKENESSES OF THE AMERICAN EVANGELISTS,

AND SEVERAL OTHER ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

In passing through life's journey, the people of God have often to sing with the poet Cowper,—

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

And happy are they who have learned to trust their Heavenly Father where they cannot see him; who can read his love in the most trying dispensations; who do not judge Him by feeble sense, but who know that when he blesses he does so like a God, making the things that seemed all against us work for our good; and so modifying the heat of the furnace of affliction, that instead of consuming us, as we feared, it only consumes our dross.

Hence there is nothing so wise, nothing so sweet for the Christian to do, as quietly to submit himself to the holy will of God. As a loving child puts his hand into his father's hand, and is led by him wherever he pleases, so should we trust our Father in heaven. He may lead us into a wilderness, or into a garden, by rough places or by smooth; but it will be found to be the right way, while He is our guide.

I have been led into these reflections by the sending forth of this new work from my pen, which opens the present volume. But a few years ago I was the pastor of a loving, faithful, and working church, in that most stirring and bustling city, Chicago. My congregation was large and attentive; conversions were frequent and numerous; I was happy in my work, and my time

occupied with it from morning to night. I had no time to write for the public, and never expected to be the author of books, but God laid his afflicting hand upon me, and paralysis left me almost as helpless as a child. Oh, it was a dark and trying day when I had to leave my loved work, and bid farewell to my dear people!

Determined to work as long as I could for my beloved Lord Jesus, I sent forth book after book which were well received by the Christian public. Soon communications began to reach me of the good they were doing. From the crowded city and the quiet village; from our patriot soldiers on the tented field, and from the hospitals filled with the wounded; from the pastors of churches, and teachers of Sabbath Schools, came frequent accounts of conversions through my writings. I now began to have a glimpse of the reason why God afflicted me. I found that I was addressing a much larger audience than I had ever done before, and that my affliction, so far from hindering, had greatly increased my usefulness. This was a great comfort to me, and caused the song of gratitude to God to ring out of the dark night of my trouble. The master had led me in a way that I knew not, and to Him I gave all the glory.

Then came the great Chicago fire, in which my books and the stereotype plates were destroyed, thus putting my works out of print. This was again a trial of faith, and I recognize the goodness of God that I have so soon found a publisher of well-known enterprize, to send forth all my works on the great errand of preaching Christ crucified; and I earnestly ask the prayers of the Christian reader, that they may be abundantly blessed in leading souls to Jesus, the "World's Hope," and to build the fabric of their trust for eternity upon "The Rock of Ages."

R. B.

DEDICATION.

TO MY WIFE:

For nearly thirty years the loved and loving companion of my life; my faithful helper and co-worker in the healthy, active, and happy years of my public ministry; my constant, patient, and affectionate nurse in the years of my trial and suffering; and my always sympathizing and true-hearted wife,—this book is dedicated by her loving husband,

THE AUTHOR.

PART I.

The Trials and Triumphs of Faith.

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PART I.

THE

Trials and Triumphs of Faith;

OR

SCRIPTURE EXAMPLES.

"Followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

"These all died in faith."

PART II.

MOODY AND SANKEY:

HISTORY OF THEIR EARLY LIFE.

PART III.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN

GREAT BRITAIN.

PART IV.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

OF THE

CAREER AND WORK

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN AMERICA.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

CHAPTER I.

ABEL—AN ACCEPTED WORSHIPER.

THE inspired writers give us very short biographical notices of Scripture characters, but very comprehensive and pointed. They tell us simply what they did, and leave us to infer from that what they were. Their virtues were not overrated, their faults were not concealed. The key-note of a great character is often given in a few words or a single sentence, and the fact left to speak for itself.

There are many things that conspire together to make Abel a most notable character; not only a most interesting subject for our consideration, but one full of practical improvement. He was a member of the first family that ever existed on the earth. He was the first human being that was called to pass through the portals of death. Great is the harvest which death has reaped since, having made of our earth a huge sepulcher as it revolves around the sun; but his was the first human heart over whose strings the cold fingers of death groped; the first whose warm, bounding life was chilled by his icy touch. And it is surely worthy of remark, that the first person of our race that was called to go out to meet the King of Terrors was a young man. It was not one who had the frost of years upon his head, whose limbs were tottering and

palsied under the weight of years, who was first taken; but one in the prime of youthful vigor, and through whose full veins the tide of life danced merrily. A terrible rebuke to those who are planning to neglect the salvation of their souls, till the shadows of old age pass over them. Death's first victim was not only young, but such have been the vast majority of his victims ever since. And the first death in the world was *sudden*. With the suddenness of the lightning's flash, with the rapidity of the lion's spring, death came upon him. The grim King sent no notice of his approach; not by slow, slow advances did he attack the citadel of life; not even in the dark midnight hour did he come; but in the open fields, amid the splendor of heaven's light, with nature's voices of sweetest music in his ears, and the pulse of life throbbing vigorously in his bosom, Abel was stricken down in death.

But the best remains to be told. The first man that died in our world was a good man. We learn this, not by some flattering inscription put over his grave by the hand of partial friendship, nor by some glowing eulogy pronounced over his dust; but by the testimony of God himself. Before he died "he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts." Blessed be God, that the first human soul that passed from earth went to glory! Heaven had the first fruits. And it is a pleasing reflection, that after all the blighting, withering curse which sin has brought upon our world, vastly more of the human family will be saved than lost. More than one-half of our race die in infancy, and these are forever safe. Then there are the millions of the redeemed in every age—a cloud of witnesses: and then, before the end of time the world will have its long Sabbath of holy rest, its centuries of gospel triumph, when all shall rejoice in the truth. Yes; Christ shall have the majority, and the number of the lost in hell, the outcasts from God through unbelief, shall be but small compared with the vast congregation of holy, blood-washed souls, that shall be gathered around him in heaven—a multitude that no man can number. We thank God for this happy thought.

But the first man that died from this world was not only a good man, but a martyr also. He died for his religion. This vile, wretched business of religious persecution began very early, and it still goes on. "Marvel not," says the Master, "if the world hate you." We are told to expect that those who are of the flesh will persecute those who are of the Spirit. The slaves of sin have always hated the truth, and those whom it made free. The voice of good men testifying for God torments their consciences; and they think that the quickest way to silence is to kill them. Blows, not arguments; stripes, not logic; brute force, not persuasion, are the weapons which error delights to employ. They are carnal weapons, not spiritual; weapons forged in hell, not drawn from the polished armory of heaven.

One thing, however, that has troubled persecutors in every age is, that though they can kill good men, they cannot kill their principles. The man dies, but the truths he uttered live on, all the brighter and the stronger because of his death. Why did Cain kill Abel? God tells us that it was "because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." But he did not get rid of the troublesome protest of his brother's principles by killing him. God said, "The voice of thy brother's blood calleth to me from the ground." And it not only called to God, but to men; and his voice has sounded down through the ages, and reverberated through the world, ever since. "He being dead yet speaketh." He never spoke so pointedly and eloquently in favor of God's grace, as when wrapped in his bloody shroud he lay in his grave. He then spoke with a voice potent to touch the hearts of men, and which the earth and the sod which covered his remains could not stifle. So it is ever. Truth persecuted advances more rapidly and spreads like a prairie fire before a sweeping tempest. God makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and "the blood of the martyrs becomes the seed of the Church."

Abel was the first to test the power of the covenant of grace to carry the soul through the awful realities of death. On the very spot where sin had shown its deformed visage, grace

planted its holy standard and obtained a victory. It began its work of restoration on the very soil, in the same family circle, where the curse and the ruin of sin had fallen. Before the sinner is driven out of Eden, the scene of his holiness and his happiness, and also the scene of his sin and his disgrace; the promise of grace comes to him. Not that God's grace only began when man sinned. No, it was from all eternity; like the life of Jehovah it had no beginning. But when man sinned, it began to show itself. Man's sin called out and made known what had forever existed in the divine mind. And wondrous grace met man just in the depth of his great need.

It is ever thus. If sin abounds, grace much more abounds. The sinner may sink down, down to great depths of sin and degradation; but he can find that the arms of mighty grace are still under him to lift him up, if he depends thereon. This grace met Paul in the midst of his bloody persecution. It met the poor, guilty jailor in the midst of his cruelty to the Lord's servants. It went, with the pleadings of love, to the Jerusalem sinners, with their hands red with the blood of the Holy and Just One. It does not stand on a pinnacle of proud dignity and wait for the sinner's return, but it goes to the lowest depths to seek and save.

It is the very nature of divine grace to manifest itself. Just as naturally as the sun pours out his bright and warming beams, or as the full fountain pours out its sparkling waters, so does Divine love break out in blessings upon our race. It is of the very nature of God to love; but infinite wisdom goes along with that love, selecting the time and the place and the way in which this grace was to be displayed. It is a foolish question: Could not God have appointed some other way to save sinners than through the death of his Son? No. The very fact that infinite love and wisdom selected that *one way*, sets aside every other. It is the master-piece of God; and much as it has done for our world already, it is yet to do much more. Much as we have seen of it at the foot of the cross, we will see much more at the foot of the throne. There it will

meet us with new displays of love, exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. We shall then be able to comprehend more fully the wonders of sovereign grace; but after it crowns and enthrones us, we will still have to say, "It passeth knowledge."

It is wonderful that there is still such a tendency in the sinner's heart to put merit in the place of grace, man's shabby work in the place of Christ's glorious work. This is man resorting to mere human quackery, instead of going to the balm of Gilead, that alone brings health and healing to the soul. There is but one thing that can save a soul, and nothing but that, nothing before that, nothing besides that, can save; and that is faith in Jesus as the sacrifice for sin. It was by believing in this that Abel was saved; and you, my reader, can only be saved in the same way. O the glory, the sweetness, the nearness of this free grace! It is near us all, free to us all, and none are excluded but those that exclude themselves. Take a firm hold of Christ by the hand of faith, and your heart will be filled with what Samuel Rutherford called "a young heaven." A gentleman tells us that he asked a little girl of only five years, "Are you a sinner?" "No, sir," she promptly replied. "But," said he, "have you never done anything that was wrong?" "O yes, a great many times." "How, then, can you say that you are not a sinner?" "It is *tooken away*," was her reply, "Who has taken it away?" he asked. Her reply was, "I have trusted in Christ." None could have given a clearer and more intelligent idea of the plan of salvation.

Reader, you are now enjoying your day of grace. Like an angel of mercy it walks abroad and in tones sweet and clear, sounds out the story of God's love. Here and there some perishing sinner believes the message and is saved. Now it is a persecuting Saul, then a backsliding Peter. At one time it is a doubting Thomas, while at another it is an honest inquirer like Cornelius. But whether it was a proud ruler or an outcast woman, a humble publican, or a dying thief—in the fullness of Christ's love there was room for them all. The best robe is

put upon the wretched wanderer, and he is welcomed home as a fellow-heir with Christ. Then the believer can adopt the language of an old author, "My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need His love and consolation for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need Him as a good and faithful Shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove pursued by the hawk, and I need His wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need His cross to lay hold of and wind myself about; I am a sinner, and I need His righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need His holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need His solace; I am ignorant, and I need His teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of His Holy Spirit. When I am forsaken, He must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will part with all the world and all that it contains, rather than with Thee, my Saviour."

We desire now to fix attention upon the most important point in the history of Abel, and that is, that sinner as he was he was an accepted worshiper by the holy God. "The Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering; but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect." In these two brothers there was a vast difference—a difference almost as great as between light and darkness, as between an angel and a fiend. But in what did it consist? Not of anything natural to them, nor in their outward circumstance. In these respects they were alike. They were born of the same parents, brought up in the same family, heard the same instructions, were surrounded with the same circumstances, had naturally the same depraved hearts, and were both sinners before God. Yea, up to a certain point, their very religion was alike. They both recognized the Being of a God. They both acknowledged the truth that God should be worshiped, and that he has imperative claims upon us and upon all that we possess.

But here the difference between the two becomes very great. The one came to God in the way of God's appointment, and the other did not. The difference between them lay not in

anything in their natural characters, but in the sacrifices presented. "*By faith* Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain;" so we see it was not something in the offerer, but in the offering, that made the one be accepted and the other rejected. Cain came to offer to God the fruit of a sin-cursed earth, with no shed blood to remove that curse. By faith Abel grasped the great truth that "without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin." He saw that he was a sinner, and that the wages of sin was death. He saw, therefore, death and the terrible curse standing between him and communion with his God; and in his offering he brought a sacrificed life to meet the claims of God's insulted purity. Through the dying struggles of the lamb that he brought, through the blood that streamed forth from the victim, he looked away by faith to Calvary, and saw, but dimly it may be, the Saviour dying for him. And hence he had the witness that he was righteous and that his worship was accepted; not because of anything good in him, but simply because of the goodness of the medium through which he approached. It was the heaven-appointed medium.

We see, then, that the great cardinal truth upon which man's salvation has turned, ever since he became a sinner, is the shed blood of Jesus—a sinless victim. When Christ entered our world, it would not have been enough that he lived a sinless life, that he preached pure, heavenly truth, that he healed the sick, and brightened his pathway with the most God-like benevolence; all these would not have constituted him a Saviour. To be a Saviour for sinners he must die upon the cross; for it was his death that rent the veil that hung between man and his God; and that prevented all approach of the guilty creature to the infinitely holy Creator. His blood alone cleanses from all sin.

Here was the great mistake of Cain. He came with an unbloody sacrifice; merely the fruit of the earth that had the curse and stain of sin upon it. He came with it proudly as something that he had toiled for, and as a gift that would secure the favor of God. "God is not worshiped with men's

hands, as though he needed anything." No; the claims of infinite justice, the demands of holy law, cannot be met by the sweat of the sinner's brow, or the toil of his hands; he has nothing to offer God which he has not first received from Him; and so there can be no merit. Man, in the pride of his heart, would like to have the flattering unction laid to his soul that he can confer some favor upon God; that he can make Jehovah sometimes the receiver, not always the giver. But he seeth such proud souls afar off; he rejects with indignation their attempts to bribe him—their offerings and their pretended worship. "If I were hungry I would not tell thee."

And yet this *Cain worship* has been, and still is, the fashionable, popular religion of the world. No religionist has ever had so many followers as Cain. Every false religious system that has ever appeared in the world has gone upon this principle, that man can by his own gifts and deeds please God and secure his favor. Some of these systems of error may be more gross and degrading than others; but in this they all agree, that in their own prayers, their tears and repentance, their works and sacrifices, their alms and good deeds must lie their chief hope of salvation. Some of them, after doing the best that they can for themselves, will speak about Jesus being a helper to make up their deficiencies; but to depend upon Christ alone, to trust all on grace, as revealed in the gospel, is a doctrine that makes them look like Cain, of whom it is said, "he was very wroth, and his countenance fell."

Here we see that it was not a mere arbitrary act on the part of God, to reject the sacrifice of the one brother, and to accept the other. There was a good reason for it. The one adopted God's plan of acceptance, the other clung to one of his own. The one was filled with peace and love to God; the other was filled with wrath and enmity. The one went bounding into the presence of God with joyful assurance; the other went out from God's presence with a brow dark as a thunder-cloud. Cain's religion had a bad foundation; it rested on human merit. What, then, could be expected from it but misery and death? Abel's religion rested on the merits of

Christ; and it secured to him, therefore, all the fullness of God. In short, the whole difference might be summed up in one word: the one had faith and the other had not. To some this may seem a very small matter, but in the sight of God it was everything. And in matters of religion the question is not what will suit my notions, or what will please men; but what will please the Great Judge with whom we have all to do? If all the world was pleased with us, and the most learned critics of the world united in calling our theory of religion rational, and intellectual, and the very embodiment of all wisdom, what would it avail if, when the great testing time came, God should thunder out, "I know you not"—"Depart from me!" Now, we are expressly told, that "without faith it is impossible to please God;" and so those who "go in the way of Cain" must perish. Faith in what God said made Abel a child of God—a favorite of heaven; unbelief made Cain an outcast and a cast-away from his Lord's presence.

It may be asked, How did Abel come to know so well the plan of salvation? I answer, that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. His faith rested where the faith of all saints in all ages has rested, on God's promise. When Adam sinned, dark terror took hold of his mind; and, to show how far he had fallen, he sought to flee from the glance of the Omniscient eye! Dark suspicion, and remorse, and shame, all wrought together to trouble and distract his soul, as ocean is lashed into a fury by tempests. The thought of God's presence was now as painful to him as it had once been delightful; and the chief wish of his soul was to live as far from God as possible—in a Godless state, in a Godless world. But God follows the fleeing rebel; not with thunderbolts of wrath, but with words of grace and promise. The promise of a coming Saviour was given, who, through suffering, was to bruise the head of the serpent.

It has been truly said, "This was but a dim and partial revelation. It was the first ray of returning light. It was not the sun,—that was not to rise for ages,—neither was it the morn.

It was only the first streak of brightness upon the overhanging clouds. It foretold the dawn; it was the forerunner of the sun. The clouds did forthwith depart, the curse did not leave the earth, man's restoration was not complete; but the process was begun by which all these would be accomplished. Yes, we can see that all the elements of the glad tidings of the Gospel were wrapped up in this promise. The coming deliverer was to be a man, born of a woman; and yet, he was evidently to be something more than man, for he was to be the deliverer of the race and the destroyer of Satan. The Saviour was to be a sufferer, and yet to come off a conqueror; he was to meet with enmity, bitter and relentless; was to engage in a conflict, and in that conflict was to be wounded; and through this very wounding victory was to come. This promise was but dim, but along with it sacrifices were established; and the one cast light upon the other. The altar stood side by side with the promise; and what was seen with the eyes helped to explain what was heard with the ears. There was the flaming sword, and nothing but blood was able to turn aside its vengeful edge; and right before that sword of justice lay the bleeding victim of sacrifice upon the altar; all pointing to a time when the sword of Divine Justice would be quenched in the blood of Jesus on the hill of Calvary.

These are the great truths which Abel learned and, what is better, which he practiced. Doubtless Cain had the same opportunities to know the truths which his brother possessed; but unbelief shut up his heart against them. He was not the victim of an arbitrary sovereignty, that took one and rejected another; without any good reason. It is true that one was taken and the other was left; but it was then as it is now, one was taken because he had faith in Christ, and the other was left because of his unbelief. The Divine Master with whom we have to do is no respecter of persons; but He has great respect to the humble in heart, and takes up his abode with those who lovingly confide in his word.

The great difference between the two brothers as worshipers, reminds us forcibly of similar cases occurring many cen-

turies later. Take the case of the Pharisee and the Publican, who went up to the temple to pray, in our Lord's days upon earth. What a contrast between these two men! "One nearer to the altar stood, the other to the altar's God." The one, full of pride and vain glory, comes to tell the Lord what a good man he is; the other, emptied of self and utterly stripped of all human dependence, comes to cast himself on God's mercy alone. The one comes to prove himself the chief of Pharisees; the other, to confess himself the chief of sinners. The one comes to vindicate himself and condemn his fellow worshiper; the other comes to condemn himself and vindicate God. The one goes up to a great height of self-glorification, by which he is only sinking into hell; the other goes down to a great depth of self-abasement, by which he rises to heaven. And we need not wonder that when the hour of worship was over, the one went down to his home a child of wrath, an heir of hell; while the other went down to his house justified, a child of God and an heir of eternal glory.

We see the same contrast presented in the case of the two thieves upon the cross. They both heard the words of truth that Jesus spoke upon the cross. They were both equally near to Him in the local sense of the term. They were both sinners, on the verge of eternity, their souls exposed to the same peril. They were in exactly the same outward circumstances; had the same opportunities of being saved. Yet one begins to pray, the other to blaspheme. One reviles Christ, the other confesses him. One vindicates our Lord's innocence, the other joins with the mocking crowd against him. In short, the one believes in our Lord's power to save him, his prayer being the prayer of faith, while the other continues in unbelief and sin. The result is, that the one dies with the sound of pardon and acceptance ringing in his ears and comforting his soul, while the other dies as he lived, a stranger to God and holiness.

How evident, then, it is, that persons enjoying the same privileges, who have listened to the same preaching, for whom the same fervent prayers have been offered, who have been tenderly nurtured in the same pious family, and passed through

the same glorious revivals; may at last be separated from each other, far as heaven is from hell. Yes, persons may perform the same outwardly religious acts; and yet, what is piety in one is profanity in another, because of the state of their hearts. The same holy words may be uttered, the same outward religious acts observed; and yet, what is spiritual life to one may be death to another. To the one the gospel is the savor of life unto life, and to another of death unto death. Just as the Egyptians went down into the same sea, and by the same path, as the Israelites; but what proved life and salvation to the people of God proved death and destruction to their enemies.

The Apostle Paul makes a statement concerning Abel which, being of general application to all men, is very impressive: "He being dead yet speaketh." Men are apt to think that when one has closed his eyes upon life and his body is covered up in the bosom of mother earth, this is the end of his influences and acts below, and that henceforth he is as if he had never been. But this is a great mistake. No matter how humble or how exalted; whether he acted in the eyes of a single family, or in the eyes of the nations of the world; whether he spoke to a few hearers from his chair at his own fireside, or from the most exalted throne on earth; his words will sound down through the ages, as we have heard voices echoing amid the mountain gorges, or reverberating from summit to summit. "None of us," says Paul, "liveth to himself." That is, others must be affected by our life either for good or evil. And so, "no man dieth to himself." Centuries after we are dead, there will be souls made happy or miserable, saved or lost, through the influences we started before we died. This would be readily acknowledged in the case of great and distinguished men, who have filled the world with their fame; and especially those whose printed words survive them, and influence for good or evil their numerous readers. But it is equally true, though on a smaller scale, with the most obscure. We cannot live without touching strings of influence that reach into eternity.

What vast importance does this thought impart to life! Life

would be but an empty, vain, paltry thing, if divorced from eternity. But when we know that all we think, and say, and do, all that we enjoy and suffer, all that elevates us with hope or depresses us with sorrow, all our calms and our storms, our weariness and our rest, are having a direct bearing upon our own everlasting state, and that of others; how does life loom up into an importance that overshadows all worlds! We say it is a solemn thing to die, but it is a thousand times more solemn to live. How we shall die, and where we shall be, millions of years from now, are dependent on the use we make of the frail thing we now call life. We are now gathering up the elements of blessing or woe in which we are to be wrapped when the sun shall have shot his last ray, and all the retinue of stars shall have expired in endless night. In this view of it, life is a priceless, glorious gift, but has hanging upon its slender thread the most tremendous consequences.

If we must speak after death, we should so live that we shall speak for God and for the good of souls. And we should welcome any trial that God sends, that will enable us to do so more effectively. Hundreds of years ago an old Puritan minister, while under affliction, wrote a little book called the "Bruised Reed" which was the means of the conversion of Richard Baxter. Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," led to the conversion of Philip Doddridge. His "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," led to the conversion of Wilberforce, and his "Practical View of Christianity," was much blessed to Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, whose influence now is world wide. When the Lord drove the plowshare of affliction through that old Puritan's heart, turning up to his view its hidden evils, and giving him a deeper sympathy with God in the great work he is carrying on, little did he realize the great harvest of glory that was to redound to God by such painful discipline. But he sees it now. Exalted far above the region of sorrow and strife and sin, he sees the dealing of the Lord in the light of his love; and knows that "He hath done all things well."

It has been a wonder to many, why Abel, and good men like him ever since, have been permitted to suffer affliction. But

these have been intended for their personal good, and to make them useful to others, through all eternity. Like to yonder stream rushing on, free and untrammeled among the mountains, or through the veins of the earth; but there is nothing to distinguish it from any other stream of common water, till one day it strikes in its course some sanative mineral, by which it has a healing property imparted to it, that gives it a world-wide fame and brings to it thousands of invalids to rejoice in its health-giving virtues. Thus many now in glory are not only thanking God personally for their afflictions, but others who have been saved through their instrumentality, are helping them to swell their song of praise. They now see, with David, that it was good for them that they were afflicted; and are ready to say with an old writer, "O healthy sickness! O comfortable sorrows! O gainful losses! O enriching poverty! O blessed day that ever I was afflicted!"

Dear, unconverted reader, have you pious friends in heaven? Like Abel, they being dead are yet speaking to you. With them life's weary battle is over, and well over. Wandering by the banks of the river of life, or walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, they are able to look over the past, and with quickened memory to bring up scene after scene through which they have struggled their weary way. There is that pious mother that so often prayed for you; that godly father that counseled you; that sabbath-school teacher that so earnestly sought to lead your young feet into the ways of the Lord, and that faithful pastor under whose powerful appeals of love you so long sat as a hearer. These all speak to you to-day. They plead with you now. They urge you to flee from the wrath to come. They tell you of the willingness of that Jesus to save you, whose unclouded glory they now behold. They tell you that His blood still speaks better things than the blood of Abel—speaks of mercy and love. O let them not speak in vain!

"Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strifes of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve these holy angels, shall we cloud these blessed skies?

"Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night—silence cometh, and with us it is not day."

CHAPTER II.

ENOCH. THE HEAVENLY WALK.

A GOOD man once observed, that when he got to heaven he expected to meet with three causes of wonder. First, he would wonder to see some that he did not expect to see there; second, he would wonder to find some *not* there that he did expect to see; and third, he would wonder most of all to find such an unworthy sinner as himself there. No doubt there will be many whose names have occupied a large place in the religious world on earth, whose names will not be known in heaven. They were zealous for a creed; they had talent and tact and courage in leading a party; they were in their element amidst the bitter rage and unholy strife of unprofitable controversy, but their hearts were not right in the sight of God. They made themselves a name and a fame; they had many followers and admirers; their partizans loaded them with titles and honors; and when they died, volumes of biography were written about them, and marble monuments told a flattering story of their virtues; but when they approached the gates of heaven, God said, "I know you not." When the names recorded in the Lamb's book of life shall come to be read in heaven, when the affairs of earth shall be wound up, it will be found that names which went sounding down through the trumpet of history; names that made whole nations tremble, will not be heard there at all. While on the other hand, the name of many a humble child of God, but little known on earth, or if known, covered all over with the slanders of the wicked, shall then stand high in the roll of glory. Saints, whose names were unknown among the proud ones of earth, or spoken only with a sneer, will be pronounced with approbation before assembled worlds. They

that confessed Christ here, shall be confessed by him there; and all the renown of earth is an empty bauble compared to that glory and honor.

We have been led to make these remarks from considering the case of Enoch. Only a few words convey to us all that we know about him; but these are of such a character that we long to know more, and make us look forward with delight to the time when we shall see him face to face in heaven. Enoch, being contemporary with Adam, had no doubt learned from his lips the dark story of man's fall, and the brighter one of God's grace, as seen in the promise. The dreadful evil of sin, as seen in the rampant iniquity of the people around him, whose crimes were already crying to heaven for vengeance, must have deeply distressed his heart, and he felt the necessity of stemming the tide of profanation and impiety that rolled in murky darkness before his eyes. It is a pleasing reflection; that in the darkest and most declining time which our world has ever seen, God has never left himself without faithful witnesses to testify for him. He has always had a seed to serve him.

There was a Noah in the midst of the general apostacy. There was a Lot in the midst of Sodom. There was an Abraham in Ur, and a Job in Uz. In the days of Elijah God's holy eye could discover seven thousand faithful souls, scarcely known to the world, and never wanting to be known. And in Malachi's days, when religion had sunk into such a low and formal state, the names of a few precious jewels in God's sight could be recorded, who feared the Lord and thought upon his name, and cheered their lonely pilgrim path by heavenly converse. Like an oasis in a desert; like a sweet flower peeping up amid the departing snows, like a bright star breaking out of a dark night to cheer the tempest-tossed mariner; such is the child of God, gathering an increase of brightness from surrounding gloom. To live *in* the world but not *of* it; like a holy Daniel in Babylon, not a partaker of her sins, but an unflinching protester against them; this is the position for the good man to occupy. And though the influences of the world

are corrupting, yet strength from a Divine source is given to those who seek it by faith. In the dark ages, when pardon through the blood of Jesus was ignored, and mercenary priests hawked pardons about the streets for sale; when justification by faith in Jesus was sneered at, and justification by fastings and scourgings and other penances was unblushingly proclaimed; when what was called the Church of Christ became rich by the blood of souls; God kept alive the Albigenses and Waldenses to testify for the truth. The world has never been so dark that the sparkling rays of the Star of Bethlehem might not be seen by those who were looking for the true light.

The inspired record about Enoch is very brief, but very suggestive. "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." And upon this the apostle Paul says, "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." Some writers have spoken of Abel's death as a symbol of Christ as the great Propitiation for sin, and of Enoch's translation as a type of His resurrection and ascension. But not to adopt an interpretation that may be more fanciful than real, it is evident that if Abel's death showed the awful nature of sin, the translation of Enoch showed the power and glory of Divine grace. In the one we see sin digging a gloomy and loathsome grave; in the other we see grace opening a bright and glorious heaven. In the death of the one we see the hatred of God to sin; but in the translation of the other we see the beauteous immortality which his love opens up for the faithful—for those that trust the promises of grace. The one said, "The wages of sin is death;" the other said, "The gift of God is eternal life."

"Enoch walked with God." This implies a very high state of piety and of spirituality of mind. The expression is so often used in religious meetings, and we have become so familiar with the sound of the words, that we scarcely realize how much it implies. It tells us of a nearness to God, of an enjoyment

of God, of a sweetness felt in the presence of God, of a perfect confidence in Him, and holy familiarity in conversing with Him, of which none but the choice spirits of our race, those of whom the world was not worthy, have ever been made partakers. It is man dwelling with God, and God taking up his abode with man. "I in them, and they in me," says the Lord Jesus. To souls untaught from above, these expressions sound like the ravings of a dreamy mysticism, but to those taught in the school of Christ their unmistakable meaning is engraven on their hearts. They speak that which they know.

President Edwards gives us a correct picture of walking with God, in a relation of his own experience. He says, "I had vehement longings of soul after God and Christ, and after more holiness, wherewith my heart seemed to be full and ready to break, which often brought to my mind the words of the Psalmist, 'My soul breaketh for the longing it hath.' I often felt a longing and lamenting in my heart that I had not turned to God sooner, that I might have had more time to grow in grace. My mind was greatly fixed in Divine things, year after year, often in walking alone in the woods and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God; and it was always my manner at such times to sing forth my contemplation. I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherever I was. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burning of my heart had vent. The delights which I now felt in the things of religion were of an exceedingly different kind from what I ever enjoyed before, and what I had no more notion of when a boy, than one born blind has of pleasant and beautiful colors. They were of a more inward, pure, soul-animating and refreshing nature. Those former delights never reached the heart, and did not arise from sight of the Divine excellency of the things of God, or any taste of the soul-satisfying and life-giving good there is in them."

Yes; this is truly walking with God. And blessed be God, it is not confined to patriarchs and prophets, to apostles and martyrs, to ministers and reformers. There are thousands

and tens of thousands to-day thus walking with God, that the world has never heard of and never will till the affairs of earth shall be brought to their final settlement. It has been my happy privilege to know many of them, and to see them ripening for their future life, as they walked on the verge of glory. And so much of heaven did they possess upon earth, that their departure seemed more a translation than dying. We felt the great blank which the loss of their presence here created, and with heart-longings gazed after them into the heavens, and wished to follow them to their blessed home.

"And after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him."

To walk with God implies a converted character. No man by nature chooses God for his companion. On the contrary there is an aversion, an enmity, a dislike to think of God, as he is revealed in the Bible, that make men turn their backs upon him and seek to get out of his presence. "I remembered God and was troubled." It is true, that sinners sometimes get up a god in their own imagination of which they are not afraid, and which they even cherish an affection for. They conjure up a god all mercy, making no distinction between sin and holiness, between the righteous and the wicked; a god all made up of what they call goodness—a goodness without truth and without justice; and this god they can walk with. But it is just as much an idol they worship as that of the heathen man who makes one with his own hands, and carries it about in his pocket, or sets it up in his house. Until men are converted their whole course is away from the God of the Bible. They are going from God and toward destruction, and that with increasing speed day by day, until in conversion a total change takes place. Indeed, the word conversion, coming from the Latin word *convertere*, means to turn round. Then they walk with God instead of away from him. Their faces are turned towards God and heaven, instead of towards the world and hell. Their old pleasures and pursuits they

leave behind them, and turn with new and consecrated energies to objects worthy of their high destiny, and their immortal natures.

To walk with God, in its very nature, implies being of one mind with him. "How can two walk together unless they be agreed?" We must submit our own wills to his, and permit his wisdom to take the place of our presumption. We must confide in him, willing to go where he leads, and to suffer what he appoints. We read of two apostles who walked together for a time, but they were not of one mind; and strife and contention was the result. They had to separate and each take his own way. You have seen a criminal walking with a police officer, but it was not a willing walk; he was eagerly looking for a chance to escape. You have seen an insane person walking with his keeper; but it was not a loving, joyous, intelligent walk. The Christian's walk is very different from all of these. He commits himself to God to be led as he pleases, just as a loving child puts his hand into its father's, and walks with him through dark night or dense forest, with perfect confidence in his love and his wisdom.

It was among the very first signs of his conversion when Paul cried, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" It is a state of mind that gives obedience in feeling and obedience in action. Instead of standing up in opposition to the great, harmonious, and holy will of our God, which is only beating our heads with frantic rage against a rock, we must say, "Not my will, but thine be done." The chief misery of earth arises from men setting up their own proud, selfish and wicked wills, and wanting to make everything bow to them. What are strifes and contentions in families, or nations, or churches, but a clashing of such wills? And what causes the impenitent sinner to live and die an outcast from all good, but because he will not submit to God's way of saving him?

We could not walk with any comfort with one who was to us an object of suspicion. If you thought that he was going to rob you, or had designs upon your life, you would seek to get as far away from him as possible. To those who do not walk

by faith, the thought of the constant presence of God is dreadful. They do not like to think of it, nor to speak of it; and though they may not say so in so many words, yet they would rather that there was no God! Yea, they sometimes speak out the bitterness of their hearts in the words, "Depart from us; we desire not a knowledge of thy ways."

Now, the believer is one who has been reconciled to God through the death of his Son. Through faith in Jesus he has seen the heart of God, and knows something of the great, abounding love that reigns there. In that love he confides. He can look up into the face of his Heavenly Father with the warm glow of affection, and feels it his highest heaven to be in his presence. John Bunyan, in relating his conversion, gives a good idea of the beginning of his heavenly walk. "One day as I was passing into the field, and that too with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul: 'Thy righteousness is in heaven;' and methought withal I saw, with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand. There I saw was my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, God could not say of me, 'He wants my righteousness,' for that was just before him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed,—I was loosed from my afflictions and irons, my temptations also fled away; so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me. Now went I also home rejoicing for the grace and love of God."

To walk with God implies a man of prayer. We would not feel much pleasure in walking with one with whom we could not converse. Now, prayer is just talking with God. When the two disciples had that delightful walk on the way to Emmaus, their sweetest recollection of it was recorded in the words, "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures."

This is so still. The happiest part of the Christian's journey, and the part that he will look back upon with the greatest delight, will be the hours spent in converse with God. He knows that he has sent requests to God, and that he has got back answers from him. He needs no labored argument to prove to him the existence of God any more than he needs to have his own existence proved. He is in daily communication with the Father of Spirits; and the secret of the Lord is with him. He constantly asks and receives.

The Rev. Dr. Murray gives us an illustration of this. He says: "There was among my people a man in middle life, a German by birth, and a remarkably simple-hearted, pure-minded Christian. Whoever was absent, he was always present at the place of prayer. One evening early in December, as I was about retiring to rest, I heard a knock at my door, and my German friend was introduced, his countenance full of emotion. On taking his seat, his first words were these: 'My dear pastor, I have come to tell you that the Lord is about to revive his work here.' Surprised at his appearance and language, and at the lateness of his visit, I asked him, 'Why do you think so?' He replied as follows: 'About eight o'clock this evening, I went up to my hay-mow to give hay to my cattle, and while there the Spirit of God came upon me, and has kept me there praying until now. I feel that God is about to revive his work, and I could not go into my family until I told you.' The entire simplicity and earnestness of the good man convinced me that God had vouchsafed to visit his servant. After some conversation we parted, mutually agreeing to pray and labor for a revival of religion, and to engage as many as we could to do the same."

The revival did come, and that with much power. The prayer-meetings became crowded and very solemn. The Spirit of God accompanied the preaching on Sabbath; and a mighty ingathering of souls was given, in answer to that prevailing prayer in the hay-mow.

A poor colored woman, in Ohio, sat in the corner of the gallery in the house of God on the Sabbath; and she would

single out some young man and continue to pray for him, till she saw him come forward and join the church. Then she would take up the case of another, and another, till in the course of some years, twenty young men for whom she had thus prayed, but with whom she was not personally acquainted, were brought to Christ. No one knew what she was doing; but she disclosed the fact to her pastor on her death-bed. Many of that congregation might have been ashamed to walk with that humble child of God; but the Lord of all worlds was not ashamed of her, but gave her the holy privilege of the sweetest fellowship and communion with Himself.

As a man, Jesus was constant in prayer. He is a bright example to us of what it is to walk with God. He often retired for converse with his Father, even spending whole nights in this way. He was always in the spirit of prayer, often praying *silently* when in the midst of a throng. This is clear from what he said at the grave of Lazarus: "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast heard me. And I know that thou hearest me always; but because of those that stand by I said it." Jesus had been praying there right in that crowd, but they had not heard his prayer, nor seen any signs of his praying, until they heard the expression of his thanks for being heard. Thus in the crowded street, in the steamboat or the rushing railroad car, in the counting-room or the work-shop, the Christian can keep up his walk with God and his converse with heaven. The holy McCheyne said, "It is best to have one hour *alone with God* before engaging in anything else. At the same time, I must be careful not to reckon communion with God by minutes, or hours, or by solitude."

Of that dear servant of God, whose words I have just quoted, his biographer says, "With him the commencement of all labor invariably consisted in the preparation of his own soul. The forerunner of each day's visitations was a calm season of private devotion during morning hours. The walls of his chamber were witnesses of his prayerfulness—I believe of his tears as well as of his cries. The pleasant sound of psalms often issued from his room at an early hour; then followed the

reading of the Word for his own sanctification; and few have so fully realized the blessing of the first psalm."

Dear reader, can there be any thing nobler, any thing more blessed and desirable than such a walk as this? How paltry the honor of walking with kings and nobles, and the greatest of earth's sons, compared to this? James Janeway, writing of his brother John, says: "I once hid myself, that I might take the more exact notice of the intercourse that I judged was kept up between him and God. But oh, what a spectacle did I see! Surely, a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw some one talking with God. Methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, driving a rich trade for the treasures of another world. Oh, what a glorious sight it was! Methinks I see him still. How sweetly did his face shine! Oh, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down—his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight to heaven! His looks, smiles, and every motion spake him to be upon the very confines of glory. Oh, had one but known what he was then feeding upon! Surely he had meat to eat which the world knew not of!"

It must be evident to all reflecting minds, that a life of walking with God must be a happy one. Away from God, man's soul is in a state of unrest. Man is not made to find happiness in himself, or in the world; but it so constituted that neglect of his Creator forms his deepest misery, while His favor forms his highest bliss. We are not independent. We cannot stand alone. We do not carry around with us a fountain of satisfaction and happiness from which we can draw, when troubled with the soul's deep cravings after good. It is not in the cramped up, narrow circle of our own individuality that we can ever find the blessed life; but only in connection with the God and Giver of every perfect gift. The soul is a greater and a nobler thing than we think. It is not mere *things* that can satisfy it. Try to fill it with honors, titles, riches, and the vastest material possessions, and it resents the insult by enlarging

still more the boundary of its desires. Man is a spirit, and nothing can give him rest, peace, satisfaction, but the love of the Father of spirits,—the living God himself.

When the soul is drawn away from the Great Central object of its love and adoration, God himself, it is left to wander in darkness and uncertainty; life gets divided up into a hundred different objects and pursuits, each promising much in the way of happiness, but giving nothing in the end; the chase after each new idol becomes hot and eager, till it is found to be a cheat and a lie; and then comes the reaction of grief and disappointment, when the heart almost despairs of ever finding a resting place, and gives utterance to its yearnings in the cry, "O, who will show us any good!" Then the great danger is, that the soul will sink down into a stupid indifference as to the great duties of life—a dogged, sullen silence of the heart, in which but little is feared and little hoped for; and which reminds one of the horrid, unnatural stillness that falls upon the doomed city through which the plague rages, and which little disturbs but the rattle of the dead-cart on its dreaded round of duty.

Happy is the man. who, feeling his soul restless as the heaving, turbulent sea, and satisfied that none but God can give him rest, turns to Him with his whole heart. Leaving the world's vanities behind, he grasps by faith eternal realities; and knows that in finding God through Christ, he has found all his soul can need. His mind then becomes calm as the little lake I have seen surrounded with hills, secure from the tempests that beat upon the mountain's brow, and reflecting from its tranquil bosom all that was fair and lovely in the heavens above. In God's love you will find a peace that will flow on and on like a river. His presence will give vigor to all your powers, strengthen all your feebleness, satisfy all your cravings after a higher life, ennoble your immortality, and with all His unspeakable perfection, become your portion for ever.

It is often the excuse of worldly minds, when urged to high attainments in piety, that they have so many of the active duties of life to attend to, the care of providing for a large family,

the toil of working for those dependent upon them, that they have little time for walking with God. But Enoch was the father of a family of children, and yet his soul soared heavenward, and hence gathered fresh strength for the duties of earth. It is a delusion to think that we must retire from the active duties of life and from its responsibilities, in order to be very pious characters. People have thought if they could retire to some still, sequestered spot, where they would have nothing to do but to pray and read and meditate upon Divine things, they could live an uncommonly holy life. They forget that religion does not consist of certain mental processes and high wrought moral feelings, but in obeying God; and in obeying Him where he puts us, not where we choose to put ourselves. Our religion is to show itself in seeking to make the world better, not in running away from it; in conquering difficulties that lie in the way of duty, not in fleeing from the duty to avoid the difficulty; in keeping ourselves unspotted from the world while in it, not by going out of it; in short, in working for God where the work is hardest and most needed; in fighting the battles of truth where the conflict rages the fiercest; in seeking not our own ease and enjoyment by a life of solitude and concentration of thought upon our own states and frames and feelings; but by mingling with the great mass of humanity, in deepest sympathy with Him who came to seek and to save the lost.

The piety of Enoch led to deeds of active and self-denying zeal. He did not set down in pleasant meditation, seeking only his own happiness and enjoyment, and leaving the wicked around him to perish. He was a faithful preacher of righteousness. He warned men to flee from the wrath to come. He preached Christ unto them. This we learn from Jude, who says: "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." What more

pointed and searching truths could be uttered in the ears of sinners than these which this good man uttered? There was no yielding to fear of man; no seeking of their favor instead of their souls; no shrinking from bringing out the whole testimony of God. He came from pleading with the Lord to plead with his fellow-men. His intercourse with Jehovah imparted to him courage which earth nor hell could shake.

"He was not, for God took him." His work on earth was ended. He was ripe for glory. Angels longed for his society, and the faithful who had preceded him to glory stood in joyous expectation to give him a welcome. Without going through the sufferings of a death-bed, of days and nights of languor and pain, God took him home. There, free from a sinning heart and a sinning world, he could walk with God in the perfection of holiness. That walk is still continued as the ages roll on; and as from age to age he has seen vast numbers of blood-washed souls added to the sinless congregation, doubtless his gratitude to the God of all grace has increased, and his song attained to a loftier rapture.

"On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here;
Meeting soon, and met for ever!
Glorious Hope! forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear."

"In that fair land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere."

CHAPTER III.

NOAH—A PREACHER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

It is of the very nature of sin to spread like a deadly leprosy. Though in the days of Noah the world was but yet in the very infancy of its being, yet sin had deepened and widened as it rolled along its dark course; till hatred of law and truth and goodness had become almost universal. The wickedness of man had grown to gigantic and fearful proportions. That guilty race were deluged in sin before they were deluged in the waters of the flood. Had they not been first buried under the accumulated pollution of their guilt, they would not have been engulphed in the avenging waters.

In the midst of such an appalling disregard of God, Noah stands up before us a noble spectacle. His simple and child-like faith, and his unflinching and persevering obedience are truly sublime. There is exhibited holy integrity in the midst of universal corruption; an unwavering adherence to right, when it was the object of popular contempt and scorn; the fullest recognition of God's supreme right to govern and to be obeyed, when all had sunk into unbelief, and revolted against His laws. It is only when men are brought into circumstances that test and try them thoroughly, that we know what they are. We are told that the man who is tried is blessed; and the more severe the trial the more glorious is the triumph of Divine grace when it brings him off unscathed. And to every man there comes his testing time—his time of trial; and the worse the state of society around him, the more conspicuous becomes the integrity of the man that stands boldly up for God. Thus Noah stood like a rock amidst the swelling torrent of abounding sin around him, and not for a moment was the purity of his purpose shaken. There he stood, a true, faithful,

unbending witness for God; his meekness under insult; his deep piety shining bright in its solitude; and his undaunted heroism, exciting our warmest admiration. To thus stand faithful among the faithless requires something more than a mere religion of form or ceremony; it requires the power of God's mighty grace rooted in the deepest depths of our souls, and a firm hold upon God's truth which the rudest shocks of time can never relax.

Noah, in the course of God's providence, was made a public man—a representative man—whose footsteps were to leave deep prints upon the sands of time. But, for his public work he got all his strength and power in secret communion with God. It is in the depth of his devotion that we are to find all the source of his fidelity to the public interests committed to his care. If he was a man of power it was because he was a man of prayer. He fought a good fight; but it was because he was clad in armor burnished in the light of heaven. His trust was in God—a trust that was not disappointed,—for the same waves of desolation that brought destruction to the wicked, only floated him nearer to his gracious Friend. All external to him was uproar and confusion, but all within him was the sweet calm of God's peace. He found a safe retreat, a holy repose, in the center of all life and blessedness—the favor of Almighty Love. And though his lot was cast upon evil times he found a sweet calm, a holy pavilion, under the shadow of the eternal throne. What though the whole world was against him, when he had this testimony from the lips of Jehovah, "Thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation!"

Noah was a man of strong faith. He was warned of God of a coming event, not likely to take place so far as human wisdom could see. For centuries the laws of nature had rolled on in their undisturbed and placid course. The seasons had come and gone in regular succession. Rain had fallen only to bless the earth. The rivers and brooks had borne their waters safely to the sea; and that vast world of waters had been kept in place by the fixed decree, "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther." Men began to speak about the fixed laws of Nature,

and then, as now, felt as if they were *so fixed* that God himself could not change them. It is no new thing for men to wish to make God the slave of his own laws; and to argue that things which God has said shall be done, because they will interfere with the laws of nature. No doubt there were some of these very people in those days, who sought to show how impossible it was that a flood could take place, and laughed to scorn the warnings of the man of God, as the ravings of fanaticism; as they intrenched themselves behind what they called the laws of nature. But Noah firmly and implicity believed God. The Lord had said it; and that was enough for him. The arguments of the philosophers were no more to him than the chirping of grasshoppers, when the voice of eternal Wisdom was sounding in his ears.

But it appears that Noah's faith in the first place operated by *fear*. "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." Some people think that if a man has any fears, it is a sure proof that he has no faith. But this is a mistake; for faith often intensifies fear. When the sinner honestly believes the threatenings of God's law, it drives him to Christ. When a man believes himself in danger of drowning he takes a firm grasp of the rope that is flung to him. John Bunyan says, "I was brought into such a dread and horror of the wrath of God that I could not help trusting in Christ; I felt that if he stood with a drawn sword in his hand I must even run right upon its point sooner than endure my sins." If fear was to have no part in man's turning to God, why has God put so many terrors in the Bible? Why did one say, in view of the danger of sinners, "Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake thy laws"? Why did Paul say, "Knowing the terrors of the Lord we pursuade men"? No doubt the great power of the Gospel is love; but it also utters its stern voice of terror in the words, "He that believeth not shall be damned!"

On this subject Dr. Guthrie says, "God indeed tells us of hell, but it is to persuade us to go to heaven; and, as a skillful

painter fills the background of his picture with his darker colors, God puts in the smoke of torment and the black clouds of Sinai, to give brighter prominence to Jesus, the cross of Calvary, and his love to the chief of sinners. His voice of terror is like the scream of the mother bird when the hawk is in the sky. She alarms her brood that they may run and hide beneath her feathers; and as I believe that God had left that mother dumb unless he had given her wings to cover her little ones, I am sure that He who is very pitiful, and has no pleasure in any creature's pain, had never turned our eyes to the horrible gulf unless for the voice that cries, 'Deliver from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.' We had never heard of sin had there been no Saviour; nor of hell had there been no heaven. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;' and never had Bible light been flashed before the eyes or the sleeping felon to wake him from his happy dream, but that he might see the smiling form of Mercy, and hear her as she says, with pointing finger, 'Behold, I have set before thee an open door.'"

Noah's faith produced obedience; and this is always the case with true faith. He did not sit down and make excuses, instead of going to work upon the ark, as he was commanded. He might have urged the great labor and expense of building such a huge vessel; that he was no sailor, and that manned only by himself and sons, she would be quite unmanageable; that so many animals brought together would devour each, and destroy his family; but it is not the nature of faith to stagger at God's word. When God commands us to do anything, that is the highest evidence that he will give us strength to do it, if we honestly set about obeying his word. A great trial to his faith must have been the length of time that elapsed from his receiving the warning till the penalty was inflicted. In great forbearance God waited for a hundred and twenty years; waited so long that men turned his very patience into an occasion of scorn. As the ark went up in its proportions; as plank after plank was added, and still no cloud appeared in the heavens as a token of anything unusual about to take place, the

wicked doubtless made themselves merry at the expense of this fanatical preacher, as they would call him. The very men that assisted him at his work would likely beguile their toil with many a joke at his folly. But there was to be an end to all this. The day of doom came slowly but surely. God does not need to be in a hurry in carrying out his purposes; for He is from everlasting to everlasting.

All this time Noah's faith does not seem to have wavered. His trust in God was strong. We are told of Alexander the Great, that on one occasion he was sick and his physician had prepared him a potion. A short time before he had received a warning letter, telling him that this very potion was to contain poison. When the physician came with the medicine, to show how much he trusted him, what perfect confidence he had in his faithfulness, he took the cup and drank it off; while at the same time he handed him the letter. He thus trusted his life to his physician, so great was his faith in him. The faith of the believer thus confides in God, however dark the surroundings. He says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I have often thought of faith in the soul when looking at a ship's compass. The ship might be tossing ever so much, and the restless sea heaving, and the waves rolling beneath her; but the compass still keeps its place and maintains its level. Plunge and toss here and there the ship might, but with trembling eagerness the needle always pointed to the pole. So is faith in the soul of the believer. Cares like a wild deluge might come, and his frail vessel be driven by fierce winds; but faith steadily turns to God—to Him who can rebuke the tempest and make a great calm. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee." O how miserable are they who have no trust in God, no principle of holy confidence to comfort them amid the trials of life! Wretched their living and their dying. When Rachel, the famous tragic actress, was dying, she ordered all her jewls and trinkets to be brought to her bed-side. They were souvenirs which she had received from nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, and others of her admirers; and therefore reminded her of some of her most

brilliant triumphs. But they could give no comfort to the poor soul on the verge of eternity. She exclaimed: "Why have I to part with all this so soon?" and expired. This Queen of Tragedy, as she was called, dying without God and hope, is a sad evidence of how little the world can do for its worshipers. There is a wail of bitter despair in the last words, or among the last that she ever wrote: "In a week from now I shall begin to be devoured by the worms and the biographers."

The faith of Noah led him to an impartial obedience. "He did according to *all* that the Lord commanded him." He did not pick and choose among the commands and precepts of the Lord; obeying some and rejecting others, according as they suited his notions, his prejudices, or his interests. This is always a fruit of true faith. It asks, "Lord, *what* wouldst thou have me to do?" and as soon as it knows the Master's will it is prepared to do it, whatever hardship or sacrifice it may involve. We must be careful and conscientious in our search for the path of duty, and then be prompt in following it. When the Indians in our forests are in pursuit of an object upon which they have set their hearts, see how careful they are to discover the path or trail. They will get down upon their knees to examine every little bent twig, every faint foot-print upon the grass or the withered leaves, every slight indication of the path they should take; and when satisfied, away they go with increased speed. If Christians would get upon their knees and study their Bibles to know God's will, with the same eagerness and diligence, they would not neglect so many duties, and turn into so many forbidden paths as they do. A good man once made the remark, that religion in its beginning interests us almost entirely about ourselves; that in its progress it engages us about our fellow-men; but that in its advanced stages it leads us to consult in all things the glory and honor of God. This is what the faith of Noah led to, and what strong faith always leads to. As good old Flavel says, "Faith is the means of our spiritual livelihood and subsistence; all the other graces, like birds in a nest, depend upon what faith brings in to them. It provides our ordinary food, and our extraordinary cordials.'

It is said of Noah, that by his faith and his consistent action, "he condemned the world." This he did not only as a preacher of righteousness, but as a holy, consistent servant of the true God. Had he not uttered one word, every nail he drove in the ark would have been a condemning sound to the ungodly. As they saw him going to and fro about his work; as they saw how calmly and bravely he bore himself under their insults; and how meekly he lifted up his eyes to God for help when under peculiar troubles; it was a condemning power to their guilty consciences. It said, "God is true, though every man prove false; and upon his word I respose." In like manner sinners are still condemned by everything around them that speaks of God. The return of the holy Sabbath; the sound of the church-going bell; the open door of the sanctuary; the sight of the neglected Bible lying upon the shelf; the sound of prayer and praise floating to his ear from a neighbor's family altar; the sight of a holy man passing on the street; all speak with condemning emphasis to the guilty heart. They tell him of time wasted, privileges neglected, a precious soul degraded, and God insulted.

But the hour of vengeance has at last come. The elements of nature, at the voice of their Creator assume a gloomy aspect and come armed with destruction. It requires no great stretch of imagination to think of Noah now making his last appeal to the guilty, with trembling voice, quivering lips, and tearful eyes; nor to think of them turning away from him with louder scoffs and deeper insults than ever before. But Hark! what is that sound that arrests their departing footsteps? It is the door of the ark being shut, not by the hand of Noah nor by any of his family, but by the same hand that planted the stars in their orbits and that launches the thunderbolt. "And the Lord shut him in." Now hope is dead; the last golden opportunity past; the last appeal of love made; even God's great forbearance with that vile race is exhausted, and swift destruction cometh among them. As the waters rise higher and higher, sullenly and remorsely chasing the fleeing sinners to the highest mountains, no doubt conscience, from a lethargy deep and death-

like, sprung up into life and uttered its solemn denunciations. And as they are compelled to abandon the last spot that promised any safety; and looked abroad, as one says, "upon a shoreless ocean, that from the center to the streaming poles, tumbled round the globe;" how gladly would they have listened to one more offer of mercy from Noah's lips, or had him offer for them one prayer for mercy. But it is now for ever too late. The sweet voice of mercy was hushed amid the stern and imperative demands of justice.

Meantime how safe and secure was Noah under the protection of the Almighty! After the Lord shut the door, his foes were all left behind him and all was peace within. He was now the guest of his heavenly Friend who would permit no evil to befall him. A Divine hand was now upon the helm; an All Wise Pilot had now charge of the vessel freighted with the hope of a world. I lately read a thrilling narrative of a ship rescued from the jaws of destruction by the firmness and wisdom of a good pilot. All the canvass she could bear he spread to the gale, and amid the silence of an awful suspense he drove her close up to the foaming breakers, till all trembled in fear of instant destruction. Then at the right moment, quick as thought, he put the ship on another tack, till she approached two dark, threatening rocks, nearer and nearer, till the sea was boiling like a cauldron under her bows; but safely she passed between the rocks, and again headed toward the foaming breakers. This time she was permitted to approach so close that it seemed impossible she could be saved; but again, at the right moment, he turned the laboring and straining ship safely; and soon had her lying in the calm harbor. And no sooner was the order given to let go the anchor, than the captain sprang forward and caught the pilot in his arms; the sailors and passengers rushed up to express their gratitude; some hanging around his neck, some shaking his hands, some embracing his knees, while tears streamed over the weather-beaten faces of men that had braved untold dangers.

So we have a good Pilot who will guide us in the right way to the harbor of rest. It may seem to us, at times, as if we

were being driven upon the rocks of destruction; but that is because of our ignorance and unbelief. When the lights of our households go out one after another, and sadness and desolation gather around our hearthstones; when health fails, and business fails, and friends fail, and all around us seems hopeless; it may, for the moment, seem as if the Pilot had deserted us, and was letting our frail bark be the sport of chance, the plaything of the tempest; but it is not so. Above the hoarse roar of the storm comes the cheering voice, "It is I, be not afraid." As the devoted Judson said, "Every cup stirred by the finger of God becomes sweet to the humble believer." O believer, faint not, fear not, for the harbor is just in sight! You will soon cast your anchor within the veil, amid peace and eternal rest.

Noah's household shared the blessings conferred upon him. "Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark." It is true, religion is not a hereditary, but a personal matter. The piety of the parent cannot suffice for the child; and yet there are untold privileges connected with a godly parentage. Infinitely better to have a father rich in faith, than rich in money; with treasure laid up in heaven, than perishable treasure laid up upon earth. To have the fervent prayer of a righteous parent uttered over our cradle; the memory of a holy, pious home that sheltered our early years; and the recollection of the consistent, saintly lives of the loved ones who watched over our childhood's weakness, to carry through life with us; is infinitely better than to have riches, honors and titles descend to us with the remembrance of a godless youth, and the dreadful curse of a neglected soul. There are multitudes to-day in heaven, who were brought to Jesus in answer to the prayers of pious parents; and now united families, safe from the storms and dangers of life, they engage in the sinless worship of eternity.

Parents, are you trying to take your offspring to the ark of safety along with you? A minister tells us that when on a preaching tour at Inverness, Scotland, he was called upon to visit the cell of a murderer condemned to death. He found

him loaded with chains, and sitting upon a pallet of straw. He could not get the wretched man to look up, nor to answer a single question. When the minister asked if he wished prayer to be offered for him, he muttered his consent. The criminal's mother had been to see him only a few hours before, and to her he said, "Mother, if it had not been for you, I should not have been here!" She replied, "I'm sure I never told you to do any harm." With bitter emphasis he rejoined, "*I am sure you never told me to do any good.*" What a dreadful reproach was this to that mother, and how like a dagger it must have pierced her heart! It is not enough that the parent teaches no wrong, he must give early and timely religious instruction; made pointed and practical by a holy life.

The children of the pious are in great danger of hardening their hearts under their privileges. When our very familiarity with solemn truth and eternal things makes us indifferent to them, it is a fearful sign of coming damnation. If one of Noah's children had said, "I am sick and tired of hearing about this flood, and of the sight of that old ark; I believe it is only a delusion of father's brain; and I mean to pay no attention to what he says, and live as other people around me do," this would have been a sure sign of an abandoned soul, lost to all good; and such an one would have sunk in the angry waters under a load of aggravated guilt, enough to sink a world. Only think of sinking into hell, of spending eternity with the recollection of a mother's prayers and a father's instructions wrapped up in the soul; and counting over innumerable opportunities of salvation enjoyed but neglected, if not despised.

Let us now seek to draw some lessons from the narrative of Noah's life.

First, we learn that God's goodness, his long forbearance, and his gracious Fatherhood, will not hinder him from punishing incorrigible sinners. Some would represent God's love as being of such a nature as to exclude all punishment of sin, all acts of his impartial justice. This arises from low thoughts of God's character. They measure God by themselves and

reason as to what he ought to do, from what they think they would do themselves. This is an old mistake of humanity, and God takes notice of it with high disapprobation. "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." He alone can tell the evil of sin as committed against infinite purity; as contempt poured upon a perfectly holy law and a righteous authority. It is not for us to dictate to God what he ought or ought not to do. We are criminals in his holy sight, and when the criminal criticises the law that condemns him and calls it too strict and its penalty too severe, the wise judge does not much regard such utterances. In no government is it left to those who have broken the law to say what their punishment is to be. God is our Creator, our Preserver, our Benefactor. All that we have, all that we enjoy, every avenue of pleasure that we possess, we owe it all to Him. And the evil of a whole life of sin against such a Being is so great, that we can no more form an adequate conception of it, than we can measure the heavens with a span.

It is absolute folly, then, to say that God cannot punish the wicked with the pains of hell, because he is represented in the Bible as the universal Father. God is a moral Governor, as well as a Father. He is the great Lawgiver and Judge. He has holy laws to execute and sin to punish; and unless he does so his government would be at an end, and universal anarchy would rage through the universe. It is the merest driveling, therefore, to object to the punishment of hell, as revealed in the Bible, by saying, "Could a loving father see his child in torment, and yet have the power to relieve him, and not do so?" God can do many things in infinite justice that it would be wrong for us to do. It would have been wrong for Noah to have drowned one of those scoffers that mocked at him; but God drowned a world. It would have been wrong for Lot to have destroyed his sons-in-law; but God did it in strict justice. It would be wrong for us to set fire to a neighbor's house, to a ship at sea, or to a city, knowing the dreadful suffering that must ensue; but God in his providence does this, or permits it to be done, and who can impugn his righteous ways?

It would be wrong for any man to undermine a neighbor's house, so that he and his family would be buried in the ruins; but God sends his earthquakes rumbling through the deep foundations of nature, and buries thousands in the *debris*. Is not God, therefore, a God of love? Certainly he is; but he has a vast universe to govern in justice and wisdom; and never do we act more absurdly than when we undertake to judge of Him by ourselves.

Another lesson we may learn is, that God has provided an ark of safety for sinners now, into which they may flee and be safe. There is a New Testament ark as well as an Old Testament one. We, like Noah, are warned of God of coming judgments. We are told of a day of vengeance, a day of wrath, that is sure to come upon the ungodly. The Lord is coming in flaming fire, to take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel. And because in infinite mercy he delays his coming, to give the world a longer space for repentance, sinners infer from this that he is not coming at all. In the public papers, and in every haunt of sin, as well as in many of the halls of science, so called, men curl their lips with scorn at the warnings given them, and utter many a jest, and pen many a witty paragraph, at the expense of those who warn them of the coming King and the coming doom. But this is nothing new. It is as old as sin. It is false as the father of lies. It ruined the old world; it will ruin you.

Sinner! I invite you to an ark of safety. You do not require to build it, it is built already. You do not need to wait one moment, it is finished and perfect. To enter it is no doubtful experiment, for it has already saved millions; it can save you. That ark is the atonement of the Lord Jesus. The moment you enter it you will have peace and assurance. You will *know* that you are safe. Did not Noah feel confident that he was safe when God shut him in? Some professing Christians walk in doubt and uncertainty, and call it humility. They grope in the darkness of unbelief, and then give their doubts and tormenting fears a holy name; thus calling their evil good. But the Gospel does not, by a single word, encourage doubt or

uncertainty. It brings, when believed, not trouble, but peace; not anxiety but rest. It enables the soul to come and claim his sonship, and to take his place joyfully in the family of God. A missionary in India once knelt beside a dying man, whom he supposed was still in the darkness of heathenism, and whispered in his ear, "What is your hope?" The dying man, with a great effort, said: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Having uttered these words, he laid down his head and died. The missionary wondered where he could have got this knowledge; but as he looked at the body he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in one of the hands. It was carefully taken out, and proved to be a single leaf of the Bible on which the above words were found. This precious soul had found the ark of safety.

There is room for all in that ark. None need stay away because they are sinners. It was for such it was made. Our sins are our only qualification to enter it. Our only merit is our demerit. You may know all about this ark, but that will not save you. You may go round it and be able to tell its dimensions and count every plank; but only those who are *in* the ark are to be saved. O sinner, enter now! The Judge is at the door. Already we can hear the sound of his chariot-wheels. Convulsions and revolutions, uproar and confusion among the nations of the earth, herald his approach.

Noah's ark landed him safely on Mount Ararat, but the ark of salvation will land us on the Mount of Glory. There, amid scenes of unimagined blessedness, we shall look over the way that the Lord has led us; and in that blessed city, that heavenly Jerusalem, that metropolis of the universe, praise God forever for our happy and blood-bought home.

"If my bark be strong,
If my anchor sure,
Then let billow upon billow beat,
Am I not secure?
On the dreariest, wildest sea,
What are winds to me?

" Up between the stars
Spreads night's tranquil blue ;
Not one ruffle, not one wrinkle there
Blots the changeless hue.
Storms of earth for earth are given ;
But they reach not heaven !"

CHAPTER IV.

ABRAHAM. THE FRIEND OF GOD.

"THIS is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." The world has become the seat of sin, a mass of pollution, and therefore, the enemy of God and the soul of man. The world lieth in wickedness, and is not to be loved, nor yielded to by the Christian, but to be overcome. His position towards it is to be one of war; of keen, stern, relentless antagonism. He must either overcome it, or it will overcome him. Fight he must; and there can be no peace, not even a truce, till a complete victory enables him to lay his armor by.

Now, the conquering principle in this conflict is faith. Weak and feeble it may be, but if it is the right kind, that which comes from God, it will take hold of the strength of God, and can never be conquered. A wild and furious tempest may destroy the light-house, which is only man's work; but it cannot extinguish the lights which God's own hand has hung up in the heavens. The man who sets about conquering the world in the strength of his own resolution, or his intellectual might, or with science or knowledge, will soon find himself lying among the heaps of its slain and vanquished victims. But he who goes into the field with the shield of faith, comes off more than conqueror. Nothing more than faith is needed; and nothing less will do. We might have armies of vast multitude, and navies of massive power, to fight for us; but their aid would avail us nothing in this conflict. Even an angel-host could not help us here. Faith alone can make us invincible, and enable us to stand in the evil day steadfast and immovable.

It is not in itself that faith has such an all overcoming power. Its power consists in the fact, that it places us under

the protection of Jehovah. "Trust in the Lord forever," it says; "for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength." Faith, then, teaches us to lean on his strength, to trust his arm, to shelter under his power, and to draw all our comfort from his promises. No wonder, then, that it has such potency in the conflict with the world; for "if God be for us, who can be against us?" The sister of Mathew Henry, the commentator, had the following entry in her diary: "Resolved to call nothing mine but God." There is where faith takes its firm holds, and all the convulsions of earth cannot shake them off.

We come now to consider the life of a man remarkable for his faith; Abraham, the father of the faithful. In him we may see faith, not as a mere abstraction, but embodied in a living form, in the person of a man of like passions with ourselves, and encompassed with uncommon trials; and yet confiding in God in the darkest hour. His faith was not confined to great occasions; it was not dependent upon the gaze of the world, nor the applause of men; it reached its most sublime height when alone with God in the darkness of the night, listening to a command that must have thrilled his whole being. Indeed, his faith grew by the severity of the trials to which it was subjected. It has often been a cause of wonder, that good men, those who were very near and very dear to God, men like Abraham, that the Lord in gracious condescension called friend, should yet be the objects of such terrible trials. But that is one of God's ways of purifying them, and making them distinguished examples of his grace.

And though no amount of holy intimacy with God, no attainments in piety, no Christian graces, however brilliant, can exempt us from trials as long as we are in this world; there comes along with them the promise, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God." This is very comprehensive. Things bright and things dark; events that seem to smile upon us with prosperity, and those that frown with adversity; periods of sunshine and happiness, and then dark days and starless nights; things that seem to bless and things that seem to curse; all shall work for our good. Abraham,

living amid such a dark dispensation, and yet showing such a strong faith, should make us ashamed of our unbelief and cause the prayer to leap from our lips, "Lord, increase our faith."

The first striking instance of Abraham's faith that we are called upon to notice, is the call to leave his home and kindred, and go forth not knowing whither he went. "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." This man of God was now seventy-five years of age, and had no doubt formed many warm attachments in his native land, that it would require great sacrifices to give up. But his confidence in God led him to obey the Divine call at once. He did not sit still and ask questions about the land that he was promised. He did not ask if it was a fertile country, with a salubrious climate, and abundance of cattle upon its hills, and plenty of precious ores in its mines? He did not ask if the scenery was beautiful and picturesque? It was enough for him, that God bid him go, assured that there is no place so safe nor so happy for a man as the place where God would have him to be.

God often makes such calls upon his people now, not in an audible voice from the heavens, but by his Word and his providences. Whenever duty to God and to truth require us to leave family and friends, the most lucrative business or profession, all that is pleasant and profitable, we should obey at once. Of course, we should not yield to mere fanatical impulses or romantic notions; but by prayer and the study of the Word of God, find out what is duty and resolutely pursue it. Here is a young man of decided talent. He has entered upon a business career that in a few years promises him wealth and honors. But the call of God comes, to leave all and enter upon the life of a missionary. Is he willing to leave home and friends wealth and honor, and go to inhospitable climes and among rude and barbarous tribes, amid poverty and danger, to preach Christ crucified? Will he do all this cheerfully and perseveringly, counting his loss his gain, and glorying in his work?

If so, he is actuated by Abraham's faith and shall have his reward.

And the records of the church of God in modern times has many such noble examples. Here is a fair daughter of fond parents, well educated, upon whom the rough winds of adversity have not been permitted to blow. She has a home of elegance and comfort, and is the center of a large circle of loving and loved friends. But God's voice calls her to go from home and country and all the refinements of the society in which she moves, to dwell in lands of dark heathenism, and to endure untold privations and sufferings. And by faith she obeys; living only to honor God and leaving her dust in the distant land from which her soul triumphantly ascended to glory. These are public examples of the power of faith; but there are tens of thousands of God's children equally truthful and obedient in the walks of private life.

Abraham's faith had yet another trial to encounter in connection with his leaving his home. When he got to the land promised, he found that the Canaanites were still there, that it was yet a land of great wickedness and idolatry, and that so little could he call the land his, that he had even to buy a grave in it. Is this the land flowing with milk and honey, that the Lord had spoken of? It looked very unlike it, as yet; but still he clung to the promise. Faith can afford to wait upon God. Our prayers and our faith are not always met in the way we expected. It is ours to trust; it is God's to answer in the way his sovereign pleasure sees best. The father of the faithful possesses his soul in patience. He does not wish that he had never left the land of the Chaldeans, that he had never left the loved scenes of his youth. No, even when trouble after trouble came upon him in the strange land, when his father died, and the famine brought him to the brink of starvation, his trust never seems to have wavered for a moment.

He does not interpret God's word by God's providences, but the reverse of this. And this is a most important point for us all. The providences may be dark and puzzling, and sometimes judging from them we might think that God was going

to give us up to the enemy; but faith looks to the promise and knows that the providences are for his good, although he cannot now see it. If Job had looked at the promises in the light of the providences with which he was encompassed, he would have come to the same conclusion as some of his friends, that God had forsaken him and was now his enemy. But he did not do so. He clung to his anchorage on the promises, and soon he saw that the God of the promises and the God of Providence is the same. He may send Abraham into the famine, and he may send John to the barren island of Patmos; but he will be there to meet them. "My presence will go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Some one has compared faith to a foundation laid deep and strong in the Rock of ages, and hope as the beautiful tapering spire which rises upon that foundation, penetrates the sky, and is illuminated by the first beams of the rising, and the last rays of the setting sun.

After a time the course of Providence with Abraham changed, and prosperity took the place of adversity. Riches began to pour in upon him. Lot, his nephew, also increased in riches. But as riches increase they bring an increase of care, and often of sorrow. These two good men, who had dwelt together in harmony and comfort in years of hardship and trial, were on the verge of being brought into an unseemly strife by their increasing possessions. Alas! in how many families have the fires of unholy passion, and envy, and strife, broken out in words of bitter hatred, even over the dead body of a father, about the division of the property. As my object is not to write a life of Abraham, but to notice those points in his history in which his faith stands out prominently, I cannot dwell here; but only refer to his noble, generous, yielding spirit, as a proof of the heavenly nature of his faith. A living faith always brings forth good works and by this alone is its divine origin proven. How we admire the kind, tender, judicious temper of this great man, as he says to Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between thy herdmen and my herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee,

from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

How easily the flames of a long and unseemly contention could have been fanned up on this occasion. An obstinate tenaciousness of purpose, a swaggering, self-conceited determination to gain the victory, a proud, haughty craving for superiority, under the pretense of standing up for just rights, could have made of this a life-long quarrel. For want of the conciliatory spirit here manifested many a church has been rent by division, and the cause of truth made a by-word and a reproach among the wicked. "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" and it is the spirit of true religion to be "kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor prefering one another."

But I come now to notice a still more striking proof of Abraham's faith. The spirit of faith is always the spirit of prayer and intercession. Faith in God will produce converse with God and a deep anxiety for perishing souls around us.

The narrative of Abraham's intercession on behalf of guilty Sodom, opens with a lovely picture of hospitality. The sun is in his noon-day splendor, and all nature seems to languish in his vertical rays. The flocks and their herdsmen seek the shade of some lofty over-hanging rock or some broad-leaved tree. The father of the faithful is sitting in the door of his tent looking out upon the calm face of nature, and with a heart at peace with the God on whose works he gazes. A hundred years have passed over his head, and have left him still active in every good work, and rich in experience of his Lord's faithfulness.

He had not sat there long till three men, strangers to him as far as he could see, made their appearance. With the alacrity of a young man, and with kind consideration for the wants of the strangers, he runs out to meet them and shows them the utmost courtesy. With the aid of his good wife an ample repast is soon provided for them, as they sit in the cooling shade, and he stands respectfully beside them while

they partake of his hospitality. To some this might seem a very little matter; but God took notice of it and gives it an honorable record in His Book; and a thousand years after it is referred to by an inspired Apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." What must have been the amazement of the Patriarch when he made the discovery that one of these visitors was the Lord of Glory! The same who had appeared to him before in comforting assurances and gracious promises. And how must his heart have rejoiced when from the same lips was given him the promise of a son, in whom all nations of the earth were to be blessed.

The visitors now turn their faces toward Sodom and Abraham accompanies them. The Lord discloses to him that the object of approaching that vile city was one of wrath and vengeance. The cry of their iniquity had come up before the Lord, and now his sword of vengeance is in his hand; but before the stroke descends the man of faith begins to pray. As the adorable Saviour from the mount of Olives looked down on the doomed city of Jerusalem and wept over it, so the patriarch looked down upon these cities of the plain with deep anguish, and begins to plead for them. Ah! there may be some hope for them yet, for along with the cry of their blasphemy and their foul crimes, there has begun to go up the prayer of faith. It is a startling sign of a sinner's state when good people have stopped praying for him—when, discouraged, they cease to expect God to hear. "I once had a pious sister that prayed for me," said a young man, "but she is dead, and I have no one to pray for me now!" Sodom has one yet to plead for her, one who no doubt had done so before; but alas! he is now offering the last prayer that will ever go up for her salvation.

Prayer is an awfully solemn act at all times, but in the case of Abraham it was peculiarly so. He was in the personal presence of the Lord. Yonder was the guilty multitude, among whom he had some friends and acquaintances, and above them the cloud of wrath hung suspended. And, O how

glorious does the man of God appear as, rising from the dust of humility, he begins to plead! Great things depend on that one prayer. If *it* does not avail to save the cursed city, nothing else can. The city might be surrounded with mighty armies, led by the most skillful generals, but one flake of the Almighty wrath would have consumed them. They would have melted away like snow-flakes falling into a fiery furnace. They might have surrounded their city with the strongest fortresses, and with a wall of iron; but all would have been, before the breath of the Lord, like great heaps of chaff before a whirlwind. Prayer is the only instrumentality now to which any hope can be attached in this case.

And it is a delightful study to notice the heavenly art with which this good man orders his cause before God. The Divine Spirit, then as well as now, made intercession within good men, and imparted to them that holy sagacity and heavenly skill in presenting their case before the Lord, that made them mighty in prayer. Abraham takes a humble position in the Divine presence; "I have taken upon me to speak to God, who am but dust and ashes." He speaks as if he were an inhabitant of the guilty city, and were pleading for his own life as well as that of his neighbors. He prayed as a guilty man pleading for guilty men. There was nothing of the "I am holier than thou" feeling about him.

Then, as a proof of his confidence in the Lord, it is said that he drew near;" just as we have seen a loving child draw near to his father, when he has an important request to present. He also expresses the utmost confidence in the righteous and merciful government of God; "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" He well knew how guilty Sodom had become; how loud was the cry for vengeance which her sins for many long, rebellious years had sent up to heaven; but he also knew that the mercy of God was above the heavens, and he took his stand upon that ground.

This prayer evinces great love for perishing souls. He had a loathing—an intense hatred for their sins; but at the same time a deep love for the sinners. Could his tears or even his

blood have saved them, they would have been freely given. This was the truly Christ-like spirit. It reminds us of Jesus pleading for his revilers, nay, even his murderers; hating their sins, and yet loving their souls with a depth of love that we can form no conception of in our most spiritual moments.

It was this spirit of love for their souls that made Abraham so importunate in his prayer, and so persevering. He asks not merely once, but many times. He rises in his requests as the Lord condescends to answer him, till he gains the assurance that the city will be spared if even *ten* righteous persons can be found in it. He charitably hopes that at least that number might be found there; but alas! no; there is not even that little quantity of salt in the midst of the general corruption. He had not pleaded for the sake of the wicked, for, as Mathew Henry says, "Wickedness shuts the mouth of intercession." And when he found that there was such a general, almost universal moral pollution in Sodom, he ceased to plead. "And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham. The doom of the city is now sealed. The only righteous person there is saved by miraculous power, in answer to Abraham's intercession; and then the wrath of God falls upon the guilty. How glorious to think of Christ as our ever living Intercessor, appearing in the presence of God for us! It is good to have a pious neighbor to plead for us; but oh, how infinitely better to have the Divine Advocate to undertake our case and plead our cause! Blessed are they who have such a Friend in court.

We come now to consider the great trial of Abraham's faith, the call to offer up his son. When he was well advanced in years he was cheered by the promise of a son; a promise that was fulfilled to him in the hundredth year of his eventful life. We can in some measure imagine the joy of this old couple as they held this precious gift of Heaven in their arms; and raised their tearful eyes to heaven in gratitude. And we can conceive of the tender love with which they would surround one in whom so many hopes were centered. He has at last passed through all the perils of childhood and youth, and has

reached a vigorous manhood; when the same voice that had spoken to Abraham in the land of Ur, comes again with a most startling communication. "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

Can we imagine anything, under the circumstances, more trying than this? We have seen that he had a firm faith in God's veracity, and unshaken trust in the Divine faithfulness; but will his confidence stand such a shock as this? Yes; even now he staggers not through unbelief. He feels shut up to but one course, and that is obedience to the good and perfect will of the Most High. It is true, that for the time his brightest hopes are blasted, his plans, in regard to the dear youth, are all crushed; but he was confident that his Lord's promises would all be fulfilled to him, even if it were by raising Isaac up from the dead. That must have been a memorable night in the history of the Patriarch. We may well believe that sleep was driven from his pillow; and that, as he thought of that bright young man, who had been so long the light of his home, the joy of his heart, stretched out before him a bloody corpse, tried nature would extort many a groan. Of his breaking the matter to Sarah, and of the parting of the son with the loving mother, nothing is said; but silence is here true eloquence.

We can imagine many things that Abraham might have said, many arguments that he might have urged to excuse himself from this painful duty. But he said nothing. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it." His obedience was prompt. Early in the morning he rose and made preparation for his long journey. He does not say, "I will consider the matter a few weeks or months." He does not go round to his pious friends and ask their advice upon this important point. He felt sure that it was the plain command of God which he heard; and that is enough for him. I have heard people say when there was a plain duty before them, "I do not feel like doing this." As if their feelings were to be

the standard of right, and not the plainly revealed will of heaven. If Abraham had acted on this principle he would have made no movement towards the Mount of sacrifice. Such a principle, if acted upon, would strike with paralysis the whole framework of active, pious enterprise. True faith asks nothing more than a "Thus saith the Lord;" and upon that it leans for support.

Abraham's obedience was persevering. He sets forth upon a three days' journey; so that if he had started under the influence of a sudden impulse, there was ample time for it to cool under the influence of mature reflection. But the principle under which he started, was faith in God; and that, like its source, is immutable. We may waver and falter in the path of duty, because of the weakness of our nature; but so far as we have faith at all, it takes hold of the unchanging God, and cannot be carried about by every wind. At last, on the third day, "Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off." Mount Moriah burst upon his view, the same Mount upon which, many ages after, Solomon built a temple to the Lord. Here, having told his servants to abide at the foot of the Mount, he and his son climb its rugged sides; the son carrying the wood for the burnt offering, while the father has in his hands the fire and the knife.

The summit is reached, and we can imagine that we see the man of God stand in deep reflection, with a countenance solemn and sad. The silence is broken by the voice of the son: "Behold, the fire and the wood, but where is the Lamb for a burnt offering?" O, how these words must have wrung the heart of the father with unspeakable anguish! But commanding his voice, though it may be with quivering lips, he replies, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." As Isaac was now twenty-five years of age, according to the best calculation, he must have been informed of the command of God, and have yielded to it a calm acquiesence.

The Jewish historian, Josephus, presents us with the remarks made by the father to the son on this occasion, which as they are not found in the Book of God, are only imaginary; and yet

are so pathetic and natural that they deserve to be quoted :— "O my son, begged of God in a thousand prayers, and at length unexpectedly obtained ; ever since you were born, with what tenderness and solicitude have I brought you up ! Proposing to myself no higher felicity than to see you become a man, and to leave you the heir of my possessions. But the God who bestowed you upon me demands you again. Prepare, then, to yield the sacrifice with alacrity. I give you up to him who, at all seasons and in all situations, has prosecuted us with loving-kindness and tender mercy. You came into the world under the necessity of dying; and the manner of your death is to be singular and illustrious, presented in sacrifice by your own father to the great Father of all ; who, we may presume, considers it as unfit and unbecoming that you should depart out of this life by disease, in war, or by any other of the usual calamities to which human nature is subject, but who waits to receive your spirit as it leaves the body, amidst the prayers and vows of your affectionate parent, that he may place it in perfect blessedness with himself. There you shall still be the consolation and support of my old age, not indeed by your presence and conversation, but bequeathing me, when you depart, the presence and the blessing of the Almighty." To this Isaac is represented as answering : "I should be unworthy of life were I capable of showing reluctance to obey the will of my father and my God. It were enough for me that my earthly parent alone called me to the altar, how much more when my heavenly Father re-demands his own ?"

See Isaac, then, bound upon the altar. The father's hand is lifted up and firmly grasping the glittering blade, when the voice from heaven at once arrests the descending blow. "Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him." God had indeed provided himself a lamb for a burnt offering. A ram was seen caught in a thicket by the horns ; and with what overflowing gratitude must that offering have been presented by both father and son ! The descent from that Mount was a joyful one.

This narrative has been much criticised by infidels; and there seems to me to be, on the part of some Christian writers, an unnecessary haste to rush in with supposed reasons, and seeming apologies for the Divine conduct. Who are we that we should set ourselves up to explain God's motives for doing this, or not doing that! The High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, needs not our explanations and our apologies for his conduct. We are to examine the evidences that He gives us that the Bible is a revelation from Himself. And these are full and overpowering. They are such as have defied the attacks of infidelity in every age; and now, amid the light of the present century, stand firmer than ever. These evidences are such as to convince any honest mind, when candidly examined, that the Bible is a revelation to man from God; and having received it as such, let us believe its teachings and facts, whether we can understand the reasons for them or not. It seems to me beneath the dignity of truth to run after every empty caviler with explanations, and almost apologies, for Jehovah's acts. And generally its only result is to build them up in their pride and to make them think themselves of immense consequence. Let it be ours, like Abraham, to believe because God has spoken; knowing that many things that must be dark to our puny minds, are bright and clear to the Divine wisdom.

It is on the same principle that some are ready to gather up every little crumb of praise that certain distinguished men, many of them very bad men, choose to drop in favor of Christianity. One vile sinner, a man of great talent, no doubt, uttered a few words of praise of Christ's character; and a fallen and exiled warrior, who never seems to have cared for any God but himself, does the same; and their remarks are taken up and reiterated, as if Christianity and its Author were laid under great obligation to these men for their condescending praise. We are told of a great statesman, who perhaps never prayed in his life, expressing his admiration for the Lord's prayer as a wonderful composition; and of a great poet and a great sinner, too, extolling the pure morality of the Bible. All this

subserviency to wicked and infidel men is uncalled for. God will vindicate his own character, and carry on his own cause, without going to the devil's servants to borrow capital for that purpose. "Is not my word a fire and a hammer? saith the Lord." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit."

We have seen the power and triumph of faith in leading Abraham to give up his own will to the will of God. All sin consists in opposition to that will; while, on the other hand, all holiness is to be found in a ready obedience to the known will of Jehovah. It is especially in our will that our individuality lies; and when that is given up to our Heavenly Father, it carries the whole power of the soul with it. Man may wish to make some reserve, and think that he can be religious without such an entire surrender of his whole will to God; but the faith that works by love, leads the soul to say, "I am not my own; I am bought with a price." It is willing at the command of God, to bring forth its beloved Isaacs and bind them upon the altar of sacrifice. The trial may be severely felt; it may tear its way through every fiber of his nature; but faith and love enable him to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

When the patriarch returned home with his son still alive, with the approving voice of God sounding in his ears, and his own conscience echoing that voice, we would be ready to say that his troubles are now all over. He is rich in worldly goods, his domestic relations are happy, and it seems as if a serene old age is closing in upon him without a single cloud in his sky. But life to all is a mixed state, a state of joys and sorrows, of pains and pleasures, of sunshine and cloud, of storm and calm. The Lord has still in reserve for his aged servant sorrows and trials, to keep his faith vigorous and bright, and to make him feel that earth is not his home, and to lead him to look more earnestly for that "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Accordingly we find that one day there is great sorrow in the vale of Memre. The face of the father of the faithful is heavy with sorrow. Death has entered his happy dwelling, and he stands gazing in speechless anguish upon the fixed and placid

features of his dead wife. Yes; the loved one who had been so long the light of his dwelling, who had come with him from her native land, who had been his faithful companion alike in poverty and riches, who had shared with him his wanderings and his trials, and had been the earthly comfort of his life, now sleeps her last, long sleep. We do not hear that he wept when the sacrifice of his son was demanded; but he weeps now. And those tears are honorable to him, and a silent tribute to the worth of the loved one that is gone. Gloomy to him now are the scenes of Kerjath-arba.

There are few sights more affecting than the utter sadness and desolation of an old man, when the wife of his youth is taken away. He feels that a part of himself is gone. Others may be kind, but the one that understood all his ways and anticipated all his wants, is gone; and he sits for hours in a helpless kind of state, gazing at the vacant chair. And when we are told that he has soon been called to join the loved one in heaven, we heave a sigh of relief.

In commenting upon Abraham's faith, the apostle Paul says: "For what saith the Scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." He then goes on in a most masterly argument to prove that faith, not works, is the only method of justification before God. He shows that if he was justified by works he would have had something in which to glory before God; but that, being justified by faith, his salvation was all of grace, and consequently cut off all possibility of glorying in self. Abraham was not merely the father and head of the Israelitish people according to the flesh, but he was the head of a spiritual people, that is such as had his faith. "They who are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham." In our Lord's days on earth, he met with many self-deceivers, who, building upon a hereditary religion, supposed they were safe because they had Abraham for their father; but our adorable Savior rebuked them in the terrible words, "Ye are of your father the Devil, for his works ye do." It was revealed to the Patriarch that a descendant of his, according to the flesh, was to be the Savior of the world. He

believed in that promised Savior, and was justified through that faith; and so are all who have the same faith. The revelation was dim and indistinct; but notwithstanding he saw Christ's day, though afar off, and was glad. He believed simply because God had promised. That was the only ground he had to rest upon, for everything of an outward kind was against his faith.

If Abraham had such firm faith, even amid the dark and shadowy dispensation in which he lived, how should this rebuke the unbelief of those who live amid the blaze of Gospel light! The gospel trumpet blows in the ear of the slumbering sinner, many a warning blast; but he heeds them not. Faith is the same now that it ever was. The truth to be believed is the same. The hell to be escaped from is the same. The Savior that alone can save from sin and its consequence, is the same. But the light we possess now is so much brighter, the means of grace are so much more abundant, the calls to flee from the wrath to come are so much more pressing, that he who rejects them all, will go into eternity with a load of guilt upon his soul so deep and damning that we feel lost amid the very horror of the thought!

"I worship Thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I long
To love Thee more and more.

"Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

"Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee."

ISAAC MEETING REBEKAH.

CHAPTER V.

ISAAC. THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

Abraham died and was gathered to his people. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." Such is the law of our being, and from it there is no appeal. We find ourselves surrounded by the monuments of past generations, and know assuredly that we are hastening on to join them in their long sleep of death. Abraham, after his busy life of care and trial, sleeps in death beside his beloved Sarah; every jarring sound hushed, every storm blown over, and resting in hope of a blessed resurrection. The dust of God's saints is precious in his sight, and is safely guarded under the care of his Omnipotence. Whether they repose in their ancestral sepulchers, or in far distant lands, laid in their graves by stranger hands; whether they sink into ocean's unfathomable depths, or are reduced to ashes by devouring fire; at the appointed time their Lord shall bring them forth in glory and honor.

Abraham is laid to rest in the cave of Machpelah. The grave that he bought from strangers is all that remains to him. As Dr. Bonar says:

"Only a tomb, no more!
A rock-hewn sepulcher,
And this, and this is all that's thine,
Fair Canaan's mighty heir!

"Only a tomb, no more!
A future resting-place,
When God shall lay thee down, and bid
All thy long wanderings cease.

"This cave and field,—no more,—
Canst thou thy dwelling call;
That land of thine,—plains, hills, woods, streams,—
The stranger has it all!

"Thy altar and thy tent
Are all that thou hast here;
With these content, thou passest on,
A homeless wanderer.

"Thy life unrest and toil;
Thy course a pilgrimage;
Only in death thou goest down,
To claim thy heritage;—

"A heritage which death
Shall seal to thee for aye,
A resurrection-heritage
When all things pass away.

"A home of endless peace,
Beyond these hills of strife;
When these old rocks give up their dead,
And death shall end in life.

"A heritage of life,
Beyond this guarded gloom,
A kingdom, not a field or cave:
A city, not a tomb."

The expression, "gathered unto his people," is one which is often used regarding the good men of the Bible. It has been commonly supposed to mean being buried with their kindred; but it has a far higher meaning than this. In this sense it would not apply to Abraham at all, for his people and he were buried far from each other. The same expression is applied to Jacob when he died in Egypt, and it is applied also to Moses, though buried in an unknown grave. It refers, no doubt, to the gathering of happy souls in heaven; to the immediate and happy reunion of those friends who had for a short time been separated by death. It was the waiting and joyous host of glorified spirits in heavenly mansions, to whom they were gathered, when the burden of life was laid down, and the body went to the tomb. It has been complained that there is but little evidence of immortality being known in those early days; but it should be remembered, that not having a written revelation, the Lord Jesus, in a bodily appearance of some kind, showed himself to his servants and spoke with them; and that

angels often communicated with men, so that a constant intercourse was kept up between heaven and earth. They walked with God, they lived near heaven and knew that there was but a thin veil between them and the souls of their departed friends.

Compared with his father, and his son Jacob, there is but little known of Isaac. He was not called to pass through any very stirring scenes, and therefore does not fill a large place in the sacred history. He was not a man of much force of character, nor of much power of intellect. He had a plastic, yielding, amiable disposition; easily acted upon by others, and but too ready to be governed by those that he ought to have governed.

But he was a devoutly pious man. The pious example of his parents, as well as their instructions, were not lost upon him. His father was one who knew how to train up children for heaven, as we learn from Divine testimony. "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." And where this is done, it is a rare case when children are not converted to God early in life.

On this point the Rev. Richard Cecil, speaking from experience, says, "Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers; it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way: I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them; like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way. My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath, but wept when I got into the street. Sympathy is the power-

ful engine of a mother; it is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience; children have a conscience, and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view—planning and acting with that world before us,—thus gains at length such a hold on them, that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterwards imbibe, there are few children who at night in their chamber—in the dark—in a storm of thunder, will not fear. They recollect that ETERNITY which stands in their way. It rises up before them; it goads them; it thunders in their ears."

Isaac chose early the religion of heaven—that which is good for body and soul, for the old and for the young, for the rich and for the poor, for time and for eternity. There are many who are greatly alarmed at any unusual display of devotedness on the subject of religion. They will speak in the most rapturous terms of a devoted friend, a devoted patriot, a man devoted to the interests of science and education, but a man wholly devoted to God and to the promotion of his truth in the world, they are ready to set down as the victim of a weak delusion, if not of a pernicious fanaticism. The reason is, the enmity of their hearts to spiritual things, and the blinding influence of sin. The things that are seen and are temporal fill up their whole little field of vision. They grope about in the darkness of a mere animal existence, totally unappreciative of the eternal realities and the surpassing glories which God spreads out before the eye of faith.

In seeking after a likeness of God and entire conformity to his will; in giving attention to things infinite and eternal; in trying to save immortal souls, and win a crown of glory that fades not away; how is it possible for us to be too earnest? See what a holy earnestness marked our Lord's career from the manger to the cross. Like a sacred flame it glowed in his bosom and kept him continually busy for the salvation of the world—preaching, praying, weeping, working, never loitering. How carefully every moment was laid out in his Father's business! So devoted was he to the work he had undertaken, so eager for the salvation of men, that he longed for his great

baptism of blood—for all the big waves and billows of God's wrath that sinners deserved, to go over him. He made haste to the work of suffering for us, and was almost impatient for the dark hour of sacrifice to arrive. Even the designs of the guilty traitor, Judas, seemed too slow for his longings of love, for he said, "What thou doest do quickly." The apostles caught up the same spirit of their Divine Master, and turned the world upside down by the fiery fervor of their zeal. Steady as the sun in the heavens, they went on to the accomplishment of their great work, and as has been said, "struck the kingdom of darkness with blows that resounded through the universe."

Everything, however, is not Christian earnestness that passes under that name. There is often an earnestness of mere sympathy that is awakened by contact with others. We are greatly influenced, at least for a time, by those with whom we associate. To some extent we catch their spirit, imitate their actions, and sometimes the very tones of their voice. For example, here is a young convert, and circumstances lead him into connection with a church where, in their meetings, they shout and clap their hands, and loudly respond to the petitions expressed in the public prayers; in short, are very demonstrative in the expression of their feeling. He soon learns to do as the others do; not because of his religion, for if that was the case then all who had real religion would do the same; but simply by the power of sympathy with those with whom he associates. Had circumstances carried the same man into connection with the evangelical Society of Friends, he would have been ready to sit for hours in meeting without a word being spoken either by himself or others. And yet he might have as much real religious earnestness in the one case as in the other.

There is also an earnestness that is merely constitutional. It is born with the man. There is a warmth and a fiery fervor about all that he says and does. There is certain animal excitement which he throws into all that he undertakes, and which surrounds him with a perpetual tempest. Now, there is no religion in all this. It is true, religion may take hold of his

natural temperament, and sanctify and direct it, and make it extensively useful; just as religion takes the caution and cool deliberation of the more lymphatic temperament, and makes them useful. Still there is much that goes by the name of religious earnestness, in such persons, that is only the result of nature, not of grace—of feeling, not of principle.

There is also a zeal of mere sentimentality. It will only work for Jesus when a romantic glow—a publicity and distinction attend upon the work. If they could act in the eyes of the world, if they could encounter great perils, and come out of them spoken of as great heroes; recorded as such in poetry and sermon and public speeches, with what an ambitious burst of zeal would they go into Christ's service. But to live unknown, to suffer and sacrifice, and toil on for Jesus, till we die unhonored and unknown; and receive almost our first word of approval from the lips of Jesus himself, as we stand before his throne, requires solid principle, not mere sentiment. Yet faith teaches us that every act of love, every kind word, every tear dropped, every prayer uttered for Jesus, reports itself before the splendor of the eternal throne. The timid word spoken for the Savior in the midst of mocking folly, is heard by him in heaven above the sound of seven thunders. It is registered in heaven's imperishable record.

True religious earnestness is fed from the unfailing fountain of love to God. There is more felt inwardly than is represented outwardly. It lives not by the breath of human applause, but by the favor of God. At the cross it sees the whole truths of the Bible, the revelation of God to man for centuries, condensed into one,word—salvation,—and that a free salvation; then it sees the long procession of lost souls as they go to their eternal prison-house, and is roused to work while he may to save those yet in the land of hope. Onward such a man goes, in his career of usefulness; Christ interceding above him, the Holy Spirit interceding within him, the heavenly Jerusalem to which he goes, with its pearly gates and golden streets shining before him, and crying to a mocking world, "O, flee from the wrath to come!"

There is a little incident mentioned in the history of the patriarch that shows us one source of his deep piety. "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide." What a beautiful picture of a good man holding fellowship with God through his works. As the dusky twilight creeps over the face of nature, and a sweet stillness and repose settling down upon all things around him, deep thoughts of the future and of eternal things fill his mind; and as some of the silent stars begin to appear, he feels with the Psalmist, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

The age in which we live is one of many and blessed activities for Christ. The Word of God, that blessed Book whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, is circulated by millions. Missionaries are sent to every land, and toil on amid hardships and dangers, showing that the martyr-spirit has not died out. The habitations of sin and festering moral pollution are entered by the message of salvation, and from a darkness worse than that of heathenism, millions of children are gathered, and the light of heaven poured upon their dark minds. We live in a wonderful age, and should bless God for what our eyes see and our ears hear of the Lord's goodness.

But there is one great peril we are in from the very nature of our age. There is not enough of secret religion. Like Isaac, we should be in meditation and prayer and self-examination, alone before the Searcher of hearts. There is a rush and a bustle and an excitement about our religious efforts, that is apt to make us forget God, at the very time we are speaking of him and engaged in his work. In our large cities, especially, there are thousands of the most active Christians, whose Sabbaths are spent in a kind of exhausting religious dissipation. From early in the morning till late at night, they are engaged in public services,—prayer-meetings, mission schools, hearing sermons, seeking out wonders; till tired nature sinks under the labor; and it seems a mockery to call the sacred day a day of *rest*. No time for sweet meditation, for examining our own hearts and their hidden motives, for baring the soul before the Omniscient eye, and praying, "Search me and try me, O God, and see if there be any wicked way in me!"

This is all wrong. We would do more *for* God in public, by being more *with* God in private. If the orator speaks with power in public it is because his mind has been disciplined and stored with knowledge in the solitude of his study. There it is that he gathers up those elements of power by which he is able to thrill the hearts and sway the minds of vast multitudes. A religion of public activity must be backed up by frequent seasons of meditation, heart searching, and prayer. In the days of Elijah the cause of truth and holiness was brought very low, the altars of religion were overturned, the preaching of God's servants was prohibited, and it seemed as if the emissaries of evil were about to triumph. The Prophet was a bold, daring man, not accustomed to cower before the frowns of wickedness; but he felt that he could do nothing in his own strength. He therefore retired to Mount Horeb for fasting and prayer, and for pouring out the complaint of his burdened spirit before the Lord; and there he heard that "still small voice" that filled him with a confidence before which systems of error tottered and fell.

But why refer to the example of others when we have that of the great Master. Jesus did not neglect public meetings. It was his custom to go to the house of the Lord. He was regular in his observance of the public means. His activity was such as to put our most active Christians to the blush; and yet he retired into remote places to spend whole nights in prayer. He commands us to enter our closet and shut the door, assuring us that the listening ear of God will be open to our every word. "Come my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast."

We have an inspired testimony borne to Isaac's faith. "By faith Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau concerning things to come." His faith is seen in the fact that he goes on to dispose of the land of Canaan as if it were already in his possession. Everything outwardly looked unfavorable. As yet the only foothold which he had in that land was a grave; but God had promised, and there he rests. That promise was to his faith

the same as a performance. It was as certain to him now, when all was dark, as if he already saw his seed in full possession of their fair inheritance; and "sitting under their own vine and fig tree, none daring to make them afraid."

In reading the account of this act of faith on the part of Isaac, we should remember that the blessing of the patriarch was a prophetic act. It connected the son, upon whom it rested, with that illustrious line by which the Messiah was to come. This was the reason why Jacob's mother was so anxious to secure it to her favorite child; for the proud hope of every mother in Israel was, that through her this great Deliverer should come. It was God's sovereign purpose that Jacob, the younger son, should receive this blessing; and yet, that purpose was effected by the wickedness of others. Isaac did not intend to give the blessing where he did. By dissembling and playing the mean part of a pretender, Jacob secured it; and yet, through these unworthy means, God's holy designs were accomplished. This is a most wonderful and mysterious part of the ways of Providence. The God with whom we have to do is, in no sense, the author of sin. The very thought is blasphemy. He hates sin with a perfect hatred; and yet, his divine wisdom often overrules the sins of men for the good of his creatures, and the carrying out of his purposes of infinite love. "Out of evil still educing good." He makes the wrath of man to praise him.

When Job's heavy afflictions fell upon him he said, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" Now, in reading the narrative of his trials, we would be ready to infer that it was at Satan's hand he received them, and at the hand of the Chaldeans; but he recognized the Lord's hand, for without his permission they could have done nothing. In the very fact that the Lord did not prevent the evil from coming upon him, he knew there was some wise design. The sin connected with what the actors did was their own; the good brought out of it was God's.

In regard to our Lord's death we read: "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief." And yet, in

all the torture inflicted upon our Savior, we see the agency of Judas, of Pilate, of bloody-minded Jews who hated him without a cause. Still it was done according to the "determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God." Yet the actors, having done all that they did freely and by their own voluntary choice, are left without excuse. "By wicked hands ye crucified the Lord of glory." Their designs were wicked, their acts were wicked, their whole being was steeped in wickedness, and yet God overruled all for the highest good of the world.

How good it is to feel that the Lord reigns, and that he controls the affairs of the universe. He had the heart of Pharaoh in his hand as well as that of Moses, the heart of Saul as well as that of David. To his boasting, pompous enemy, our Lord said, "Thou couldst have no power unless it were given thee from above." This Providence controls alike the great and the small, the grain of sand as well as the mighty planet, the helpless infant as well as the vastest empire. Just as the law of gravitation controls the atom as well as the globe; so there is nothing too small or too great to be beyond God's notice and care.

It is worthy of remark, here, that when Isaac was told of the mistake which he had made in blessing Jacob, he does not undertake to correct it. He recognizes the mind and will of God at once. Said he, "I have blessed him, and he shall be blessed." Esau, in his bitter grief and disappointment, strove hard to get the matter reversed, but his father firmly adheres to what had been done. It is to this that the Apostle refers in Hebrews xii: 16, 17: "Lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Upon this some have founded a doctrine that is not to be found in the Bible. They have taught that the sinner may reach such a state of soul that he shall be found pleading with God in deep earnestness for pardon and salvation, and be turned away with a refusal.

Now, this is not the meaning, The repentance he could not find was on the part of his father, not on his part. He tried most earnestly to get the aged patriarch to change his mind, that is, to repent; but his cries and his tears were of no avail. The blessing had gone forth, and could not be reversed. No soul who truly repented was ever turned away by the God of love, nor ever will be. The sorrow of the world that worketh death—a mere remorse of conscience—may sometimes be thought to be repentance, but is not. This was the repentance of Judas, but instead of leading him nearer to God, it drove him farther off; for he went out and hanged himself. There have been some very improper and unguarded things said about persons, while yet living, having passed their day of grace. It may be so, but it is certainly not taught in the passage above quoted. In our intercourse with our fellow-men we should go upon the principle that while there is life there is hope. We should take it for granted, that the reason why God has prolonged life is to afford opportunity for repentance. Jesus is willing to receive the very chief of sinners. His blood cleanseth from all sin. His own glorious words are, "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Esau is an example of warning to us all. He enjoyed great privileges. Born and brought up in a family where the true God was known and worshiped, with prayers offered up for him by believing parents, he yet voluntarily despised all these, formed an alliance with the heathen around him, and became a profane person. Alas! How many do the same now. Born in a land of Bibles, and churches, and Sabbath schools, and revivals of great power; with a mother's prayers uttered over their cradle, and a father's instruction, from their earliest years, poured into their ears; with the Holy Spirit striving with them from year to year, and pressing upon them the great powers of the world to come; they do as did Esau, sacrifice the interests of the future for a paltry, momentary, and sinful gratification in the present. They plead their temptations as an excuse, but the motives to yield to sin can never be so strong as the motives to resist it are. To sin may secure us a temporary

gratification, but robs us of an eternal weight of glory. To go with them in the ways of death, may please a few sinful associates, but it brings down on us the frown of God forever. Esau sold his birthright, not for a crown, not for a kingdom, not for a fortune, not even for the breath of fame, empty and uncertain as that is, but for one morsel of meat! God says to sinners, "Ye have sold yourselves for a thing of nought." One sells his soul for money, another for pleasure of a mere animal kind, another for fame, and, in short, there is no end to the fool's bargains that are thus made. The devil is buying souls cheap in the market of sin, every day. "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" As an old writer says, "Worldly things are less than the soul and cannot fill it; they are worse than the soul and cannot satisfy it."

Esau felt his mean and sinful acts end in bitterness and sorrow. The beginning of a sinful life often looks quite flattering; but look at its end. "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of Christ?" As it is really the end that crowns the action, that is the way in which we should judge of things. The wages of sin is death. Sin is hell and hell is sin. As far as this world is concerned Esau was a prosperous man; but he had no riches of the soul; and the most dreadful of all kinds of poverty is that which strikes into the soul and pierces it through and through.

Some writers have enlarged, at considerable length, upon Isaac as a type of Christ, especially with reference to his being offered up in intention as a sacrifice. This has always appeared to me more fanciful than real. It was the shedding of blood that made the victims of sacrifice typical of Christ; and in this case no blood was shed. And even if his blood had been shed, it could not have been in the nature of an atonement; for one poor sinner could not atone for another. There are abundant types of our blessed Redeemer, clear and distinct, without calling up those which are only imaginary.

In reading the life of such men as Isaac, living a life of such constant faith and fellowship with God, amid their dark dispensation, how should it rebuke our low state of piety. We

live in the blaze of Gospel light. They had that same Gospel only in dim outline. In promises and prophecies they saw the Savior afar off. We see the complete, the perfect Christ. And yet how far we live below our privileges! Let us remember that the only way to use these is to profit by them. Such great blessings despised turn into avenging judgments. God removes the candlestick out of its place, and leaves the despiser of its light in darkness; a darkness that precedes the blackness of darkness forever. Gospel truth ruins if it does not save. The soul that hears God's voice calling from day to day, and does not obey, soon occupies that state of soul that the old writers used to call *gospel-hardened.* Listen to what the Word says: "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

At last, the fretting cares and domestic sorrows that had darkened the latter days of Isaac are over; and gently as the babe goes to sleep upon its mother's bosom, he sleeps in death. His happy soul joined the parents in heaven, who had so rejoiced over his birth on earth. They now have him forever.

"Hast thou not glimpses in the twilight hour,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not through the silence to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gale,
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?"

CHAPTER VI.

JACOB. THE PREVAILER WITH GOD.

In the lives of the people of God, as recorded in the Bible, there are two points very manifest; God's treatment of them as a great moral Governor, and his treatment of them as a God of forgiving love. As a great moral Governor who cannot pass by sin, he drove the first transgressor out of Eden, out into a world cursed for his sake; but as a God of grace and love, he at the same time gave him a promise of a coming Savior. That stern expulsion, and that flaming sword which "turns every way to keep the way of the tree of life," spoke of God's unquenchable hatred of sin; that gracious promise spoke of his deep love to the sinner. The sinner is forgiven freely and fully; but the result of his sins in the cursed earth in the sweat of his brow, in his struggles with the "thorns and thistles," are still allowed to remain.

We see this subject illustrated in the case of Moses. He spake unadvisedly with his lips at the waters of Meribah, and God, as a moral Governor, was greatly displeased, and prohibited his entering the promised land. Moses was forgiven, but the prohibition which his sin caused was not withdrawn; he was still kept out of the promised land; but to show the love of his God he is taken up to Pisgah and permitted to view the fair Canaan from afar, and when he died the Lord tenderly buried him. We see the same thing in David's case. In the matter of Uriah the Hittite, he fell from a high and holy elevation. His open immorality in the sight of all Israel could not be passed over. He repented in broken-hearted contrition before God and he was freely forgiven; but the result of his sin goes on unchecked. His child dies. Absalom rises in revolt, and a long succession of domestic troubles darkens his

earthly lot, and wrings his heart with anguish. God's government and grace work together, the one not interfering with the other, but both proceeding from the same hand.

Perhaps this principle is nowhere so clearly illustrated as in the case of the patriarch Jacob. It shows itself throughout his entire history. Jacob was a chosen child of God, a subject of God's grace; but when he sins he comes under the chastisement of God's government. His deceiving his father and supplanting his brother in the matter of the birthright, was a mean, wicked act; and the righteous judge could not pass it over. Hence we see him a fugitive from his home, compelled to serve a hard master for twenty years, his wages capriciously changed again and again, never permitted again to see the face of that over-indulgent mother who had helped him to plan his wickedness; his ten sons agreeing to deceive him, as he had deceived his father; living for years in bitter sorrow on account of the supposed death of Joseph; in terror of being murdered by his injured brother, and driven out of his own land, among strangers, by a famine, there to die. Oh what a large harvest of sorrow from evil seed which it took him but a few minutes to sow! Yet Jacob was a good man, enjoying God's pardoning love; but this did not prevent him from being a subject of God's governmental chastisement. "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

Some years ago I read an interesting article on this subject in a small religious magazine, called "Things New and Old," which contained a most forcible illustration, which I regret that I cannot give in the words of the author, but only from memory. Suppose a master sends a servant to sow a field with wheat. That servant, either from ignorance or gross carelessness, sows some vile weed. The master in the exercise of great goodness and forbearance pardons him freely and fully. The servant is deeply grieved for the wrong he has done his master, and sheds many a bitter tear over his fault. But would the master's pardon and the servant's repentance change the weeds into wheat? Certainly not. When the harvest time comes, and golden grain should be waving over the field, there

is nothing but the noxious weed. Now, when the servant looks over that field, ought the fact that the crop is not changed to make him doubt his master's forgiveness? Not at all. Just as the nature of the pardon did not alter the crop, so the nature of the crop does not alter the pardon. The two things are perfectly distinct.

Still farther; the master, in the exercise of great chemical skill, might extract a medicine from the weed that would be a thousand times more remunerative than the wheat would have been, and thus the sin of the servant might be overruled for good. But that would not make his wrong right, nor would it alter the great law that a man's reaping must be according to his sowing. This is plain and practical.

Jacob, having obtained the blessing from his father, is compelled to go forth from the land that he loved, and the home of his affections, to a strange land, of which he knew nothing. We can easily conceive the deep depression that must have rested upon his heart. Much that was pleasant he was leaving behind him, and before him all was dark and uncertain. A good man, going forth in the path of duty, could not help feeling a sadness pervade his mind, under such circumstances. But Jacob had been brought into these circumstances not by duty, but by sin. His exile from his home was the result of his own transgression of the law of right; and the knowledge of this rankling in his conscience, must have made his journey a melancholy one. To have a deep and abiding sense of God's favor in the soul, an approving God above us and an approving conscience within us, is the best support in times of trial. It makes the timid brave, and the desponding cheerful. It gives a new aspect to the whole face of nature, and fills the soul with music and sunshine.

At length the shadows of night gather around our traveler, while the fatigues of the way make rest welcome. He lies down to sleep under the open heavens, the grass his bed, and a stone his pillow. But that God who is pitiful and of tender compassion, saw all the sad desolation of his heart; and in a vision of the night comes to comfort him. In those early ages

of the world, before there was a written revelation, God often communicated with his servants in this way. Now that we have a complete revelation, it would be folly to depend upon dreams for our guidance. As an old writer says, "Read your dreams, if you like, in the light of Scripture; but do not read Scripture in the light of your dreams." We are now to be guided only by the sure Word of God.

In his dream the patriarch saw a "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." The meaning of this ladder, I think, is clear from the words of our Lord, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." Christ's atonement connects heaven with earth; has opened up the communication between God and man, which sin had closed; and now sinners can get visits of mercy and promises of grace from the righteous Judge that they had offended. A man going up a ladder is above the earth and getting nearer heaven; so a man who receives Christ's atonement by faith gets above the vanities of earth, and dwells in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.

When Jacob awoke from sleep he was much affected, and filled with solemnity. He felt that God had come very near to him. "Surely Jehovah is in this place; and I knew it not." A great fear, a solemn dread came over him, as he reflected upon what had taken place; and he exclaimed, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Those whose ideas of worship are confined to ritualistic forms and priestly ceremonies, those who feel as if there can be no house of God except in consecrated piles of architectural splendor, may wonder why he called that humble spot a house of God. But God's presence can make the meeting on the hil-lsides, or in the caves of the earth, the assembly of the true worshipers in the forests or in a barn, the house of God; while the grand cathedral, if it contains nothing but dead forms, is repulsive in the sight of that Great Spirit, who must be worshiped in spirit and in

truth. This whole scene at Bethel is highly instructive, and is well improved in the following beautiful lines:

"Sweet spot! 't was surely hallowed ground,
Where heaven itself diffused around
The breath of peace and love;
There Jacob slept—there angels hung
O'er him from whom the Savior sprung,
To guard him from above.

"He slept—but who that saw him there,
Beneath the chill and midnight air,
Upon the dewy sod,
Lone as he seemed, could e'er have guess'd
How bright a glimpse of glory bless'd
That favored child of God!

"The gloomy cloud, by sorrow spread
Around the sleeper's dreamy head,
Had melted into light;
And, lo! a vision too intense
In splendor for weak mortal sense,
Blazed on his inward sight.

"A ladder of stupendous height
Led upward through the gates of light
On to the throne of God,
While to and fro, 'twixt heaven and earth,
Fair holy ones, of seraph birth,
In steps of glory trod.

"Some wafted Israel's fervent prayer
Along each heaven-ascending stair,
E'en to the ear of Love,
While myriads more, as swift as thought,
Full many a goodly blessing brought
In answer from above.

"Sweet dream! its memory oft would cheer
The patriarch's soul through many a year
Of sorrow, fear, and strife;
He loved it, for he there could see
A beauteous emblem, Lord, of Thee,
Thou glorious Way of Life!

"Through thee the Father's love descends,
Through thee our love to him ascends,
And prayer and praise arise;
While every promise, Lord, of thine,
What is it but a step divine
To lead us to the skies?"

Jacob, in token of his gratitude to God for this manifestation of His presence, took the stone that he had for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. This he did to commemorate what had so recently transpired, so that it might be permanently remembered by him. The great evil with us is, that we are apt to forget what God does for us, and to allow his gracious interferences of love to fade away from our minds. This forgetfulness is very guilty, and were God not so long-suffering, would have provoked him long ago to remove his goodness from us forever.

The patriarch also dedicated himself anew to God. His pouring oil upon the pillar was a symbol of this. His language is touchingly beautiful. "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my Father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." Here we see that there is not a single mercy that we get from God's loving hand, but lays us under obligation to devote ourselves anew to his holy service. As the Author of all our blessings he has a claim upon our all. Our time, our talents, our property, our all, should be held as sacredly devoted to Him who has done so much for us. In seasons of special deliverances, and when new and unexpected blessings have been conferred upon us, we should feel called upon to make a new consecration to the Lord. Let any Christian look back over the way that God has led him, patiently bearing with his wanderings, supporting him in afflictions, opening a path for him when all seemed shut up, bringing him to many a green spot for refreshment when weary of

the dusty highway of life, and causing unlooked for blessings to come down upon him like the dews of heaven; and lost must his soul be to all emotions of gratitude, if he does not exclaim, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits unto me?" And surely that *something* that he will render to the Lord, will be a gift that he will *feel*, that will require self-denial and self-sacrifice. Surely he will not be like the mean, rich man, who, when taken from the river, turned to the man that saved him from drowning, and offered him a dollar! Well, perhaps the poor wretch knew best the value of his own life.

Such an act is nothing to the meanness of the man who, professing to be saved by Christ from eternal death, stands up before God in the great congregation, and sings,—

> "Were all the realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small,
> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all,"

and then drops into the Lord's treasury less than his cigars or some other useless luxury cost him for the last week. O how will such conduct look when the light of eternity shall reveal the value of souls, and the infinite importance of salvation!

We come now to consider one of the most wonderful events in the history of Jacob's eventful life. Fourteen years have passed away since he had the encouraging vision and received such cheering promises; and now he is about to return to the land he had left under the most painful circumstances. In a solemn review of those years, he says, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." When he uttered these words the blue hills of his native land were in sight, and he was near to all the familiar scenes of his youth, so affecting to the heart of an exile, when they again come into view. He had tested God's promise and it had not failed him; and now that he is again in trouble he knows where to go for help.

With his large family and abundance of flocks and property he is moving along, when he is informed that his brother Esau, whom he had so deeply wronged, is approaching, with four hundred men; and, he has reason to fear, with a murderous purpose. What does he do in these circumstances? God had told him to return to his native land, and had said, "I will surely do thee good," and therefore he knew that he was in the path of duty. And yet, he does not recklessly go forward, without using all the means in his power to avert the threatened danger. In him we see prudence and piety blending in beautiful union. He divides his company into separate bands; he sends forth a handsome present to his brother, accompanying it with a message calculated to allay resentful feelings in his bosom; and thus having done all that he could do, he betakes himself to God in prayer. He knew that our best laid plains will fail without a divine blessing upon them.

Jacob was alone with God. The company so dear to him are sent on before him. It is past the midnight hour. Great things are pending upon the results of the coming day. It was not merely that his own life was in danger, but Leah, and the beloved Rachel, for whom he had served fourteen years with hard toil, and also his children, dearer to him than his own life, were all exposed to the same common danger. He resolves to devote that night to pleading with God. He knew that he had the heart of Esau and that of his rude band in his hands, and he could turn them in kindness towards him, as he had already done that of his surly, selfish father-in-law. All that human aid and skill could do had been done; God must now be his refuge and his strength.

We see the patriarch kneeling upon the ground, his bosom heaving with emotions too big for utterance, the deep silence of night only broken by his voice of earnest entreaty; when, suddenly, strange hands seize and grapple him, and there wrestled a man with him to the breaking of day. How startled the man of God must have been! And yet this sudden and seemingly rude attack was the harbinger of safety, a token of an answer to his prayer. It was a true friend that came to him in the

darkness of that memorable night, though he came as a foe. Thus God often comes to us his people in a way that is most alarming; that for a time makes them fear that he has become their avenging enemy; but soon we find that the hand that shook us so vigorously has, after all, contained a most precious blessing for us. He wounds only to heal; he casts down only to exalt.

We are not to understand this as a vision, but as a real transaction. There was, no doubt, a bodily struggle; but still, the chief thing upon which our minds are to be fixed is, the spiritual conflict and victory. Hence it is, that deep anguish and agony of soul in pleading with Jehovah has been called "wrestling with God." This is something, however, that mere formalists and ritualists cannot understand. It is something quite different from kneeling on a velvet cushion, opening a beautifully bound prayer-book, and reading a prayer composed by some one a century before, with far less emotion than the last news by the Atlantic cable would be read. It is to plead till every power of the soul is on the stretch in intense longings after God, and big waves of emotion chase each other across the soul. So wrestled the adorable Savior on that dark night in Gethsemane, till the body sweat came from every pore. Thus did Paul wrestle when he had great heaviness of heart, for his brethren according to the flesh. Thus did Luther wrestle in certain great crises of the reformation work. Thus did Knox wrestle when in an agony he cried out, "Lord, give me Scotland or I die!" And thus it was that Jacob wrestled.

It is a legitimate subject of inquiry: Who was this person that wrestled with the patriarch? In the narrative he is called "a man," while Hosea speaks of him as "the angel," and Jacob himself says, "I have seen God face to face." He is also said to have had "power with God." To us, therefore, this mysterious stranger is a stranger no longer. It was the Lord Jesus; he who as "the angel of the Covenant," had often appeared in a bodily form, till the fullness of the time came, when he assumed our nature. Then "the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us." It was the same who had walked in Eden in the

cool of the day, and talked with the first pair; who conversed with Abraham, and showed himself amid the shadowy visions of the prophets, who now strove with Jacob. He might, therefore, have again said, "Surely, God was in this place and I knew it not."

Concerning this great Being the wonderful expression is used, "And when he saw that he prevailed against him." How strange! The High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, does not prevail against a poor and sinful child of earth! The reason was, that Jacob was, pleading the Lord's own promises, trusting his own pledged word, and *that* he never can deny. The worm Jacob prevails with God because he keeps pleading the promise, "I will surely do thee good." Still, that Jacob may not become proud and think that he had gained a great victory in his own strength, with one touch of the Divine finger his thigh is disjointed. Just as Paul, after the heavenly revelations had been made to him, had a thorn in the flesh left with him lest he should be exalted above measure.

But though the pleader is now disabled and in pain, he does not give up the contest. He now has a perfect understanding of who it is with whom he has been striving; and this only increases his ardor to obtain the blessing. The Divine visitor seems as if he would leave him, saying, "Let me go." Just as the same Holy One, many centuries after, in going with the disciples to Emmaus, seemed about to go further, and yet in answer to their constraining prayer tarried with them; so he was now only trying his servant's faith. He did not wish to leave him unblessed, in his weakness and despair. He is more willing to give than we to ask.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." What boldness of faith, what earnestness of entreaty, what perseverance of prayer is here! Was the Lord offended with this familiarity of faith? Was the pleading sinner hurled to the ground a bleeding corpse? No, no. When we have a promise to plead he will listen. He loves to have us use the holy violence of faith. Jacob's determination not to be denyed, reminds us of the perseverance of the Canaanitish woman, when pleading with

the same Lord long after. Though first met with utter silence, and with repeated rebuffs, she kept up her plea, till the gracious answer came, "O, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." We lose much for want of this importunity. We become discouraged and disheartened when the answer to our prayer does not come at once, and turn away in unbelief. An old writer says, "If the arrow of prayer is to enter heaven, we must draw it from a soul full bent." By the parables of the unjust Judge, and the friend that comes in the night to borrow the three loaves, our Lord teaches us, in the most emphatic form, the value of importunity in prayer. Let us lay this to heart.

It is worthy of remark, that Jacob does not specify minutely what he wanted, but only asks a blessing. He knew that the Lord was well aware of his present circumstances, and that if he gives him a blessing at all, it will be sure to be one that will meet all his present necessities. He left it to the Divine Wisdom to choose the best form in which this could be done. And God did bless him, then and there. Faith obtained a glorious victory. As one says, "He was knighted on the field." His old name, Jacob, which signified a supplanter, and therefore was calculated to remind him of his sin, is removed; and a new name, Israel, meaning a prince with God, is given unto him. The reason of this new name is, that he had "power with men, and had prevailed." The fact that he had prevailed with God, was a pledge that he would prevail with his brother. He was not now afraid to go forward, for if God be for us who can be against us?

What a bright, glorious morning was that which now dawned upon Jacob. The shadows of night that now gathered around him on the previous evening, were but a faint emblem of the darkness of his mind; the brightness of the sun that that morning illuminated the face of nature, was but a faint sign of the heavenly light that filled the soul of the man of God. What though he now went along lame and halting in body, his soul was strong in God. The warrior does not care that he carries from the field some wounds, when the shout of victory is in his ears.

Let us learn from this whole subject, the great value of secret prayer. Jacob had a great deliverance from a public danger that threatened him; but it was in secret, in the darkness of the night, that he obtained the answer to his prayer. The result of that night's pleading with God appeared openly afterwards, no doubt to the astonishment of those who did not know the secret, fervent prayer that had brought about that result. On this subject Dr. Hamilton beautifully remarks, "When Jacob and Esau met—on the one side the shaggy chieftain with his four hundred swordsmen, and on the other side the limping shepherd with his caravan of children and cattle—a flock of sheep approaching a band of wolves; when the patriarch took his staff in his hand and stepped forward to meet the embattled company, and the anxious retinue awaited the issue—they saw the sword drop from Esau's hand—they saw his brawny arms around Jacob's neck—they saw in the red savage a sudden and unlooked for brother. They saw the result, but they had not seen the prelude which led to it. They had not been with Jacob at the ford of Jabbok the night before. They had not viewed his agony and heard his prayer; and though they noticed the halting limb, they did not know the victory whose token it was. They saw the patriarch, the husband, and the father; but they knew not that he was a prince with God, and and had gained Esau's heart from him who has all hearts in his hand. The halting thigh and the pacified foe were obvious; but the wrestling over night was unknown."

How sweetly Charles Wesley gives poetic expression to this whole scene, in one of the finest hymns in our language:

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

"I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;

Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

"In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
* * * * * * *

"Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

"'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

"My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

"I know thee, Savior, who thou art,—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love."

It might seem to us, after such a marvelous display of God's goodness, and such abundant proofs that he was fully forgiven, that Jacob's trials are now at an end. But alas! there still clings to God's people so much of the remains of sin, such a tendency to find their home on earth, that it becomes neces-

sary that they should often feel the sharp strokes of the rod of affliction. The troubles that thicken around the pathway of the patriarch, are a proof that the rod is held by the hand of love. It was the same God that pardoned his sins, that gave him the assurance of his love, that folded him in the covenant of eternal blessings, that permitted those distressing afflictions to come upon him. We cannot here dwell upon them. His sons treacherous and blood-thirsty; his only daughter defiled; his life in danger from his neighbors; his favorite son supposed to be killed and long mourned as lost to him; the famine bringing him and his to the verge of starvation; all these trials bringing from his soul the bitter cry, "All these things are against me;" presents a solemn picture of the way in which the God of love often finds it necessary to lead his own people.

There are two scenes in the closing up of Jacob's life in which he appears to great advantage; namely, his introduction to Pharaoh, and his dying address to his sons. It was in the eternal counsels of God, that Jacob should go down to Egypt; but what striking providences and strange agencies are employed to bring about the result! Order, at last, was brought out of confusion, and the sweetest harmony out of the harshest discord.

The patriarch stands before the monarch with simple dignity. The plain shepherd stands before the most powerful prince then upon the face of the earth, but there is nothing rude in his manners on the one hand, nor servile and sycophantic on the other. "And Jacob blessed Pharaoh." By imploring the blessing of God upon this heathen king and upon his empire, he is leading his mind to think of that great Jehovah, and in a way, too, that could not give offence. And how impressive his reply when he is asked his age, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." He knew that he was standing on the verge of eternity; and this is his solemn review of his life. It was only a pilgrimage, he had possessed no certain dwelling-place; but God had prepared for him a city, and by the eye of faith he could already see its open gates.

Though his might be called a long life, yet he speaks of his days as *few*. They seem so when we look back upon them. And *evil* also. Ah! this is the worst of it all. Days of suffering, because they are days of sin; these two things inseparably united together. How humbling in reviewing our lives, not to be able to think of one day without sin—all evil; not one in which we have served God perfectly. And how should this lead us to value the precious blood of Jesus, that cleanseth from all sin.

The last hour of the man of God has come. He fears it not, but, like a weary child, he longs to go to his rest. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." God is very near to his dying servant, and imparts to him the spirit of inspiration, the spirit of prophecy, in which to address his sons as they gather around his bed. "Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob; and hearken unto Israel your father." A most solemn sight was here. The dying address of a parent is always so, under almost any circumstances; but when the words of that parent are inspired words, and are also prophetic of the future, his voice becomes the voice of God himself.

The addresses to his several sons are most solemn and impressive. That to Reuben is uncommonly so. He is reminded of a foul, unnatural crime which he had committed forty years before, and the peculiar weakness of his character, that of instability, faithfully pointed out. His next two sons had been united in an act of monstrous cruelty and deception, mingled with horrid impiety; and the righteous indignation of the parent flames out against their sin. Nowhere does sin look so exceeding sinful as when we are on the confines of glory, with all its sinless beauty about to break upon our view. It was an hour of deep tenderness, when he was about to part from those he loved, but no parental emotions must be permitted to interfere with faithfulness to their souls.

At length the last son is spoken to, the last words they shall ever hear from a father's lips have fallen upon their ears. His breath shortens, he contracts his withered limbs, the animation

that so lately flashed in his eyes dies out, and the neart that had throbbed under so many sorrows is at last at rest. And while Joseph casts himself upon the cold clay, weeping out the bitterness of his anguish, the happy soul is with that God who had met with him at Bethel. He is no longer at the gate of heaven, but in its glorious courts, to go no more out forever.

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light."

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPH. AN EXAMPLE TO YOUNG MEN.

The story of Joseph is one that charms and interests all classes of readers. The young are delighted by the succession of dramatic scenes through which he passes; while the more thoughtful reader sees the wonder-working hand of God's Providence, bringing from small beginnings the most stupendous results. His life, as presented on the page of inspiration, is one of beautiful symmetry; uniting attention to the duties of earth and to the claims of eternity; diligent in business and yet fervent in spirit; making the most of both worlds by giving up his whole being to the guidance of that religion which is profitable for the life that now is, and for that which is to come.

Joseph is brought before us in the fresh glow of his boyhood's days, when he dwelt with his fond father in the land of Canaan. As he was the child of his father's old age, and as his mother, of loved and cherished memory, was dead, we do not wonder when told that he was much petted and indulged by Jacob, who showed to him a foolish partiality in the presence of the rest of his children. This showed itself in various ways, especially in providing for him showy and expensive clothing, calculated to excite the envy of his brothers. This conduct was wrong on the part of the father, for it not only exposed his son to the hatred of his brethren, but was well calculated to puff him up with vanity. Alas! how many young men are ruined by the unreasonable and hurtful indulgence of their parents. Those parents wish to be their best friends, but in reality prove their worst enemies; indulgence in idleness, extravagance, and unrestrained passion, crush out every bud of fair promise, till parent and child together fall under the crash of some sad moral delinquency. We can find some apology for Jacob's

conduct in the fact that he was now far advanced in years, and that Joseph was the son of his beloved Rachel; and we cannot but admire the grace of God in preserving the youth from those heart sins to which his father's injudicious conduct exposed him.

Just at this time Joseph had two dreams, which seemed to predict his future preëminence over the rest of the family. In the innocence of his heart he related these dreams in the hearing of his brethren, and at once their envy was turned into hatred and brooding revenge. An opportunity soon offers for this hatred to vent itself in acts of deadly cruelty. His brethren have been some time at a distance from home, feeding their flocks, and Joseph is sent by his father to visit them and bring back word of their welfare. In the spirit of prompt obedience that marked his whole career, he set out on his journey, and after some time spent in search, at last found them at Dothan. At the sight of him all the malignity and rancor that had long been accumulating in their hearts became roused into activity. The first proposal is to murder him on the spot; but they are led to abandon this by the intervention of Reuben, and proceed to cast him into a pit in the wilderness. But the thought of leaving him to perish there of hunger seems to have touched the heart of Judah, and through his intercession they came to the conclusion to sell him as a slave to a company of Midianitish merchants that were passing at this time. Before parting with him, however, they strip him of his coat, and after dipping it in the blood of a kid, present it to his father as an evidence that his son has been killed by some fierce beast. The story was believed, and the old man in the bitterness of his anguish says, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning!"

But it is not my design to minutely relate the story of Joseph, which is familiar to every Sabbath school child; but rather to notice how his faith in God enabled this young man to act, in the world of strangers, among whom he was so rudely thrown, and at such a tender age.

And first, it is very evident that Joseph was animated by religious motives and feelings. His pious father had shown his

affection for him in better ways than dressing and ornamenting his body. He had sought to lead him to God, and to have his soul clothed in those holy principles which are the noblest adornment. Often had he told him the story of grace, unfolded to the first guilty pair, and repeated in many a covenant promise to his fathers since. And the principle of faith had taken up its abode in his mind, and bore fruits unto holiness, as it always does, casting a splendor of goodness over all his subsequent life.

This was manifested in the spirit in which he bore his injuries. For one so tenderly brought up and so fondly indulged, to become all at once the victim of such vile treatment, from those that he had never injured, and from whom he had a right only to expect kindness; would, in the case of most persons have produced a dark, sullen spirit of utter distrust in all human kind; a sour, misanthropic mood of mind; that would suspect a foe in every man that approached them, and a hypocrite in every one showing them kindness. With many the injuries he received would have produced revenge, gathering around them the fierce passions of perdition itself. But nothing of this kind is seen in Joseph. He does not even sink down into a low, despondent state of mind, as some weak characters would have done; but proceeds with cheerful energy to fulfill the duties belonging to his position of life into which the Providence of God had introduced him. And how ready he was to forgive the injuries inflicted upon him! He did not say, with some, "I might forgive some things; but crimes so great, so unnatural, so unprovoked, I can never forgive, consistent with my own self-respect." This is only giving a fine name to the spirit of the devil. He did not even make use of that miserable, sneaking expression, "I may forgive, but I can never forget." No, in after years, when he met his brethren in Egypt, he met them with a generous,whole hearted forgiveness; and did all that he could to lead them to forget their fratricidal conduct toward him. It is true that he adopted a course of conduct toward them that was intended, and which had the effect, of bringing them to repentance for their past crimes; but this was for their good,

and his seeming severity was as trying to his own generous, loving heart, as it was to them.

At last we see Joseph in a new home, but one very different from that from which he had been so rudely torn. There he was a free, happy youth, living in the sunshine of a father's smiles; now he is a slave. There he had pious instruction and holy example; now he is in a family of dark heathenism, and where his virtue is to be put to the severest test. It is always a critical time in a young man's life when he leaves home influences, and enters upon new scenes, far from paternal restraints. But if he has the love of God in his heart, if he makes a conscience of carrying his religion into every thing he does, it will protect him from the corruptions of earth, and the temptations of hell. Greater is He that is for him than all that can be against him; and he will be brought off more than a conqueror.

So we are told that the Lord was with Joseph in his new home. He was in the path of duty, suffering wrong, but not doing wrong; and so he felt a comfortable assurance of the Divine favor. As Andrew Fuller says, "What a difference is there between the cases of Joseph and Jonah! They were both in trouble, both absent from God's people, both among the heathen; but the sufferings of the one were for righteousness' sake, while those of the other were of his own procuring.

It is worthy of notice that Joseph brings prosperity into his new home. "His master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand." This shows that this young servant of God had not kept his religion concealed—that he had not been ashamed of it. He had not, to avoid persecution, joined in the idolatry of Egypt; but openly worshiped the true God of heaven and earth. This display of principle, of true manly piety, gives his master such confidence in him, that he promotes him to be steward over all his affairs. God not only blesses his own children, but makes them a blessing. Just as Laban had been prospered for Jacob's sake, so Joseph became a great blessing to Potiphar, and afterwards to the whole land of Egypt.

Joseph is now in comfortable circumstances. A tide of suc-

cess flows in upon him; every thing that he did prospered, and a brilliant prospect spread out before him. No doubt, he often thought of the vale of Hebron, and the loving father that he had left there; but in the land of strangers, his father's God had been with him, and he felt happy.

But life is a mixed state. Joys and sorrows, smiles and tears, sunshine and clouds, are strangely mingled together. In the day of our brightest prosperity we may prepare for a day of adversity. A dungeon is awaiting Joseph. Fiery trials are appointed him. His faith in God is yet to be more severely tried. The wife of his master is a profligate woman, one of those who urged him into "the way to hell." We know something of the low state of morality among these Pagan nations, sunk in gross darkness; and as this woman was ignorant of the true God, an idolater, a worshiper of animals and loathsome insects, we do not wonder at her degradation. But we tremble for the young man. Will he remember God? Will his religion sustain him in this fiery trial? There are few forms of temptation more dangerous to young men than that of sensuality; and none, if yielded to, that will prove so ruinous to soul and body, for time and eternity. Joseph stands, as it were, upon the brink of a fearful peril, and the welfare of his whole future is suspended upon the decision of a moment.

His situation reminds us of what occurred near Niagara Falls, some years ago. A steamboat started from Buffalo with some hundreds of persons on board, for the Falls. The nearest point that it was safe for the boat to approach the great cataract was Chippewa Creek, about ten miles above it, on the Canada side. The excursionists spent a happy day in visiting the scenes around the Falls, and toward night got on board the boat to return to their homes. By some mismanagement on the part of the engineer, a sufficient quantity of steam had not been generated, and when the boat passed out of the creek, and encountered the rapid current of the river, instead of going forward she began slowly to drift back toward the awful cataract.

All was now wild consternation on board. The roar of the Falls could be heard in the distance, and the remorseless river

was drawing them on to their doom. At length a happy thought entered the mind of the engineer. He took the oil that was on board for lubricating the machinery, and threw it into the furnace. The flames blazed up with intense heat; more steam was speedily the result, and then came a struggle between the boat and the sweep of the mighty river. The result is watched with almost breathless anxiety by the hundreds whose lives depend upon the issue; but soon they see by objects upon the shore that the boat is moving upwards, and when in a short time she strikes calmer waters and the point of danger is passed, a shout of joy ascends from every heart. An old, gray haired man lifted his hat and said, "The Lord has delivered us. Let us pray." And the multitude kneeled down upon the deck, while the voice of their thanksgiving went up to God along with the voice of the mighty Falls.

To a worse danger than this was Joseph exposed; and when we see the calm look that he casts to heaven for help; and instead of the fires of unholy passion burning in his eye, we see there a fixed resolve to do right, we rejoice in deepest sympathy with that right; and when he gives utterance to the noble sentiment, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" we cannot doubt that a youth so well begun will be crowned with a useful and honored close.

Here we see the value and importance of an early religious training. Divine truth impressed upon the mind from the earliest dawnings of intelligence, accompanied with believing prayer, cannot fail. God's word of command and of promise on this point is, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The child is not only to be taught but to be *trained.* There is often a great deal of teaching where there is no training at all. The owner of the vineyard does not let the vine run any where it likes; but with a wise and skillful hand he trains it. It must grow up in the direction he wishes.

The following touching tribute of a young minister on the occasion of his ordination, to the efficacy of a mother's training, is worth quoting here: "I have no miracle to publish; I have

no surprising or sudden change to relate; but blessed be His name, I was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The taking of my little hand in hers—I think I feel it still—and leading me aside to pray; her concern on returning from the house of God, to enable me to remember and understand the sermon; the murmur of her dear voice at her devotion as I passed her chamber door; the maxims and principles she lodged in my infant mind; the tears that bedewed her reproofs; the caresses that enforced her entreaties; her cheerfulness that constantly said, 'O taste and see that the Lord is good;' her example, that embodied her religion, and made it as lovely as herself; these endear the memory of a mother from whom, under God, I have derived my spiritual as well as my natural life."

Joseph thought of God's all seeing eye when under temptation. This showed that his religion was a practical reality. A man may hold, as a matter of mere speculative belief, that God sees all that he does; but if he can take liberties under the inspection of God, which he would not take under the eyes of his fellow men, he is little better than an atheist. Extending to all the thoughts of our minds, penetrating to all the secrets of our hearts, to the motives of our actions, to the working of our affections, to the whole frame-work of our lives, should be the great truth, "Thou God seest me."

Suppose that there was one spot somewhere in the universe where God could not look, could not see all that is going on; would you, my reader, like to live in such a place? If one country could be discovered where we were as invisible to God as He is to us, would you like to emigrate to that land? If a place could be found out where God took no notice of men's actions, where Bibles and Sabbaths are unknown, would you be found flocking along with the multitude that longed to reach that God-forsaken spot? These questions, if pressed upon the conscience, will prove a real test of character to us. There are many who would be in their element in such a place, for as far as they can succeed in forgetting God, they are trying to turn the world into such a place.

To good men the thought of such a world or place is repulsive. It might be rich in all that is attractive and gratifying to the senses; but to live under the solemn, loving eye of God is a pleasure to the good man. To feel that his work and his worship are alike under the inspection of his heavenly Father, is to him a delight. He does not look upon the Holy One as a spy upon his actions, looking upon all he does for the purpose of finding fault; but rather as a loving friend who is watching for his good. He would not, for all worlds, have it otherwise than it is. He feels himself under the loving eye of One to whom we can ever come in the confidence of faith, who knows all his wants better than he could express them, and who never, for one second of time, loses sight of him or his affairs. If there was one instant of our lives when God did not see us, we might fear for our security. We might fear that then the enemy would come in upon us like a flood, and that we should one day perish by the hand of our ever malignant foe. But there is no such vacancy, where God is not. He is ever near. The whole universe is full of his presence. The very smallest or meanest object upon which we can look speaks of constant superintendence.

Young man, make God your friend by faith in Jesus, and you will love to think that God is near you, seeing you and thinking of you. When temptation comes upon you like a roaring flood, the thought that His eye is upon you will be like an anchor to your soul. It will hold you in safety as it held Joseph. You will learn to do all as in his sight, but for his glory. You will do all that you can do heartily, as to the Lord. And then, in the great day of Judgment he will own our work that we have done for the humblest of his people, as done for himself. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." A gentleman, after hearing a sermon on this text, said: "A few days since I carried to a poor christian woman a comforter, warm but well worn, and two loaves of bread, good bread, but a little stale. The weather was very cold, and the comforter was gratefully received. The poor woman was hungry, and the bread was

better than she usually obtained. But while listening to the sermon to-day, I thought that I had reflected that it was JESUS I was visiting in the person of one of his disciples, I would have taken a new comforter and fresh bread."

There is one point of great importance in the history of Joseph, and from the consideration of which we may derive much instruction, his refusal to do wrong, and his firm adherence to the right, brought him in the first place into great trouble. It led to the loss of his situation, of his reputation, and of his liberty. This is one of the trials of our probation, that goodness is not always rewarded with happiness and prosperity at once. This is one of the severe trials of faith in every age, that vice seems for a time to flourish and walk upon the heights of prosperity, while virtue is trampled in the dust. Potiphar's wife, living in pomp and great worldly grandeur, and regarded by her friends as a very model of virtuous propriety; and Joseph living in prison under a degrading charge, is a case in point. If doing right always led to immediate and direct prosperity, there would be little room for the exercise of faith. People, in that case, would be under strong temptation to follow the right, as some followed the Savior when upon earth, for the loaves and the fishes. But doing right often leads, in the first place, to the loss of a man's property, to the loss of his good name, and it may be to the loss of his life. It often leads to the prison, to the instruments of torture, and to the scaffold. It must, therefore, be chosen for its own sake by those who would persevere in well doing to the end.

It is true, that in the end, the religious man makes the most of both worlds; that his religion proves profitable both for time and eternity; and that even amid the worst trials and persecutions to which his principles may expose him, he has an inward peace, a heavenly calm in the consciousness of right, that makes him rejoice that he is counted worthy to suffer in a righteous cause. The truth may call upon us to make sacrifices in her interests, but she abundantly makes up for all such losses. The germ of eternal life is deposited in the believer's heart, when he first receives the truth, and it goes on expand-

ing into the blessed fruit of eternal glory. In seeking the kingdom of heaven first, they secure all other things that they can possibly require. Listen to the words of the blessed Redeemer, "And no man has left houses, lands, wife, children, family, for my sake, who shall not receive in this life an hundred fold." Yes; heaven's bank pays a hundred per cent. The man who lives under the approving smile of God is rich, though living in outward poverty; and happy, though the object of the world's bitter rage. God is his and he has all in Him.

Joseph's religion kept his temper sweet, and his sympathy with humanity warm and strong, notwithstanding all his trials. There are many who when they suffer from the cruelty and the malignity of their fellow creatures, become soured and crabbed in their disposition; lose all confidence in humanity, suspecting a villain, either open or concealed, in every man they meet. They sink down into a dark misanthropic spirit, till hateful and hating, they are shunned by all. Not so with Joseph. He had been grievously injured by others, even by those that he had every reason to trust. Yet his sympathies are as ardent and his heart as warm toward his fellow men, as if he had met with no disappointment. No sooner does he enter his prison than, instead of sitting down, sullen and sulky, in a corner of his cell, he begins to make himself useful to others. He enters into the troubles of his fellow-prisoners. He becomes cheerfully the servant of servants. God was preparing him for a situation of great responsibility, honor, and usefulness; and he took kindly to the necessary lessons. He learned to bear the yoke in his youth. He learned to govern by first learning to obey. He stooped in order to be lifted up—he humbled himself in order to be exalted.

Joseph is exalted to great wealth and honor and power in the land of Egypt. His elevation is sudden as it is great. How does he bear it? It is difficult to carry a full and flowing cup. It is hard to stand upon a great height without giddiness. The tempest passes over the modest flower that reposes in the valley, but sweeps down the lofty tree that lifts its head

high upon the mountain's brow. Many a man who in poverty and obscurity gave great promise of usefulness on earth and of glory in heaven, has been dragged down to hell by golden weights, under the curse of both God and man. Nearly all are willing to try the experiment, to try the test; only a few elect spirits of the race come out of it triumphant. Joseph was one of these. He shows the same lofty regard to God's will when he stands next to the throne, as when he occupied a prisoner's cell. The same heart, fearing God and loving righteousness, that beat under the slave's fetters, throbbed under the gold chain, the emblem of royal authority. The same reverence for the great God reigned in his soul when he rolled along in the chariot of State, as when he was dragged along, the poor, sorrowing captain of the Midianites.

In short, Joseph carried his religion with him wherever he went, and in whatever situation he occupied. And this is the nature of all true religion. It has an all-pervading power. Some one has aptly said, "The grace of God is not an aromatic perfume, to be put into a glass bottle, corked, stopped, and laid aside for special occasions; but it is that which should overflow, and give tone, and fragrance, and ornament to all that man is." There is no need of a man going out of the world in order to be a christian; but rather let him carry his religion, with its sanctifying influence, into all he does, and thinks, and says. Let him discharge well the duties belonging to the situation where God has placed him; yet keeping his heart fixed upon heavenly things. Soon the things of the world that now captivate and ensnare unstable souls, shall have passed away like a dream; and then blessed shall be those souls whose hopes rest upon the unchanging Savior alone.

Another thing in Joseph's character worthy of our admiration and imitation, is his deep filial reverence. His affection to his father is manifested in the most unequivocal ways, on every occasion. The first question which he asks his brethren is, "Doth my father yet live?" and then with what eagerness does he charge his brethren, saying, "Haste you, and go up to my father, and say unto him, thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath

made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not." And when he first meets his father how affecting the scene! With tears streaming from his eyes, he hangs upon his father's neck, and the many trials of his life and home-sickness of his heart, are all forgotten in that long and loving embrace. He seems as if he could not do enough for his parent's comfort. He watches over his declining years with a love tender as a mother's; and when at last he dies, the affectionate son "fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him." No trouble is spared to show respect to the remains, and love to the memory of the departed one. The whole picture is most beautiful.

How beautiful in children is reverence and respect for their parents. A young man was leaving home to enter upon the stern duties and dangerous encounters of life, when with tears in his eyes, he said, "Now then, mother, I am all ready. I am very sad, though I am ashamed to say it. How I shall miss you and all in the dear old home! Do write often. I am ashamed of my weakness."

"Love for your mother and your home is no weakness, my boy;" was her reply. "If you left home without regret, I should think that I had been a bad mother to you. Do not forget your mother's God. He will always be near you—a present help—a powerful friend." A kind embrace, a last kiss, and John was gone to battle with the world. But the memory of that mother's prayers, and the deep love and reverence he had for her was a protection in many an hour of trial and temptation.

I have no wish to be unduly fault-finding, but I fear that truth compels the assertion, that want of respect for parents is peculiarly the sin of our age and country. Young people do not now, I fear, show that reverence for parents and that respect for old age that marked a by-gone period. Many of them, at least, are so very wise in their own conceit, that the counsels of wisdom and experience are set down very promptly as the drivelings of old-fogyism. To despise paternal authority they think a sign of wisdom. I am now addressing young

men, some living at home, and some far from the parental roof. I ask their special attention to a few words on this important subject.

I hold up to you Joseph as an example of what a young man should be to his parents. How tender, considerate, obedient and kind he was the whole inspired narrative shows. I can assure you that few subjects are more practically important to you than this. There are many homes in our land that might be happy, but have a dark shadow of wretchedness thrown over them by the disobedience of sons. Many a father has a withering blight thrown over his old age, and his gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave; and many a loving mother is bowed down in broken-hearted anguish, on account of the rude, cruel, and undutiful conduct of those who might have made their last days their best days. Ah! God will not hold such guiltless. His awful curse is upon them now, and will chase them into eternity, if they repent not. Even upon earth the righteous Judge often visits this sin with his most terrible judgments.

What base ingratitude marks the sin of disobedience to parents! In the helpless days of infancy they watched over you. In sickness they spent long, sleepless nights attending you, and their tears fell in showers over your couch when dangerous symptoms appeared. For you they toiled and planned and thought and exercised self-denial, long before you were conscious of all this love Through your whole life these true hearts have beat responsive to your welfare; and even now would they lay down their lives for you. And yet, it may be at this moment, you are treating them with cruel neglect or with insolent scorn! It is a wonder of forbearance, that a thunderbolt has not leaped from the hand of the Almighty to smite you for such ingratitude. And were society not in such a corrupt state, you would be shunned as a deadly plague, and treated as a monster of depravity.

Remember that these parents will not long be with you. Infirmities are gathering thick and fast around them. A few more years, and they will be laid away to sleep in the silent

grave. You should use them well and love them well while you have them. If not, your conscience may wake up its sleeping thunders over their graves, and make your soul tremble under its blasting rebukes. Remembering the past when it is too late, remorse may prey upon your soul with a vulture's appetite. The most appalling sight I ever saw was the wild despair and bitter remorse of a wicked, disobedient son over the grave of his mother. "O, if I had her back for only one hour, that on my knees I might ask her forgiveness!" he cried, as with clenched fists he smote his breast in his agony. It reminded one of the despair of the lost.

As a general rule people die as they live. "Tell me," said one to a minister, "how he died?" "There is a more important question than that," was the reply; "that is, how he lived." Joseph lived a life of faith, and he died in faith. "By faith Joseph, when he died made mention of the departing of the children of Israel; and gave commandment concerning his bones." That is, he had strong faith in God's promises that his people would be brought up out of that land to the fair Canaan that had been promised them. His last words were, "I die; and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob." God had done great things for him in Egypt. There he had been raised up to great splendor and greatness; but all that could not make him forget his loved Canaan. There was his home, and there went his heart's dearest affections. So it is with the Christian now. God may here give him many comforts and blessings. A comfortable home, kind friends, positions of honor and usefulness, and many things that make this life happy; but still he knows that this is not his home,not his r est. He often makes mention of Canaan, of his glorious home above, and longs to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

"He gave commandment concerning his bones." The soul is the chief part of the man, but we cannot be indifferent to the body that has been the soul's dwelling-place for so long a time. Joseph's heart had not rested in Egypt, nor did he wish

his dust to rest there. That the body, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and yet, in its glorified state, to be the eternal companion of the soul, should be to us an object of some solicitude, is in accordance with both nature and revelation. Some affect an utter indifference as to what may be done with their bodies when they die. But if God cares for his people's dead bodies, watches over them, and has promised to give them a glorious resurrection, surely it would be the silliest of affectations for them to profess indifference to the whole subject.

How blessed the close of a holy, useful life. Joseph's life had been one of great vicissitude, but with triumph he entered upon the rest that remains for the people of God. O, who can tell the bliss of that moment, when he entered upon his eternal reward; and received it as the reward purchased for him by Christ's blood! There, with the choice spirits of the universe, with angels that never sinned, and above all, with Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, he is now enjoying unspeakable bliss.

"Calm are the holy dead
When the passion of life is o'er,
When the green turf flowers o'er the resting head,
And the turbulent dreams of the world have fled,
And the wild heart throbs no more!

"Bless'd are the holy dead,
Though dark were their lot before;
For heal'd are the wounds that on earth have bled,
And dried are the tears that on earth were shed
For the sorrows that they bore!"

"Wise are the noble dead—
Ay, wise with a noble lore,
For to their clear glances are open spread
The scrolls where the secrets of God are read,
In the heaven where angels soar!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MOSES. THE MAN OF GOD.

Moses was one of the greatest men intellectually that ever the great God made. And yet so great are his moral qualities, and so much are our minds filled with the contemplation of them, that we scarcely ever think of his intellectual greatness at all. And yet in every light in which we can view him, where can we find his equal? As a writer, as a poet, as a legislator, as a military leader, and as a philosopher, he towers up above all other men, as Mount Blanc rises in surpassing grandeur above the common mountains of the world.

But it is upon his moral greatness that the Bible chiefly fixes our attention, because these are something that we can imitate. We cannot be like him in the overshadowing grandeur of his intellect, but in his faith, in his love, in his nearness to God, in his sweet communion with Jehovah, in hours and days of solitude, we can be as he was. He was a man of like passions with ourselves, and all that God's mighty grace did for him it can do for us. We have the same God to go to, the same blood of atonement to bring us near, the same throne of grace to approach, and the same mighty motives of love to urge us on to the surrender of our whole being to God's service. Nay, we live under a brighter dispensation, under a clearer light than he enjoyed; and our love to God should be greater, and our song of gratitude more abundant than was his.

It has been common when speaking of Moses to speak of his meekness as being the most prominent feature of his character. But the inspired writer speaks of his faith. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." This is always done in the Bible. The Centurion

for whom our Lord did so much, showed great love and great humility; but Jesus did not speak of these, but of his faith. "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." The reason is that that grace is the root of all the others. Hope may soar heavenward; peace may fill the soul with a holy calm; zeal may burn with divine ardor; holiness may persevere in the face of every discouragement; but faith must give life to them all. Hence the prominence that is given to it. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Faith enabled Moses to look upon the things that are unseen but eternal. It led him to leave Pharaoh's proud and splendid palace, because sin was there; and fixed his gaze upon an infinitely more glorious home in heaven. It led him to turn away from the society of earth's great ones, to the company of those who, though now poor and despised, were yet to wear crowns and sit upon thrones forever. It led him to give up seeming good, that flatters to destroy, for real good that is eternal, and that far exceeds the highest expectations.

The faith of Moses led him to make great sacrifices for the right. This faith always does. And yet those sacrifices are not felt to be so great by those who make them, as they seem to the men of the world. The reason is, that instead of being regarded as privations, they bring true happiness. Had Moses despised the light that was within him, he would have been the most miserable of men. Sin is the most dreadful evil in the universe. A man may be very poor and yet be happy. He may be covered with the most loathsome disease; he may be the object of the bitterest persecutions; he may be immured in dark and fetid dungeons; he may be led out to a cruel death, around which unspeakable horrors cluster; and yet be the most happy of men. But sin lodged and indulged in the heart, will kindle the fires of hell there. External pleasure may for a moment divert attention from his inward agony; but that long lasting anguish called *remorse*, will go where the soul goes, and live where the soul lives, unless forever blotted out by the blood of Christ. The sinner's hell begins here, and when he dies he goes to hell as the only place he is fit for in the whole universe.

He is not lost because God wished it, for he did not. He is not driven to perdition by any fixed, arbitrary decree of Jehovah, but he goes there because he has chosen to fill his soul with the elements of hell. As a stone cast into a lake sinks to the bottom by its own weight, so sinks the Christless sinner, after death, into the blackness of darkness.

In like manner when sin is forgiven, when the soul walks under the beamings of God's favor, its heaven is already begun. It has a little heaven to go to heaven in. Hence to Moses the reproach of Christ was greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. He believed what God said, and did what God bid; and cared nothing for the world's reproaches. He trod the earth as God's freeman. He could look into the eternal future without a cloud on his brow. He had Christ's love in his heart, and to the dignity of the true man that adds the glory of the saint. He had afterwards many rough places to tread, but they were smoothed by the luster of a coming glory. His happiness was not like an earthly flower, that fades almost before we have time to admire it, but rather like the tree of life, rejoicing in perpetual bloom. Men would speak as if Moses had made great sacrifices, but it would not seem so to him. As the stars are lost to our view when the greater light of the sun travels up in the heavens; so all Egypt's wealth and glory would seem worthless beside the riches of Christ. That splendid palace in which he lived would seem a paltry thing compared with the house not made with hands. He had an eye to the recompense of reward.

Reader, was not this a glorious beginning in life, for a young man that had just come of age? Follow his example. We do not ask you to give up the pleasures of sin, without offering you any equivalent. Your Savior's loving voice comes down from the heavens in waves of heavenly music, inviting you to peace and rest here; and in the home above he will teach you to sing in noble strains the song of Moses and the Lamb.

In looking over the history of Moses one thing strikes us above all others, and that is the familiarity with the great God. Amid the wild and grand majesty of mountain solitudes he

talked and reasoned with Jehovah as a man with his friend. This was because his religion had a right beginning: it began in faith, which gives peace with God. "Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace with him." He could come with great boldness before his Lord, because he came through the blood of atonement. When a soldier is put upon guard the officer gives him the countersign, and he is told to let no one pass who cannot give that word. Now, if you wanted to get access to the commanding general, you must be able to give that word. You might be well dressed, and friends might come forward and testify as to the respectability of your character, but that would avail you nothing. You cannot pass until you have given the right word.

So is it with the sinner, when he would gain access to God and heaven. One may come and tell of his good works, but that is not the countersign. Another may tell of his prayers, and of his religious emotions, but that is not the countersign. Another may tell of how much he has given for building churches, and for the support of ministers and missions, but neither is that the countersign. What then is it? It is the precious blood of Christ. Hark! It is God's own voice that says it. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin."

If you could collect all the jewels of all the crowns of the world, their value would be immense. If you could empty the gold and silver mines of the world, your treasure would be very great; but the whole of them put together could not buy five minutes of time. Some sinner, dying in despair, cried out, "A world of wealth for an inch of time." But, alas! no such bargain could be made. The blood of Jesus, however, obtains for us eternal life—an eternity of glory. It pays the mighty debt that we owed to the justice of God. It bids us go free from the curse of the law.

We are told that a wealthy gentleman, but a short time ago, went to preach in a town in England, but failed to obtain a congregation to hear him. Determined, however, to be heard, he next day caused large placards to be posted over the town,

stating that whosoever would come to his house on the following Monday, between the hours of ten and twelve, would have all their debts paid. This notice was ridiculed by nearly all who read it. Some supposed it a hoax, others regarded it as the statement of a madman; in short, all united in disbelieving the statement. At length, when ten o'clock came, they persuaded a foolish old man to go and try the truth of the advertisement. He knocked at the door. was requested to come in, when the following conversation ensued: "What do you want?" said the gentleman. "To have my debts paid, according to your advertisement," was the reply. "How much do you owe?" Five pounds," was the reply. "Will that cover all?" said the gentleman. "Yes, that is all I will need," was the answer. "Well, give me a receipt, and here is a check on the bank for the money." The old man was astonished, but thanked his benefactor and was about to leave, but was told that he could not leave till after twelve o'clock. Soon after, another ventured in, led by idle curiosity, and had his debts paid in the same way. Another followed, and he likewise had his debts all paid. As soon as twelve o'clock had arrived they were permitted to depart, and on going out to the crowd who had assembled around the house, showed the checks that they had obtained for the money, and assured them that there was no deception about the gentleman's proposal. Upon hearing that, they made a rush upon the house, hoping to have all their debts paid. But they were told that it was now after twelve, that his promise was only to those who should come between ten and twelve; that had they come then they should all have been treated alike, but that now it was, for them, too late!

Alas! thus it will be with many gospel hearers. God's proclamation is, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely!" And again, "Whosoever believeth on Him shall have eternal life." But they doubt, they hesitate, they delay, till the hour of their probation has gone past, till the door is shut in their faces, and the wail of their bitter anguish is heard outside as they cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

Moses is now a child of God. He has confident trust in every word that his Lord says. Young, vigorous, well educated, full of manly strength, his soul overflowing with love to God and to his countrymen, he seems to us ready to enter upon his life's work. That work was to be the greatest ever alotted to any mere man. His countrymen are suffering under the grinding oppression of a relentless tyrant. In the soul of this young servant of the Lord, there burned a spirit of true patriotism! And many a visit of compassion he paid to his brethren, to cheer their unhappy condition with the hope of coming deliverance. The case was urgent. A great work was to be done, and in our wisdom we would expect that, without an hour's delay, he would be called to enter upon it.

But God's ways are not as our ways. Moses is not yet fit for his work, nor are the people fit for deliverance. It is true he has been educated in the schools of Egypt, and has obtained many brilliant accomplishments in the palace of Pharaoh; but he must pass through the stern discipline of God's school of providence, before he can be fit for his mighty mission—his high vocation. Before he can govern he must first learn to obey. Hence, for forty long years, he is sent into the solitude and obscurity of humble life; that he may learn to gain the victory over his own passions, before he gains a victory over Pharaoh; that he may learn entire and implicit submission of himself to God's will, before he carries the knowledge of that will to a great people. We, in our hurry to accomplish great results, would have dispensed with that forty years' training, amid the mountain solitudes of Midian; but God in his wisdom sends him who was to be the future law-giver, the deliverer of three millions of people from slavery, to wander as a humble shepherd over another man's flocks, in those retired valleys. There, with the wild mountains all around him, whose rocky peaks seemed to pierce the blue vault of heaven, alone with God, his pride and self-will were purged away, and he came forth from the process mild in spirit, patient in temper, reverent and humble; and one of the meekest of men in his intercourse with the world.

As these years rolled on and found the servant of God still in his humble position, it might seem to one of less faith than he, as if God had forgotten him; as if his vast powers were to be lost to the cause of truth and righteousness. What solemn and stupendous thoughts must have passed through his mind as he walked among the sublime works of God, and thought of all his dealings with his people in the ages past, and of the promises left them of future good. No doubt his fervent prayers were often heard echoing amid the mountain caverns by day and by night. No doubt his faith pleaded the promises given to his fathers, and refused to let God go till they were gloriously fulfilled.

Nor were his faith and prayers in vain. They never are. God has not forgotten him, nor his oppressed people. He was but waiting for the needful preparation in them both, to bless and honor them as no people were ever blessed and honored before. True, he had caused them to pass through severe trials, bitter afflictions; but it is the glory of the God of grace to bring forth the sweet out of the bitter, light out of darkness, and heavenly order out of earthly confusion. The circumstances which led Moses to flee from Egypt at the very time when he seemed ready to begin his work, and which detained him so long in Midian, were all appointed by infinite wisdom. Nor was the time spent there at all lost. It was in that solitude that he is supposed to have written, under divine inspiration, the book of Genesis, and also the book of Job. Here, too, God gave him a wife and children to cheer the hours of his solitude with the sweet sympathies of domestic endearment.

But the time for action has at last come. God's set time to favor Zion has at last arrived. Pharaoh has died and gone to his solemn account; but deliverance does not come in that way. Another king succeeds him who, if possible, hates the Israelites with a deeper hatred, and shows it in acts still more cruel. Deliverance comes in a way that casts contempt on human pride and glory. It does not come in the shape of vast armies with fluttering banners and glittering armor, led on by

brave and skillful generals; nor does it come by the oppressed people themselves rising in their might, resolved to have liberty or death, bursting their ignoble chains and trampling their oppressors under their feet. No, this is the way that human sagacity and policy would have arranged the matter. But vastly different was God's plan. He sends the deliverer forth in the form of a humble shepherd, with simply a rod in his hand; but that rod is the emblem of God's omnipotence.

But before Moses goes forth he receives his high commission —his ordination to his great work—in a way so awfully solemn as to send a trembling through his whole being. One morning he began his daily duties as usnal. There was nothing to indicate that the day would be different from any other, or that anything would occur to break the monotony of his every day life. So true is it that we know not what a day may bring forth. That was to be a marked day in his history, and in the history of the world. A day that was to break up his solitude and bring him forth into a prominence and an activity to which few men are called; and roll upon him a responsibility under which an angel might stagger.

While engaged in his accustomed duties, a most wonderful sight caught his eye. It was that of a bush on fire, trunk, branches and leaves, all burning with the greatest fury, and yet not consumed. He draws near to examine this wonderful phenomenon, when his whole soul is thrilled by a voice addressing him from out of the flame. It is the voice of God himself. It is he who, under the appellation of Angel of the Covenant, had appeared to his fathers. The same that spoke with Abraham, wrestled with Jacob, and showed himself in distinct vision to the prophets. It was the same Being who, in the fullness of time, took upon him our nature, and died upon the cross for us. The first feeling of the man of God was that of terror. This is natural to our fallen humanity when we feel ourselves in the presence of Jehovah, and arises from the fact that we are sinners. We know that we have merited his displeasure, and when we feel that he is near us we are ready to conclude that it must be to punish. Ah! if the

felt presence of God made even a man like Moses tremble, how awful must that presence be to his enemies in the great day of his wrath.

Moses is warned against approaching his great Creator with undue familiarity. We are permitted to come boldly into his presence, through the blood of Jesus, but not with the boldness of presumption, nor that of irreverence. We have heard some address God as they would not address their equals, nay, even their inferiors. We have seen some behave themselves in the house of God, as they would not dare to do in the house of a passing acquaintance. Such should remember that God's eye is upon them, and that he will not be mocked. He is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his people; and wherever his presence is clearly realized the soul in profoundest awe be made to cry out, "How dreadful is this place!"

We have seen that the first feeling of the leader of Israel was that of fear, but that soon gave place to confidence and trust. His faith gave him the spirit of adoption; and soon we find him talking and even reasoning with the God of the whole earth. He still invites us to come near through the blood of atonement, saying, "Come and let us reason together." He is the most reasonable being in the whole universe. If we have a good reason to urge he will give it full weight; and we will not be afraid that any wrong or injustice will be done us.

Moses displayed great modesty and self-diffidence when told of the work to which he was called. No doubt this was a very lovely and proper trait of character. "Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think." It was well enough that he should tell the Lord of his unworthiness, of his feeling of unfitness for such an high position, and ask for divine aid. But when the Lord said, "Certainly I will be with thee," and condescended to give him a token by which he might know that this was the case; then any more shrinking back and complaining of his unfitness, was the result of unbelief not of faith.

So is it with many now under the brighter gospel dispensation. Jesus has died in their stead, and made a perfect satisfaction to the broken law for all their guilt. By faith in Him we are told that not only are they justified from all things, but that they are complete in Him; that in him they have all things pertaining to life and godliness, even eternal life. And yet, they keep dwelling upon their own sinfulness and their unworthiness, till all the comfort which God intends them to receive from the good news is destroyed. When urged to join the church, they tell us that they are not worthy. When thinking of coming to the Lord's Supper, they shrink back because they are not worthy. Just as if Christ had done nothing, and as if the whole work of their salvation was left to depend upon their own worthiness. Must it not be very dishonoring to the Savior to have his work thus treated as if it were nothing; and as if the Father were not well pleased with it, but had entirely disowned it? Whenever you hear people speak in this way, you may know that they have but a very imperfect knowledge of the gospel of our salvation. If we had been worthy there would have been no need at all of the blessed Jesus leaving the glory of heaven. There would have been no need of the bloody and tragic scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. To make our salvation, in whole or in part, or the performance of any duty, to depend upon our feeling worthy, is to dignify unbelief with the name of humility.

This great sight which Moses beheld, the bush burning and yet not consumed, has been regarded by judicious divines as a striking emblem of God's suffering church. It may be so regarded from its lowly appearance. It was not in some lofty cedar, nor yet in the sturdy and majestic oak, that God appeared, but on a thorny bush. So the true church of God has ever been a lowly and contemptible object in the eyes of the wicked world. When she has appeared in pomp, and wealth, and fashion, and made herself popular with the world, it has been when she had become corrupted and degraded, an object over which angels might weep. In the days of Moses the church was poor and persecuted in Egypt. During our Lord's

days on earth the church was composed chiefly of poor fishermen, tax-gatherers, publicans, and the common people who heard the Great Teacher gladly. In the days of the Apostles not many great, or rich, or noble, were called. The same has been true all the way down through the ages to the present day. Those churches now that aim at the greatest popularity have the least. A pure church in the world must be a despised and persecuted one; for it is still true, that if any man will live Godly in Christ Jesus he will suffer persecution. Christ did not intend that the power of his religion should consist in outward grandeur, such as attracts the common eye; hence he instituted no pompous ceremonies, no gorgeous displays, but his worship was to be the modest and unpretending out-comings of a renewed heart

The bush burning with fire is a fit emblem of the suffering condition of the church in all ages. The people of God have been an afflicted people. Their pathway has been hard and rough, marked with their tears, and often with their blood. But this has been turned to our spiritual profit; for though the fire was severe it was also purifying. Their trials preserved them from the dross of the world, made them a separate and peculiar people. the chaff only was consumed, not the wheat. The dispensation under which we live is that of the cross, hence as one of suffering. The church is to follow her great Head; and He was made perfect through suffering. His dying legacy to his people, was peace, His own peace, but he accompanied it with the assurance that in the world they should have tribulation.

But the burning bush also told of the preservation of the church. the bush was not consumed. The church has always prospered and increased in the fire; so that it became a proverb, that "The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church." She has flashed out her brightest glories upon the world through the flames of martyrdom. The reason is, that she is founded upon the rock of God's immutability. She does not draw her life and strength from the genius, the fortitude, or the self-sacrifice of her friends; no, it is up at the Divine

Throne that she gets her strength for every trial. She takes her stand upon her Lord's unchangeableness which makes her vital with immortality. We see the church in every condition of trouble and trial, in looking over the history of the past we see her in the ark moving majestically through a world of waters, with Jehovah for her pilot; and resting securely at last on Mount Ararat. We see her in those weeping hosts by the rivers of Babylon, whose harps, indeed, are silent only that they may listen to the cheering voice of Israel's God. In the pillar of cloud and in the pillar of light we see her sheltered by God's own hand from the malignant hate of her enemies. In this protection Daniel rejoiced in the lion's den; and the three Hebrews prove its sufficiency in the fiery furnace. And were all the uncounted multitudes of Christ's confessors to speak together at this hour, their voices would roll forth like the sound of many waters, saying, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us."

Another respect in which the burning bush was an emblem of the church was, God's presence in its midst. It is of the church that it is said, "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved." The dying Wesley said, "The best of all is, God is with us." No wonder that the people of the Lord have been happy in dungeons, rejoiced on scaffolds, and shouted out their dying triumphs from the midst of the flames that consumed them. They had the living God for their companion. He still walks in the midst of the golden candle-sticks; and blesses with his presence the two or three assembled in his name. Thus Divine comfort is imparted to the sorrowful, the weak renew their strength, the timid are made bold, and the whole army of the Lord, animated by the presence of the Captain of their salvation, go forth with invincible might, conquering and to conquer. Yes, if we have the presence and good will of Him who dwelt in the bush, we need fear no evil; for "Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord."

On the other hand, what calamity so great as to be forsaken of God; infinitely better to lose friends, health, property, and life itself, than to be forsaken of Him. As Pharaoh and his

host went down like lead in the mighty waters, as the Canaanitish kings were destroyed without mercy; as Amalek was swept out of existence; as Belshazzar perished with his blasphemies on his lips; as Herod was eaten up of worms; so shall perish the Godforsaken every-where. As heaps of chaff before the whirlwind, as stubble before the devouring flame, so shall all those be who set themselves against the Lord and his anointed.

"Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

"My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart;
I know that, while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

"When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

"Because the sinless Savior died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.

"Behold Him there! the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable 'I am,'
The King of glory and of grace.

"One with Himself, I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ my Savior and my God."

CHAPTER IX.

MOSES. THE MAN OF GOD. [CONTINUED.]

It is not my intention, nor the design of this book, to write the full history of Moses; but only to refer to those events that particularly brought out and displayed his great faith in God. We therefore pass by his many interviews with Pharaoh and the wonderful miracles by which he proved the divinity of his mission. The proud tyrant had cried, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey him?" and had got such an answer to that question as God alone can give. The morning has at last dawned that is to witness the emancipation of the chosen people from bondage. With his vast charge and weighty responsibility upon his mind, Moses is calm and serene. He knows that God is with him. We see that vast host of men, women and children, go forth winding by the skirts of the great wilderness till they come to a place called Pihahiroth, on the shore of the Red Sea. As far as human eye could see it was the most dangerous situation that could be chosen for so vast an army. On each side of them towered up gloomy and impassable mountains; in front of them rolled the dark waves of the sea; while behind them came thundering on the old tyrant with his men of war, his horses and chariots.

We can scarcely conceive of a more trying situation than that in which Moses is now placed; for added to the outward dangers we have spoken of, a murmuring and seditious spirit had sprung up among the people. They ungratefully forgot all that had been done for them, and said, "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?" One comfort he had, and that is, that it was God himself who, by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, had lead them into that situation. We may come

into difficulty while walking in the path of duty and guided by the providence of God; but in that case we need fear no evil. A storm may arise and threaten us with disaster, as in the case of the Disciples; but the Lord will be seen coming through the storm, bringing aid and comfort, and ultimate deliverance.

How nobly the faith of the man of God stood the test on this occasion! With a calm courage, and an unwavering intrepidity, he meets the hour of trial. Above the murmuring of the people, above the moaning and surging of the waves of the sea, his voice rings out the inspiring words, "Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more forever."

In this emergency the prophet betook himself to prayer. We are not told that it was public prayer, that is, that he gathered the people together. Neither are we told that he retired by himself for secret prayer. His public duties did not allow him time for that; and yet that he was praying we learn from the words of the Lord. "Why criest thou unto me?" It was what we call ejaculatory prayer; that is, while he was busy outwardly going among the people, he was, in his heart, busy with God. This is a kind of prayer that we can put forth anywhere. In the crowded railroad car, in the steamboat, in the bustle of the city streets, in the work-shop, or in the counting-room, amid the talk of our fellow-men, we can be talking with Jehovah.

But while there is a time for prayer, there is also a time for action, and that time had now come. The Lord said, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Here was another trial of faith. To go forward was seemingly to go into the sea. To obey seemed like going to destruction. But the man of God does not hesitate for a moment. Marshaling the people into proper order, we see him leading them down the sloping beach till the waves kiss his feet. There is a pause—a moment of suspense among the vast throng. The man of God lifts the rod, and the waters rolling back, stand like a protecting wall on either side; and on, through the spacious

pathway which Divine power had made for them, the heaven-protected people take their triumphant way. Soon they stand in safety on the opposite shore, sending up their glad song of deliverance to the God of their salvation. How poetical and grand is the Psalmist's description of this event. "The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid; the depths also were troubled."

When wicked men are doomed to destruction, they are left to be controlled by a dreadful infatuation. This was the case with Pharaoh and his generals. Mad with rage and blood-thirsty hate, they came rushing on, and plunged into the opening of the waters. Wild confusion, a fearful panic, takes hold of them. They would gladly retreat, but it is too late. With a crash, as if the foundations of the earth were giving away, the piled up waters come together and bury the proud hosts under those waves that roll and curl as if nothing had happened.

We spoke of Moses as being a great poet. If any one doubts this, let him read the song of deliverance which he prepared on this occasion. We find it in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, and it rises and swells into such inspiring strains, that we seem to be listening to the shouts of a victorious host, mingled with the crash of martial music, and the dashing of the waves of the sea. We seem to see the mighty arm of God lifting up that proud army and casting it into the depths of the sea, as easy as the man of might could plunge a stone there. How sublime when he speaks of the breath of the Lord as piling up the waters; and then as drying up the channels, that the redeemed of theLord might go through. With what graphic power does he describe the rage, the fury, and the haughty boasting of the tyrant, "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them." His words thrill us like the blast of a trumpet, when he says, "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters." No person of taste can read this sublime composition, whatever may be his views on the subject of the divine inspiration of the Bible without pleasure.

After the many proofs of the power and goodness of God which this people had experienced, we might suppose that they would never doubt or murmur again. But that man knows but little of his own heart, and little of human nature in general, who would indulge such a hope. Soon as their provisions became exhausted and starvation threatened them with its gaunt visage, they again began to pour out their vile and ungrateful reproaches against their leader. "Would to God that we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

Alas! may we not see in this a dark picture of our own hearts! All that Divine love has done for us in the past is forgotten, the very first trial into which we are brought. As if the God of the past was not the God of the present also, we send out our atheistic cry, as if we felt ourselves in a fatherless world. Instead of sending thunder-bolts to destroy this people, the Holy One of Israel, in great mercy, rains down upon them bread from heaven. When they looked out from their tents one morning they were struck with wonder to see something lying upon the ground like hoar frost, white and beautiful, and about the size of a coriander seed. It lay all around the camp, and on tasting it, was found to be sweet as honey. They cried out, "*Man-hue*," which signifies, "What is this?"

This manna our Lord tells us was an emblem of himself; for he says, "I am the bread of life that cometh down from heaven." The manna was not a work or composition of man at all. No human agent could proudly say, "this is my invention; I have brought deliverance to this people." No, it came direct from heaven. So it is with the plan of salvation; it is purely of Divine origin. All the sages of the world would never have thought of it; all the angels in heaven could never have devised it. The appearance of this manna was not very attractive, it was small and insignificant. So when our Lord came it was like "a root out of a dry ground." He made

himself of no reputation; He came in the form of a servant, meek and lowly in spirit.

This manna was given to the people freely. This murmuring people had no claims; no demand upon God for it. It was not to be bought; but was the gift of free grace. All were at liberty to gather it who complied with the terms. So is it with salvation. The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ. We can put in no claim but that of our entirely undone condition.

The manna was given in rich abundance. There was no need of any one perishing of hunger; if he did the fault was entirely his own. So the gospel feast is abundant; there is enough for the whole family of Adam. It is not like our heavenly Father to give a general call to the whole world, while he only makes provision for a portion of it. No, Christ "tasted death for every man."

This bread from heaven never failed the people of Israel, as long as they remained in the wilderness. And so long as the believer remains in the wilderness of the world, Christ will never fail him. We shall still have his arm to lean upon. Still have his presence to comfort us, and even through the dark and gloomy valley of death, his unfailing support shall not be wanting.

As the manna was to be gathered daily, so we are to live daily on Christ. The experience of last week or of last year, will not suffice for to-day. Let this thought rebuke those whose hope is centered upon an experience that lies in the dead past. Ask such persons if they are rejoicing in a present knowledge of sin forgiven, in a present acceptance with God through the blood of atonement, and you are referred to joys felt and hopes cherished many years ago. Ah! my friend, this will not do. It is Christ in you now the hope of glory. More needful than your daily bread is a daily faith in Jesus.

This manna was to be gathered early in the morning. So is it highly desirable that all should come to Christ in the morning of life. "They that seek me early shall find me." The salvation of the soul neglected till old age is almost a certain

seal of damnation. The heart gets hardened, the habits of sin become strong as a chain of destiny to bind hoary sinners, and trembling under the palsy of a spiritual death the soul sinks into the dark prison-house of despair. But oh, how blessed the sou lthat has early chosen Christ! Its pathway is brighter and brighter to the perfect day; that day of eternal glory, that shall be followed by no evening gloom. The glow of young affection, the sweet simplicity of early confidence, the warmth and fervor of youthful love, and the full vigor and strength of the days of health, all given to Jesus, is a sight over which angels rejoice, and in which the Lord of angels sees of the travel of his soul and is satisfied.

At last the children of Israel have reached Rephidim; and here a new trial of the faith of Moses awaits him. There is no water for the vast multitudes, and hence death stares them in the face. Cast your eyes over that vast arid plain, and mark the scene of misery that meets your sight. All vegetation withers and dies under the burning heat. Children with parched throats cry to their mothers for water, but there is none to give them. Not a drop of the cooling beverage can be found to moisten even the lips of the dying; and strong men go about with bloodshot eyes, and a feeling as if an internal fire was consuming them. The cry of distress from the infuriated animals mingles with the cry of the camp; and the concentrated wrath of the perishing people falls upon the head of Moses. Fierce and terrible must have been their invectives, for he camplains to the Lord, saying, "What shall I do unto this people? they be almost ready to stone me." The Lord commands him to ascend the mountain, and strike with his rod a certain rock from which a stream of water should flow. How unlikely was this to the eye of sense. Water from a rock, and that by merely striking it with a rod, would seem a very unlikely thing. If a strong company of sappers and miners had been sent forth with spades and crowbars, the people might have said, "Ah! they will soon find the water for us." But the work was done in such a way as to show that God's was all the glory.

And now we see Moses in the sight of all the people, approach that old gray rock, on whose wrinkled brow the angry tempests of a thousand years had beat in vain. All is hushed expectation in the camp. Life and death depend upon the issue of the trial that is to be made. The face of the man of God is calm and untroubled. With him is no doubt—no fear. For God to promise, is for him to believe. He lifts the rod—once, twice, three times he strikes the rock; and forth leaps the gushing waters, flashing in the rays of the sun. Down rolls the life-giving stream, and forth come the rejoicing thousands to drink freely. Mothers are seen running with all the energies of love to carry water to their children, while others hasten to supply the sick and the dying. How foolish would the man be who, almost dying of thirst, would refuse to drink until he first ascertained that he had been ordained, from all eternity, to drink of those waters. There, with parched mouth and bloodshot eyes, he sits down by the rushing stream, and says, "If I am ordained to drink of these waters, I will drink of them, but if not, it is no use for me to try." You would say to such a man, "Why, my friend, these waters were intended for all who thirst; you are among the number who do so, therefore at once drink and live.

But here is another who refuses to drink because he says he is not yet worthy enough. He must wait till he is a much better man than he is now. To him you would say, "These waters were not given because any of the people were worthy, but are the free gift of God's goodness. Therefore drink and live.

Those waters would not only be used to quench thirst, but to cleanse and purify, also. Soon as the people had quenched their thirst, and felt new life invigorate their frame, they would also wash and be clean. But suppose you were to see a man dying of thirst, yet refusing to touch one drop of the water, because he tells you he is not clean enough to do so; how great would you think his folly. You would tell him that this water is the only cleansing element he can obtain; and would urge him first to drink, and then with the new life thus

obtained to wash and be clean. So is it with the blood of Jesus; it not only saves us from eternal death, but cleanseth us from the love of sin. The whole human race are at this momen divided into two classes; those who have been saved and cleansed by that blood, and those who have not. To one or other of those classes you now belong. The application of the blood of Jesus makes a difference between men as great as between heaven and hell. Jesus, however, must be taken as a complete Savior. He came not to help you to save yourself, but must have the whole glory of the work. That work is perfect; to it you can add nothing; and oh, do not insult him by trying to do so!

Before the life-giving water could come from that rock, it had to be first smitten. This was done by divine command. It would not have sufficed to wave the rod over the rock, nor to lay it down upon it gently; the very thing must be done that God commanded, or not one drop of water could come forth. So our adorable Redeemer was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. The sword of justice must strike Him, because He stood in the place of sinners. Hence we are told that without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin. Hence, also, in the seventeenth chapter of Leviticus, we have these words: "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." The Lord took our place that we might take his place. Our sin was put upon Him, that His righteousness might be put upon us. Oh, amazing grace! Oh, boundless love! Dear reader, will you not look to that Savior this moment, and be saved?

"There is LIFE for a LOOK at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved—
Unto Him who was nailed to the Tree.

"Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus *thy* sins were not laid?
Oh! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying *thy* debt has not paid?

"It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,
But THE BLOOD that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

"His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen,
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then, why, if the terror of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferr'd?

"We are healed by His stripes;—wouldst thou add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made;
The best robe of heaven he bids thee put on;
Oh! could'st thou be better arrayed?

We have thus seen how the faith of Moses again triumphed. In reading some account of the labors of the Rev. John Eliot among the Indians, we were struck with these words: "I have not been dry, night or day, from the third day of the week unto the sixth, but so traveled; and at night pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue, but *God steps in and helps!*" Yes; it may well be said that, "the hour of our extremity is the hour of His opportunity." When all human help steps out and leaves us, He steps in. Ah! How pleasant to hear the sound of his footsteps approaching, but still more glorious to have His very presence with us. To resign what we have been trying to do with trembling hands and failing strength; and to see Him take it up, with the certainty of success, is happiness indeed. The very memory of such gracious interference on their behalf, will fill the mouths of the people of God with songs of gratitude forever.

But no sooner is one trial over with the man of God, than another comes. They tread upon each others' heels. Like the waves of the ocean they come in quick succession. While the Israelites were yet in a weakened condition, the Amalekites came, in a most cowardly and treacherous manner, and attacked the camp. Moses at once sent forth Joshua, with a band of brave warriors, to repel the foe. There was, in sight of the battle field, a hill, to the top of which Moses ascended,

Aaron and Hur being his attendants. There the man of God engaged in prayer for the success of the army of Israel. It was noticed that while he held his hands up toward heaven, Israel prevailed, but when, through fatigue, they drooped, then Amalek prevailed. Hence, Aaron and Hur, one on each side, held up the hands of the servant of the Lord, till their enemies were driven from the field.

Moses was a man who lived very near God; but he was no fanatic. He unites prayer and exertion together, as they ever ought to be. He is on the mount pleading and wrestling with God, while Joshua was below with his brave followers, with invincible courage doing battle for the right. As this was the first battle that Israel had fought, no doubt their patriotic leader felt peculiarly anxious for a complete victory. It would inspire the people with fresh courage to meet the difficulties that lay before them in the future; and increase their confidence in the ultimate success of the undertaking.

What a mighty power is prayer when it springs forth from a believing heart! Then it is that we see the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availing much. The man who has the true spirit of prayer is happy above all others. God may not always give him what he asks, for that would not always be for his good. Indeed, we often ask for that which, if given, would bring upon us destruction. But his prayer will be answered in this, that the spirit of holy resignation will be imparted to him. When our will is lost in God's we are truly happy. A sweet repose, a holy calm comes over the soul; which is a foretaste of the rest that remains for the people of God.

How happy was Moses to have such noble co-workers as Aaron and Hur! And happy is that minister of the gospel who has those around him who hold up his hands by faith and prayer. Easy is it to preach and labor under such circumstances. The enemies of the Lord are then driven back, the cause of truth advances gloriously, and the song of victory breaks forth from the heart that was sinking under a load of despondency.

When Moses was pleading for Israel his hands began to hang down. Human weakness will show itself in the strongest; for, as Mathew Henry says, "The best of men are but men at the best." But we have a great Intercessor in the heavens, who never grows weary, whose hands never hang down, and who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. When conscious of guilt, the thought of His intercession brings true comfort to the believer. The new nature within him makes him loathe and hate sin. On feeling its workings in his heart, he can say with Job, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." In such a state of mind the words of the apostle come like a breeze from paradise: "If any man sin, he hath an advocate with the Father."

In reading this case of successful intercession on the part of Moses, we cannot help joining it with another case, that occurred some time later. We have an account of it in the thirty-third chapter of Exodus. It is when he went to plead forgiveness for the great sin of making and worshiping the golden calf. It is a passage in the history of this good man, so richly edifying that it should be read again and again, and reflected upon with deepest reverence. It is something like a rich mine of gold, the more it is wrought the richer the supply. In the conversation with God which is here recorded, we cannot help noticing the simple-heartedness of the Prophet. He fully unbosomed himself, and pours out his whole heart. He has now had some experience of what kind of a people he has to deal with, and of the difficulties with which he will have to contend; and he feels that to have power with the people, he must first have power with God.

The Lord acknowledges the full power of his plea. He condescends to talk with this poor feeble mortal face to face. He listens to his appeals for help, not only with patience, but even with approval. He does not chide him for his boldness; but, on the contrary, acknowledges the full force of every word he says. Moses felt bowed down under a sense of his own unfitness for the work before him; and pleads for God to go with him, with an intensity of earnestness, that almost makes us

tremble as we read of it. We almost feel as if he were going too far. But the reply comes, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." We would think that here the prophet would stop. But no; his mind is in so anxious a state, the issues involved are so tremendous, that he comes nearer and still more urgently presses his request, when the reply again comes, "I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken; for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name."

Emboldened by this success Moses ventures still further. Indeed, he had been drawing nearer and nearer through the whole of the interview. A holy familiarity had been going on, till it reaches a climax that overwhelms us with astonishment. The man of God now takes such a position as no mortal man ever took before, as he exclaims, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." Oh, what a request to come from a poor worm of the earth! We expect to see him repelled with indignation. We look for the thunderbolt to leap forth for his destruction; or to see him flung to the base of the mountain a ghastly corpse. But no. Instead of that we hear the gracious words, "I will make all my goodness to pass before thee." The great Jehovah engages to show him all that he can bear in his present state. He is assured that the full unveiled glory of the Godhead he could not see and live. But he agrees to show him all that he can bear; and to deny him nothing that will be possible for his mortal condition.

Here we have a sight which for sublimity and moral grandeur is without a parallel in the history of our race. That hand that guides the stars in their courses, that regulates the course of the flaming comet, that tunes the thunder's roar, and modifies the rage of the lightning's flash, takes this man of mighty faith and puts him in the cleft of a rock, that he may show him his glory and make all his goodness pass before him. Tenderly the great Jehovah puts his hand over his feeble creature, that the full splendor of the Godhead may not consume him. Christ is represented as a rock in the cleft of which we can hide and be safe.

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

When we look at God in Christ we can behold him without a veil between; and yet know that to us he is not a consuming fire.

There was Moses alone with God, amid the deep solitudes of that rugged, wild and sublime scenery. We see him rising early in the morning, brushing away the early dew, and climbing up the craggy summit that he may be alone with God. No doubt that a deep and profound awe rested upon his mind; but there is no evidence that he felt anything like dread. No, he loved God, and perfect love casteth out fear. Hence he was ready to go into any solitary place,to be alone with Him he loved.

Now, my reader, what would you think of such an interview with your Maker; of such a face to face converse with the Lord of the universe? Suppose that you were informed that you might have such an interview this very night, would you gladly accept the offer? Would your heart leap with joy at the proposal? If you knew God through his Son, you would; but if not, your heart would quake within you under a consciousness of guilt. God seen through the law produces nothing but terror. Paul says, "When the commandment came sin revived and I died." He had studied that law under the great doctors of the age, but that was mere theory; but when the spirituality of the law was brought home to his heart, sin after sin came up and filled him with condemnation. In like manner when Moses saw God through the law he said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." But when he saw God through atoning blood, all his fears fled away as the morning fog disappears before the rising glories of the sun.

No wonder that when Moses came down from the mount, where such glorious manifestations had been made to him, his face shone with luster too bright for the people of Israel to look upon. The impression of God and of eternal truth which he had obtained reflected themselves upon his countenance, and made him appear like an angel of brightness come from the upper glory.

This personal knowledge of God was of more value to him as a leader than all his previous studies had been. No study, no learning, no eloquence can be a substitute for this, in one who would lead the people of God, or in any way do good in the world. Those sweet hours of communion with heaven were infinitely more valuable to the prophet than all the learning of the Egyptians.

Unconverted reader, I ask you to come to God through Jesus. Do not halt or hesitate, for while you do so the great gulf will soon be fixed between you and heaven. Your character is now forming and will soon be stereotyped forever. Indecision soon becomes decision. You decide for hell while you only think that you are wavering about heaven!

"Go up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

"Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

"Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim,
Go up, to heaven and God,
Take up thy love to him.

"Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On him that wealth bestow.

"Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts,
Ascend, my lingering love."

CHAPTER X.

MOSES ON MOUNT SINAI.

We now approach one of the most important periods in the life of Moses. He has come back to the place where he had received his great commission, according to the promise then made to him: "Certainly, I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee that I have sent thee. When thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain."

That wonderful column of cloud and fire, which had heretofore been their heaven-appointed guide, now moved up to the top of Mount Sinai. These were familiar scenes to the man of God. Here, in retirement, away from the din and turmoil of the world, his soul had been disciplined for true greatness. There are scarcely any who have left their impress upon the world for good, who have not been first fitted for that preëminence by retirement.

It was now the purpose of God to display his glory and make known his will to this people, in such a way as had not before been done. He was about to take them into covenant with himself, as a highly honored and favored people; by giving them written laws and established institutions of a typical character. If they would obey his voice, and walk according to the statutes he would give them, he promised to make them his peculiar pleasure above all nations; and the people cried out, as with one voice: "All that the Lord has spoken will we do."

But before the law was to be proclaimed three days were to elapse as days of preparation. Outwardly they were to wash and cleanse themselves, and inwardly they were to be filled with a deep conviction of their own sinfulness, and of the holi-

ness of that Great Jehovah who was about to address them. A barrier was placed around the mountain, across which neither man nor beast was to pass; for even to touch the sacred enclosure was to incur the penalty of instant death.

We can easily conceive something of the solemn hush of expectation which would fall upon the people, while all the preparations were going on. Many an anxious and eager look would be turned towards that rugged mountain, and many conjectures would be whispered from mouth to mouth, regarding the events about to take place.

At last the morning of the third day dawns. The whole masses are moved with one common excitement. The camp is all alive under the influence of thrilling expectations. At the doors of the tents are seen crowds of anxious faces, waiting to know what is next to be done. The proclamation of Moses is spread among them, calling upon them to come and meet with God. There they stand in solemn awe, every tongue silent, and every murmur hushed. The deep and profound stillness of the vast throng is at last broken by the outburst of the elements. The mountain seemed shaken to its very foundations, vivid sheets of blinding flame came from out of the dark cloud, and terrific crashes of thunder made the most careless tremble. A black cloud wraps Sinai from view; and, piercing through that cloud, and breaking upon the ears of the trembling people, comes the sound of a trumpet exceeding loud. God has come down amid that fire and smoke, and not only do the millions of Israel tremble, but the mountain waves to and fro under the tramp of God's footstep; while the very earth quivers at the presence of its Lord. Ah! we can imagine how, with pale faces and quivering lips, friends would cling to each other; and children, with screams of distress, entreat their mothers to carry them from the dreadful scene.

But hark! another sound is heard: it is the voice of God commanding Moses to come up to him to the mount. Will he go up amid the smoke and tempest, and the sounding of Heaven's dread artillery? Every eye is fixed upon him; but he does not hesitate for a moment. With calm and tranquil look

he moves forward through the boundary line, and is lost to sight as he enters the cloud. For forty days and nights he there remained alone with Jevovah. There he received the ten commandments, inscribed by the finger of God himself, upon two tables of stone. This whole scene is awfully grand, and brings before our minds the solemn events of the day of judgment, when the trumpet shall sound and its peals echo from pole to pole, break upon the ear of the slumbering dead, and bring them forth to give an account of the deeds done in the body.

We are told that such was the effect upon the people, of the sights and sounds of Sinai, that, retreating in terror from the mountain, they cried out to Moses: "Speak thou to us; but let not the Lord speak to us lest we die." Oh, happy those who, in the day of account shall have the Great Advocate to come between God and them, claiming them as the purchase of his own blood.

While standing at Sinai there are some most important lessons that we may learn. One of these is the greatness of the God with whom we have to do. When man was first called into being the law of his Lord was written upon his heart, engraved upon his very soul, and no scenes of terror were required to impress it upon his mind. His soul as naturally ascended to God as the grass grows upwards, or as the rivers run down hill. But he became a rebel, and the law had again to be proclaimed, amid those displays of power of which we have spoken. That God still holds man to a strict accountability. We must soon meet Him; and it must be either as pardoned or unpardoned sinners. It cannot be doubted that it must be a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a being whose law and gospel have both been dispised. Oh come then to a shelter from the stormy blast, provided by infinite love! It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, while trying to put the rags of your own righteousness in the place of the spotless robe which Jesus has provided.

In the conduct of the people of Israel at the foot of Mount Sinai, we see an awful proof of the depravity of our race.

Scarcely had the sound of the thunders and the trumpet and the voice of the Lord died away upon their ears, than we see them upon their knees before an idol God of their own making. O how base and ungrateful! The Lord had delivered them from bondage the most degrading and painful; had made them a highway through the waters of the sea, the surging billows of which found a grave for their enemies; had brought waters from the flinty rock, and rained down bread from heaven; and yet all this is forgotten. The same place that had but lately witnessed their pale faces and trembling fears, their pledges publicly given that they would serve the Lord, now witnesses their profane mirth, mingled with their horrid idolatry.

In them we see a true picture of ourselves. How often have we broken our vows and falsified our best resolutions. How often we have forgotten God and turned to our idols. Our proper place is in the dust before Him. It is natural for us to think highly of ourselves, but we can gain nothing by such folly. It may be very painful to know the worst about ourselves, but thus only can we know the best about Jesus. We must be emptied of self in order to be filled with Christ.

This law given, amidst such solemnity, was good and just and perfect. It was worthy of our love and obedience. It was the moral likeness of the Creator, and had his glorious perfections stamped upon it. To violate the law was to incur great guilt, and bring upon the soul a tremendous curse. That curse is on every man out of Christ. No attempts of his own can ever remove it. No tears, no prayers, no reformation of conduct can bring the soul from under its condemnation. There is but one name given under heaven that can bring us deliverance. It is the name of Jesus. He has kept that law, honored it, and magnified it. He bore the curse of it for us; and none need fall under its condemnation if they go to him by simple faith.

We are told of a poor boy, a shoeblack in one of our Eastern cities, who had heard the story of the cross at a mission Sabbath school. He was stricken with disease, and expected to die. His teacher went to see him and found both his

parents drunk, and the dying boy quite neglected. "Shall I bring you a nurse or medicine?" said the teacher. "No, I only want to ask you two questions. Did Jesus die for all of us?" "Yes, my boy, he did." "Well, will he save all who come to him?" "Yes, he will." "Thank God he has saved me," said the dying boy, and his head fell upon his breast. His soul had gone to be forever with the Lord.

"Grace is flowing like a river;
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as full as ever
From the Savior's wounded side."

Our Lord's substitution was a perfect one. The blood shed was that of God in our nature; and therefore can wash away the blackest stains. Had he been but a man, we might well be afraid to venture our eternal all upon him. No where can we see the beauty of the gospel more clearly than at Sinai. There we learn that by the works of the law, no flesh can be justified. In the midst of terror and flashing lightnings and rolling thunders the law came, while humanity trembled before its just and infallible demands; but the gospel came in the stillness of the night, spoken by the sweet voices of angels, and telling of peace and the good will of God to men. The law says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" the gospel says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The law comes with frowns and threatenings; the gospel with smiles and invitations. The law wounds; the gospel heals. The law kills; the gospel makes alive.

Blessed be God, the gospel reveals the greatest of Saviors for the greatest of sinners. He is mighty to save. He comes traveling in the greatness of his strength, with garments dyed in blood, and hands stretched out to save you from going down to the pit. In the French Revolution we are told of a young man who was condemned to the guillotine, and shut up in one of the prisons. He had many friends who loved him well, but one who loved him above all others. How did that person prove this? Why, by giving up his life for him. It was his

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own father, and when the lists were called, his name being the same as the son's, he answered for him, rode out in the gloomy death-cart for him, and for him had his head cut off by the cruel instrument of death. In this see a faint picture of the love of your Savior. Your name was on the condemned list. You would surely have died. But Jesus took your place. Come to him and your name will no longer be on the condemned list; for he takes your condemnation upon himself. There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ. They are set free forever.

Leaving the solemn scenes of Mount Sinai the Israelites were marched into the wilderness of Paran. Here the old spirit of discontent and rebellion began to foment, and soon broke out against the Lord and his servant Moses. Even the long forbearance of God has an end, and his displeasure was kindled against them so that multitudes were destroyed. In their vile ingratitude they complained of the very bread that was rained down to them from heaven to eat. Such constant murmuring and complaining began to weigh down the spirit of the man of God, so that he felt the burden of governing such a people too heavy for him, and called to the Lord for deliverance. His prayer was answered, and he was directed to choose out seventy elders as a judicial court, to attend to the affairs of this great people. This was no doubt the origin of the great Jewish Sanhedrim, which was in full operation in the days of our Lord.

And here a circumstance occurred which presents the spirit of Moses in a noble light. It seems that the spirit of prophecy had been given to two young men of the camp, named Eldad and Meclad. Some of the prophet's friends being jealous for his honor, told him of this and wished him to put a stop to it. But he had a mind lifted infinitely above all such paltry jealousy. He only wanted good to be done, he cared not where or by whom. His exalted reply was, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them." What a beautiful magnanimity was here displayed. It reminds us of the spirit and temper shown by

another great man, many centuries afterwards, that is Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. In his day there were some who preached the gospel out of envy, and others from a malignant wish to add to his afflictions, already heavy enough; but instead of returning evil for evil, his great heart of love spoke out in the noble words, "Notwithstanding the gospel is preached; and in this I rejoice; yea, and will rejoice." There are some small, paltry minds, who cannot rejoice in good done, unless it be in connection with their own individual efforts. They are ever trumpeting abroad what they have done and what they have attempted; while the self-denying efforts of others are past by with indifference or silence. O, how unlike the spirit of the Lord Jesus!

There are others who take but little interest in the work of God, unless in connection with their church or their denomination. Souls may be converted in hundreds and thousands in other churches, but it fills their souls with no gladness, but often with a doubtful shake of their heads they seek to cast discredit on the whole matter. Now this is far from the lovely spirit of the gospel. As long as good is done and precious souls saved, let us rejoice in it, and give the work our fullest sympathy and heartiest coöperation.

We have known some ministers who showed themselves somewhat jealous of the successful labors of laymen. They seem to think that their peculiar prerogatives were being encroached upon, and that they must stand up for their professional dignity. This is as silly as it is wicked. The world can never be converted by ministers alone. They cannot do all the work that must be done, and there is a certain class to whom they cannot gain access as easily as laymen can. Besides, the Bible nowhere tells us that ministers have an exclusive right to preach the gospel—a grand monopoly of the work of saving sinners. The Bible says, "Let him that heareth say, Come!" By teaching in the Sabbath school; by distributing tracts; by visiting from house to house; and where they have talents for the work, by preaching in destitute places, in school-houses, in prisons, in the open air, or wherever the masses of the people

congregate; the whole membership of the church is to be employed. Happy that minister who knows how to organize the hosts of the Lord; and can prove himself a skillful leader, well pleased if the Lord condescends to make the humblest of his members, more useful than himself. But that narrow-minded bigot who, standing upon his professional dignity, looks coldly upon all such efforts, can neither have the approbation of God nor of good men.

It is certainly one of the most encouraging signs of the times that God is raising up and qualifying so many laymen to engage in his work. As we see them go forth with the love of Christ in their hearts, with fervent zeal, with ready speech, and with ability to sway the minds of the masses of men, they bear all the evidences of being heaven-sent. In such numbers have these sprung up in America, in Britain, and in Germany, that we cannot but regard it as one of the signs of the coming of a brighter day for Zion. The Lord is choosing these men from all classes and conditions of life. In Scotland and in Canada he has sent some forth from the ranks of the titled nobility, who, in the drawing-rooms of the rich, as well as in the humble home of the poor, are publishing the glad tidings. In other cases he is sending out young men who, working at their mechanical employments for their own support, have gone from town to town, telling the simple story of the cross with great power and wonderful success. In other cases persons are converted from the lowest and most degraded of the people, living way down at the very bottom of society, and these have carried the truths of salvation into the circles that the minister of the gospel could not reach, and could effect but very little if he did. Glory to God for all this! The work is His; and woe to the man who would cast the least obstacle in the way in order to sustain the interests of any particular class.

Let the minister seek to make every member of his church a co-worker with himself and with God, in the world's deliverance from sin. Let every young convert be taught to be a worker for Jesus every day of his life. Let them understand that to cease working for the Savior is a strong evidence of

blacksliding of heart. Let there be a noble emulation of who shall do most in their own spheres, and according to the talent committed to them, for the honor of the gracious Master. Let all ministers cultivate the noble spirit of Moses. "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets."

We come now to an event which is full of the richness of gospel truth, and which shows how the wisdom and goodness of God can bring out of the wickedness of man that which will be of world-wide benefit to our race. It has been truly said, that sin is the most expensive thing in the whole world. Whether it is pardoned or unpardoned, it costs an infinite price. If pardoned, it costs the precious blood of God's own Son; if not pardoned it costs an eternity of woe. God will not do anything to lower the dignity of his own law. It has been dishonored by wicked men and devils; but all that God does for his creature's eternal welfare must be done in such a way as to honor that law in the highest degree. That law is essential to the happiness of all his intelligent creatures. Hence its honor must be kept up, whatever it costs. It did cost a vast sacrifice, but it was freely given. "Not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, were ye redeemed; but with the precious blood of the Son of God."

While the Israelites lay encamped at Mount Hur, King Arad came out in a secret manner and took a number of them prisoners. He gained nothing by this, however, for the men of war went forth and destroyed his cities. This success so filled them with pride that they thought they could conquer the whole land, and march directly into Canaan. Hence they murmured about the length of the way by which the Lord was leading them, and displayed generally a very seditious spirit. As a punishment fiery serpents were sent among them, the bite of which was deadly. Numbers were dying all over the camp, and the people, repenting of their conduct, entreated Moses to plead with the Lord on their behalf. This he did, and with great success. And the Lord said unto Moses, "Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall

live." "And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."

That this was directly typical of the Lord Jesus we learn from his own words to Nicodemus. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have eternal life." In both cases the object was to save dying men. The bite of the serpent was sure death, unless a remedy had been provided; and so sin is certain destruction to the soul, had not a Savior been provided.

Whoever looked at the brazen serpent was cured. It might be an old, hoary-headed sinner, or it might be a youth of tender years and amiable impulses; but both were to be saved in the same way. The man, at the very point of death, whose blackened and bloated form told of his near approach to eternity; and the man who had just been bitten, and could see no danger at all in his present state, were both to be saved by looking at the same object. So it is with the plan of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. The vilest transgressor and the most moral and amiable sinner, must come in the same way; trusting alone in Christ's merits. This has been a great stumbling block to many a proud soul. Here, for example, is a pirate just come from the slippery deck of his vessel, his hands red with the blood of murder. The vilest passions gleam from his eyes, and his lips burn with the most horrid blasphemies. But the very first time he hears the gospel he is cut to the heart and begins to cry for mercy. His sins roll up before him in terrific array; and as if they were mountains of lead, he feels that they are dragging him down to perdition. But suddenly he hears the Lord telling him, that His blood can cleanse from all sin; and that whosoever cometh to him he will in no wise cast out. He believes it, takes God at his word, and is at once saved. A sense of peace and pardon takes possession of his soul. He knows that his sins are all forgiven him for Jesus' sake. As an adopted child he can go with confidence into the

presence of the heavenly Father, and worship him without a cloud between.

But here is an amiable, kind-hearted man, whose life glides smoothly on in acts of benevolence and good-will to his fellow-men. In all the relations of life, he is strictly moral and dutiful. In short, in many respects he is regarded by his neighbors as a model man. Yet inwardly he has a sinful heart. He does not love God with all his soul. He has, in thought and feeling, broken God's law every hour of his life. The curse of that law is upon him. From that curse he can only be saved by the same means that saved the blood-stained murderer. He must come emptied of self, a poor hell-deserving sinner as the other came; and be saved by the blood of Jesus alone. He must count all his morality and outward goodness as doing nothing for him in the way of obtaining eternal life. But will he do it? Will not his pride rebel against this humbling and mortifying plan of mercy? Alas! many are constantly doing so; and publicans and harlots rush into the kingdom of heaven, while they shut themselves out by their self-righteousness. As the wounded Israelites were saved by simply looking at the brazen serpent lifted up, so all sinners are to be saved by a look of faith at the Lord Jesus. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of ye earth."

In the case of the Israelites the remedy was perfect. When God's direction was complied with, there was not a single case of failure. Not one could stand up and say, I have tried the remedy; it has done me no good; I must die. So in the whole history of the world never man came to Jesus by faith, and was turned away unsaved. None can say, I have tried the blood of Jesus; it may have saved others, but it is not able to save me. Nay, in every case the remedy has been immediate in its saving power. It is a present salvation. If there is any delay it is on the part of the sinner; for with God *now* is the acceptable time. The remedy is divinely certified never to fail. It is not like those human nostrums, certified to cure the sick and the dying, and that for a moment enkindle hope in the bosom of despair, only to cast them back into the bitter

anguish of hope deferred. No, the whole countless multitude of the redeemed in heaven and on earth unite in singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; for he has washed us from our sins in his own blood."

In the brazen serpent lifted up we see the necessity of faith in the work of salvation. Men looked at the serpent, believing what God said as to its curative power. Even the people living under that dark dispensation knew very well that that piece of brass was only a type, and that there was nothing in it to save them. They knew that the principle thing was faith in the true word of God regarding it. These Hebrews got the healing power by simply doing what God bid them. Suppose that a wounded man had applied some of his own remedies, having more faith in them than he had in God's, and yet to please his neighbors, or as a kind of experiment of his own, would go out and look at the brazen serpent, he would have received no good. His want of faith would have been dishonor done to God.

Faith has a mighty power in the affairs of men. It binds families and nations together. Without it the wheels of commerce could not revolve for a single day. Of the power of faith I lately met with the following illustration. Admiral Dupont was telling Admiral Farragut the reason why he failed to enter Charleston harbor with his splendid fleet of ironclads. He gave first one reason, then another and another. Farragut stood silent till he got through, and then said: "Ah, Dupont, there was one more reason." "What was that?" "You didn't *believe* you could do it." Now if faith is so important in the affairs of men, is it any wonder that it should be so important when God speaks to his creatures.

Suppose that a wounded Israelite had given as a reason why he should not look at the brazen serpent, that he was not yet sick enough, that he did not yet suffer enough, but that by and by when he felt in greater danger, he would do what was required. Would you not regard this as exceedingly absurd? And yet there are those who are waiting to feel themselves greater sinners, waiting to feel deeper convictions before they

come to Jesus. My reader, you know that you are a sinner and that you need a Savior; well, that is enough. Come as you are. If you wait for anything you are not likely to come at all. Or if you do, it will be after wearing your life out in trying human plans, that only being increased guilt upon your soul. Let me urge you now to resolve, that turning away from every false way you will at once go to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life.

When a wounded Israelite looked at the brazen serpent he would at once *know* that he was cured. He would not say, I hope I am, but I have often many doubts and fears. Thus the soul that comes to Christ has a divine certainty given—an unclouded confidence imparted to him. And yet many of the people of God are almost afraid to take that comfort from the gospel which it is fitted and intended to give, lest they should be too bold and manifest a lack of that proper humility that becomes a sinner.

Now if we ourselves had anything to do with obtaining this assurance, then we might well have doubts about it. But it is not so. The ground of our confidence is entirely independent of anything that we have done or can do. It depends alone upon the sufficiency of Christ's death and the veracity of God's word. My certainty of being accepted is made to turn upon this point, did Jesus die for sinners like me, and is God speaking the truth when he says I can be forgiven for the sake of what he has done? Assurance in this case is honoring the faithfulness of God, and doubt is casting discredit upon his veracity. If a friend comes and makes a statement to you, and you entertain doubts about it, you, in that case, dishonor his credibility. If he is a man of truth, and you have long known him as such, you have no right to have any doubts at all. So it is in regard to our assurance of salvation. The Apostle John says, "If we receive the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater." Jesus always referred to the truth of what he said as the reason why he expected it to be believed. "If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?"

Here it is where many believers make a great mistake. They

look within themselves for a ground of assurance, and examine their own feelings and experience, to find a rock of confidence on which to build. No wonder they fail. God's true saying concerning his Son is the true foundation on which to rest; and the soul that does so shall never be confounded. Paul called his hearers to witness, that he came declaring unto them the testimony of God. Not his testimony, not his feelings, nor his experience, but the word of the God of truth. O surely if we can be certain of anything, it must be what rests upon such testimony!

An infidel had got a woman to believe his pernicious doctrines. When she was dying he said to her, "Hold fast, Mary." "I can't hold fast, for you have given me nothing to hold by." He had taught her to doubt, but had given her nothing to believe. How different with the Christian who rests upon the truth of God. He can look death and judgment in the face with an assurance that earth and hell cannot shake, for he knows that his Divine Master can not deny himself. The strong bulwark of salvation behind which the believer stands was built by Jehovah, and it is a burning shame for us to doubt our security while standing there.

"My friend, God does not ask thy tears,
Nor aught that thou canst give;
Thy prayers can never save thy soul,
'*Believe*,' and thou shalt live.

"The work was finish'd long ago,
All merit set aside,
When Jesus, in the sinner's stead,
Upon Mount Calvary died.

"He there became a substitute,
The sinner's debt to pay—
He brought in everlasting life
For all who will obey.

"And Jesus risen from the dead
Is now the proof to thee,
That all the debt was fully paid
Upon the cursed tree.

"There's nothing left for you to give,
Nothing for you to pay—
If you but trust in Jesus' blood,
You may be saved to-day.

"Saved, if you simply place your trust
In God's belovèd Son,
And only rest your faith upon
The work which *He* has done.

"Thus having Christ by living faith,
You stand before the throne,
In all *His* perfect spotlessness—
His righteousness alone.

"Then cease from all thy useless toil,
Thou art not asked to give—
God tells thee Christ has paid the debt,
'*Believe, and thou shalt live.*'"

CHAPTER XI.

MOSES ON MOUNT PISGAH.

We come now to contemplate Moses in the closing days of his life. Properly speaking, a good man never dies. His character is brightened by the years that roll on, lives through all time and, like a fixed star, shines with undiminished luster. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Such men live not for themselves, but for others. Their lives are a complete consecration to the good of humanity. Not in dreamy, selfish ease did they spend their days on earth, but filled with the love of God, these heroic souls labored and suffered and died, to add to the sum total of human happiness.

Such characters triumph over death, and while passing away from earth leave to mankind the noblest legacy—that of a holy example. It is not wealth, nor distinguished birth, nor brilliant genius, but GOODNESS that imparts to a man true immortality. Men say that such a man is dead, but his usefulness lives right on. He may be laid in the silent grave, but his holy acts of self-denying zeal defy the power of death and the grave to cast over them the pall of oblivion.

How strikingly is all this seen in the case of Moses. Here is true principle and Godlike character embodied and personified. We now see him closing up his earthly career. Through countless perils and trials he had led the chosen people to the very borders of the promised land. We see the tents of the Israelites stretching away over hill and plain, and looking picturesque and beautiful in the rays of the morning sun. The face of nature is calm and beautiful. All around is sweet repose—a holy quiet. On the morning of that day so memorable, when the prophet is to take farewell of the people that he had loved so well, and for whom he had suffered so much; we see

the people gathering together from every quarter, till they stand there a mighty host. Then comes the farewell address of their great leader, and his parting benediction. That was a solemn moment when the man of God cast his eye over that vast sea of faces for the last time. He remembered the past with prophetic power, looked into the future, and the tenderest emotions rushed like a mighty river through his soul. They are met for the last time on earth, and he speaks to them in terms the most fit and memorable. It is, ineded, a wonderful address. For pious fervor, for bold imagery, for melting tenderness, for faithfulness of rebuke, and for the impetuous rush of sweeping and majestic eloquence, it casts into the shade the greatest orators of Greece and Rome. It was heaven-inspired. He was but the trumpet through which the voice of the Lord sounded; and with what thrilling pathos do those words fall upon our ears, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

But his work is done, and well done. His death-warrant is signed, and the decision from which there is no appeal has gone forth. We see him turn away from the weeping multitude, and with eye undimmed and vital energy still strong within him, begin to ascend the mount where he was to die. He did not look like a dying man, for his physical system bore no signs of decay. His Lord, however, wanted him for higher service, and to fill and satisfy his soul with unspeakable delights. What a lovely sight, to see that hale old man, with such a sweetly composed look upon his face, climbing up to his grave. Never king went with greater alacrity to his throne than did this venerable saint of God to meet with death. At last he stands upon Pisgah's summit looking on the magnificent scene that opens before him. Every object is bathed in light and beauty, and his soul is filled with delight as he looks at last upon the fair land of promise.

Away yonder, in the distance, flows the Jordan, hastening to empty itself into the Dead Sea; its waters flashing and sparkling in rays of the sun. We can imagine him standing on some gray rock, and looking with intense eagerness upon

a land that for forty years had been so much in his thoughts. Away on his right he sees the snow peaks of Mount Lebanon, gleaming like a huge mass of crystal in heaven's light. There, too, is the hill of Zion, where in coming years the beautiful temple will be built, and multitudes of his descendants go up to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. When he turns and looks to the left, some spots that are to be the most memorable on earth meet his views. There he sees Bethlehem, where the world's Savior is to be born; and there is Mount Calvary, where he is to die in untold agony, the just for the unjust. It is not too much to suppose that his Lord told him of those places, and of what was to occur upon them; and if so, with what emotions must his soul have been filled!

But suddenly a new light breaks upon him. He begins to see the spiritual instead of the material, eternal things instead of temporal. A new light breaks upon his astonished view; a light more brilliant than anything he had ever conceived of before; and in comparison with which the sun in his brightness would look like a dark spot. It is the light of glory, the brightness of his future hope. He has reached the pearly gate of the city of God. Angels open and bid him welcome. Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and many others of whom he wrote, press forward to hail his entrance with delight. Peals of ravishing music, and bursts of triumphant praise, break upon his ear. O, thrice happy soul! Thy sorrows are ended, thy immortal joys are begun, never, never to end!

But look at the top of Pisgah! What is that which lies upon the old gray rock? It is the corpse of Moses. The immortal spirit is in heaven, and that is only the tabernacle of clay. We know not how long he was dying, nor what were the last earthly words he spoke to his Lord. No human friends were with him in his last moments; but he needed them not, for "beneath him were the everlastlng arms." He had the most magnificent funeral ever given to mortal man. God, himself, buried him, and there his flesh rests in hope as the ages roll away, his grave unknown to mortals.

The God that he served and loved so well took care of his dust, and the secret of his resting-place is shut up in the Divine mind till the morning of the resurrection. Many a traveler may pass over the sacred spot without knowing it. There the dust of the man of God reposes undisturbed, "with the thunder of the passing storm as his only dirge." For this concealment Jehovah had, no doubt, good reasons. We have seen how prone these Hebrews were to idolatry; and had they known the place of his sepulcher they might have profaned it in such a way. In this way the Lord put his condemnation upon all superstition. We know even in this dispensation of superior light and knowledge, what a traffic has been kept up in the bones of persons called saints, and what pretended miracles have been wrought by them. Very likely the bones of Moses would have been preserved and carried about with them. To help them in time of battle, to bring them rain in time of drouth, to drive away pestilence and disease, and to work all kinds of charms, these bones might have been resorted to. But by keeping the place of his burial secret the Lord rendered this forever impossible.

We know that the Israelites were liable to fall into such superstitious practices from the way that they treated the brazen serpent that Moses lifted up in the wilderness. This serpent, it seems, was preserved, and in the days of Hezekiah they had begun to worship it. This filled that good man with a holy indignation, so that he brake it in pieces that this temptation to idolatry might be forever out of their way.

Christ is said to have abolished death; that is, he has disarmed it of its stings, and its power to hurt the believer. A new life reigns in the renewed soul and takes possession of it forever. The earthly tabernacle is subject to death because it has in it the seeds of decay; but when Jesus rose from the grave, death was swallowed up in victory. Just as sure as he lives, we shall live also, in the whole of our nature. It was not one part of our nature that he undertook to deliver from the effects of sin; but the perfected work shall show body and soul renewed and reigning in life through Jesus Christ.

With such a sublime confidence in the soul, no wonder that the Christian's death is one of triumph. He has grasped the grand central truth of Christianity; and bigger, and better, and brighter than all earthly joys put together is the gladness that fills his whole being. God has always kept the hope of a resurrection, less or more distinctly, before the world. Hence, before the flood, Enoch was translated bodily from this world to be with God; showing that our bodies were capable of such changes as to fit them to live in heaven. Then after the flood, Elijah's translation testified to the same thing. Then our adorable Redeemer rose from the dead; and thus became the first fruits of them that slept. As the great type of our humanity, He showed that the resurrection was not merely a thing possible or probable, but a positive, accomplished fact. The vast, wide dominions of death heard the glad tidings that came from the open tomb of Jesus; and though we may go to the graves of our friends to weep there, it is not with the sorrow of the infidel or of the heathen, who have no hope. The Savior himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Here is the hope of Christ's people—the hope of the new creation. There our perfected humanity, made like unto Christ's, shall start upon a glorious career of immortal bliss.

It is called eternal life. It will be eternal life to both body and soul. All the promises of future good from the beginning of the creation, are, as it were, condensed into these words, *eternal life*. All that the soul can enjoy, with all its vast capacity of progression, and drawing forever from the unlimited fullness of God, is implied in the words, eternal life. When millions of ages shall have passed away, it will still be, eternal life. Could we add together the age of our world to that of all the stars, and then add the age of every redeemed soul to the age of every angel in heaven, we would have a period so vast as to confound the mind; but still it would be as nothing, compared with eternal life. When all these years would have passed away, the blood-bought throng would still be singing: "The gift of

God is eternal life!" We know that we must live forever in some condition. Everywhere, the vast world over, men feel that they have an immortal part within them. Savage and sage alike believe that they must live forever. But it is to be remembered that there is such a thing as banishment from God; which in the Bible is called eternal death. It is only the soul that has been taken to the bosom of Divine Love, and that has heard the whisper of the still, small voice, saying, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Who can feel the blessedness of a heaven begun on earth.

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial faith, on earthly ground,
By faith and hope may grow."

It is the privilege of all believers to have Pisgah views of heaven. I have been an earnest observer at the death-beds of many Christians, and I know that God gives special grace and support for that trying hour. Clearer light illuminates their minds. Wider and deeper conceptions of the fullness of Christ, fill their hearts to overflowing. Consolation, which in its sweetness tells of its divine origin, is imparted to sustain the soul, as it stands all ready for its mysterious flight. How firm the foot is placed upon the Rock of Ages! How strong the courage, how noble the bearing of the believer in that hour! What a sweet calm—a holy stillness—we have seen come over him, like the calm of the going down of the summer sun, with a golden glory all around. In such circumstances we have seen the looks and the words of Christians bear an aspect almost unearthly. They will often tell you that they hear angelic music. "Listen! Do you not hear it? O, how sweet! how rapturous!" Often they will seem astonished when told that you did not hear anything. Sometimes they speak as if seeing angel convoys. "See, see! there are the shining ones! They have come for me! O, let me go!" And they reach out their cold arms, stiffening in death. Now I have no doubt that they are often permitted to see something of heaven, before going out of the body; and that the soul gets so spiritual as to see

around it its future companions. We know that it was so with Stephen before he died, even when the stones were falling around him and the curses of his enemies were in his dying ears. Thus God's holy ones are comforted. The loving hand of their Savior pulls back the veil, and lets them get a glimpse of their fair inheritance. Let worldly men call this fanaticism and mere rhapsody if they please; I call it Pisgah views, given for loving purposes. Child of God, be comforted! A few more struggles, and you shall be in the calm glory of your Father's house. A few more trials, and you shall be with the unnumbered multitude of the glorified. Your crown is waiting for you; your white robe all fit to put on.

What blessed and joyous welcome will be given to the redeemed, when they land upon the shore of glory. Pastor, there are spiritual children which God has given you, waiting to give you a joyous reception. Mother, there are your loved children, ready to join you in eternal songs of gratitude. Believers, there are your brethren with whom you took sweet counsel on earth. What happy prayer-meetings you used to have. How pleasantly you labored together to promote the Savior's cause. They have got to heaven before you; but they wait and watch for your coming. They hail you, as it were, from the heavenly shore.

"E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those who went before,
Those great and blood-besprinkled bands
Upon th' eternal shore."

There are some people, even here, that it seems like a little heaven to enjoy their society. To spend an evening with them refreshes and strengthens us by the way, for months afterwards. Think, then, of the society beyond the Jordan. Think of having a long conversation with Enoch, and Moses, and Abraham; and of hearing David striking his heavenly harp to thrilling notes of harmony. Think of hearing Milton, no longer blind, rolling out his deathless numbers. Think of hearing and seeing the great Reformers, Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingle, and many others of whom the world was not worthy. If that man is

peculiarly happy who enjoys these Pisgah views of which we have spoken, how unspeakably happy must he be who is in full possession of the promised land.

Moses enjoyed some privileges that were peculiar to himself; because of the important position he was called to occupy. But a peaceful, happy death was not one of these. That is the privilege of all God's children. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Society may be convulsed to its center; earthly comforts may crumble to ashes in the grasp; the bright lights in our homes may go out one by one in darkness; but peace to live by and to die by, is the assured inheritance of the Christian. With Christ for his treasure, with heaven for his home, with precious promises to pillow his head upon, he can make the dark valley ring with the cry, "I will fear no evil for thou art with me."

When I have spoken about these Pisgah glimpses, I do not mean that any new thing is made known to the soul, that cannot be found in the Bible; no new revelation is given. There are times, however, in the experience of all good people, when portions of the Bible are so illuminated by the Holy Spirit, tha they come with almost the force and the power of a new revelation. Like the blind man whom our Lord cured, who at first saw things dimly, men like trees walking; so truths, of which we had but a dim and shadowy view, are made to stand out in all their lovely proportions. So is it with these Pisgah views. We have a deeper, clearer insight into the deep things of God. There is given to us the spiritual mind, and hence a fuller realization of invisible things of eternity. The things that are seen and temporal, and that used to absorb us so much, have lost their power; and the soul is now engrossed with the things of the world to come.

As the christian nears the eternal world, who can tell how far his thoughts may be carried into the light of a higher revelation of God. I have often seen christians so filled with the love of God, and longing so intensely for his presence, that there seemed a holy impatience for the gate to open and let them go to their Father. I have visited such as their minister,

but not as their instructor. I felt that the secret of the Lord was with them, and that they were able to instruct me. I might know a great deal more about theology than they did; but for real heartfelt communion with God, for those joys in religion that words are too poor to describe, for that glory bursting upon their view, of which only angel language could tell, I felt that my proper place was to sit at their feet and learn as a little child. I have watched the lamp of life flickering till it expired; I have seen the dark shadow of death pass over the face, brightened by flashes of glory, and I have cried out, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his."

To the truly spiritual man these views of his heavenly home are given all his journey through. Moses lived in daily fellowship with his God, and was thus changed from glory to glory. The truly spiritually-minded man is a blessing to all who come in contact with him. If you go to his house, he will tell you of a house not made with hands. If you sit at his hospitable table, he will feed you with the bread of life. If you do business with him, he will seek to induce you to buy the pearl of great price. If you injure him, he can forgive you as he himself has been forgiven. If you curse him, he will bless you. He has gone into the heavenly country, and brought us a bunch of the heavenly fruit, to increase our desire for more. Such a man is the highest type of our humanity. Even in old age he brings forth fruit abundantly for God. In the fall of the year you may have seen the withered leaves shining like gold, because the rays of the sun were reflected from them; so the aged saint reflects back upon the world the beams of the sun of Righteousness. How great is the influence of such a life. As a single atom of matter cannot be put in motion without affecting the innumerable other atoms that compose the globe, so is it with human character. We move all around us for good or for evil every day that we live. How important, then, that we should be able to say, "For me to live is Christ."

We conclude the history of Moses with the following beautiful lines:

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.

"And no man dug the sepulcher,
And no man gave it air,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth.

"For, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

"Perchance, the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.

"Perchance, the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

"But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.

"They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

"Amid the noblest of the land,
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,

"In the great Minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

"This was the bravest warrior,
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.

"And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honors?
The hillside for his pall.
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall?

"And the dark rock pines with tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that mountain land,
To lay him in the grave.

"In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—
Before the judgment day,

"And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

"Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land!
Oh, dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to those anxious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.

"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well."

CHAPTER XII.

JOSHUA, THE PIOUS SOLDIER.

Whether it is right for a religious man to engage in war has long been a mooted question among good people. Without going into this discussion we may mention, that war with all its attendant horrors has been permitted by God; and very often overruled by him for the accomplishment of the greatest good. The opening China, containing one-third of the world's population, to the preaching of the gospel was brought about through the means of war. The overthrow of American slavery, with all its accompanying abominations, was effected by the same means. These are recent examples, but the history of the world is full of such cases.

It is also worthy of our notice, that some of the best of men have been engaged in the profession of arms The armies of Cromwell and of the Scottish Covenanters, afford examples of the deepest piety, and show that religion, so far from unfitting for the duties of a soldier, impart to him the highest courage. Col. Gardiner lived very near God, rising early when the army was on the move, in order to have time for prayer and reading the Scripture. Capt. Headly Vicars, in that desperate struggle before Sevastopol, was acknowledged by his superiors to be one of the most efficient young officers in the army, and yet his piety was of the highest type, and his zeal for the salvation of souls unwavering.

Gen. Havelock was one of the bravest and most successful of soldiers in modern times; and yet one of the most consistent of Christians. Lord Harding said of him, "Havelock is every inch a soldier;" and he was every inch a Christian. Once, when some military emergency had arisen, the general in command had ordered out a particular corps, but was told that

they were not fit to take the post of danger, because they were intoxicated. Now, mark what the general next said :—" Call out Havelock's saints: he is always ready, and his men are never drunk." When dying he said to his son, " Come, my son, and see how a Christian man can die." To Sir James Outram, who visited him on his death-bed, he said, " For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

In the late conflict in America, what noble specimens of the Christian soldier were presented before the world. Both among the officers and in the ranks were men who walked with God, and were equally efficient as soldiers of the Republic and as soldiers of the Cross. Their religious convictions led them to leave their comfortable homes, and bid farewell to loving friends, to encounter hardships and perils, the very recital of which makes our souls shudder. And never for a moment did they look back and regret their choice. Who can look upon such true specimens of Christian manhood as Gen. Mitchell and Gen. Rice, without feeling that the true martyr spirit still lives in the church of God. The latter, just before entering the battle in which he was killed, wrote to his mother as follows: " My entire hope is in the cross of my Savior. In this hope I am always happy. I trust that God may again graciously spare my life, as He has in the past; and yet one cannot fall too early if, loving Christ, he dies for his country." Thus, from those high in rank down to the humblest drummer-boy, there were many bright trophies of the power of Christ's gospel to save.

We have been led into these remarks because we are now to consider the character of Joshua, a brave and successful warrior, and as pious as he was brave. By the choice of Moses and the approval of Jehovah, he was put at the head of the Israelitish people and had a responsibility of vast magnitude laid upon him. When God has a work to do he is never at a loss for an instrument to accomplish it. There is no man, however great, who is absolutely necessary to the carrying on of God's work. There never was a man in the world so ne-

cessary that the world could not do without him. Moses would seem to be essential to the very existence of the Jewish nation, but even he can be spared. He is dead, but the designs of the Almighty go on as if he had never lived. This thought may be very humbling and mortifying to the self-importance of some people. The popular minister may think himself necessary to the prosperity, if not to the existence, of the church over which he presides. Some of his injudicious friends have told him so again and again; and in so doing spoke the honest feelings of their hearts. But he is removed, and the work goes on as if nothing had happened. For some time the face that used to look down upon them from the pulpit is kindly remembered and honest regrets are expressed that the voice they loved to hear so well will be heard by them no more; but soon all this will cease, and things will move on as if he had never been. And all this is right enough. Death is not to be permitted to strike with paralysis the whole frame-work of society. When one falls in the ranks of the Lord's army, the Captain of our salvation has another just as good to take his place. The great fight of faith must not stop, for God can raise up, out of the very stones, children to Abraham.

Joshua displayed the boldness and conscientiousness of his character during the life of Moses. On reaching the borders of the land of Canaan, twelve persons were selected from the different tribes, whose duty it was to explore the country and bring back correct information as to its inhabitants, its natural productions and the strength of its fortifications. Dividing themselves into companies, they went forth, passing quietly through the land and obtaining what information they could. Ten of these spies came back with a most doleful report. Taking counsel of their own fears, they represented, with the wildest exaggeration, the people as very numerous, their cities as strongly fortified, and the utter impossibility of ever conquering such a people. They acknowledged, indeed, that the land was all it had been represented for fertility, and even brought specimens of its fruitfulness. But, upon the whole, their report was so discouraging as to create a panic of fear, so

that the voice of weeping was heard all over the camp. Now, Joshua and Caleb had been among the number of spies, and presented quite a different report. They denounced the report of the others as incorrect, and as the result of cowardice. They said, "The land which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land. If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land, for they are bread to us; their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us; fear them not." This showed that Joshua was a man of the right spirit for the enterprise for which he was now called. It is true, a formidable work lay before him; but he had a most sustaining promise from the mouth of Jehovah himself: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

Along with the assurance of the Divine presence came a solemn injunction to make the law of God his constant study; yea, to meditate upon it by day and by night. He had a great work before him, and the requisite wisdom for its accomplishment could only be obtained from the statutes of the Lord. That great man, Judge Hale, used to spend a portion of each morning in the study of the Scriptures, however much engaged he might be. He tells us that if this was omitted nothing seemed to go right with him all day. That distinguished writer, Sir William Jones, wrote on the blank leaf of his Bible the following beautiful sentiment: "I have regularly and attentively perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written." Count Oxenstein, Chancellor of Sweden, said to one who visited him, "All the comfort I have, and all the comfort I take, and which is more than the whole world can give, is the knowledge of God's

love in my heart, and the reading of this blessed Book," laying his hand on the Bible. "You are now," he continued, "in the prime of your age and vigor, and in great favor and business; but this will all leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I say to you. Then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort, and pleasure, in retiring and turning your heart from the world, in the good spirit of God, and in reading his sacred word, than in all the courts and favors of princes." The celebrated John Locke, we are told, spent the last fourteen years of his life in the study of the Bible; and speaking of it to a young friend, he said, "It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

Joshua now began to make all needed preparation for crossing the Jordan, and taking possession of the promised land. He has the Divine promise to sustain him; but he does not make that an excuse for omitting the use of all proper means of accomplishing his object. He proceeds as if all depended upon himself; and yet relied upon God, as if he could do nothing. This is the true spirit, which all workers in Christ's vineyard should cultivate. Let them work as hard as if all success depended upon their doing so; and yet, by prayer and faith in God, show that in him is their dependence.

Joshua sent out two confidential persons to visit Jericho, to find out something as to its population, its resources, and the strength of its fortification. It was the frontier city of Canaan, and was inhabited by a very wicked and degraded people. There was, however, one person in that city whose heart was moved by the fear of the Lord. This was a woman of tarnished reputation, but who had ceased from her wicked ways, and received the spies into her house with peace. She protected them from the police by hiding them in a secure place, and saved their lives by assisting their escape. She showed her faith in God by saying, "I know that the Lord hath given you the land." She begged them to promise her that when the city was taken, her life and the life of her kindred would be preserved. The promise was given, and the sign of protection

for her and her kindred was to be the scarlet line by which she let them down over the wall of the city, being hung up in the window. Now that this woman, once an abandoned character, became a really good woman, is evident from the Apostle Paul placing her in the ranks of the worthies that he mentions in his epistle to the Hebrews: "By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace."

Thus we see that God is indeed no respecter of persons; but that individuals of every condition, of every phase of human life, are received by him through repentance and faith. There is not a depth of degradation, not a sink of human pollution, from which God cannot lift the sinful soul, and make it a bright gem in his crown forever.

"God scatters truths on every side,
Freely among his children all;
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

"There is no wind but soweth seed
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deed,
With way-side beauty rife."

In regard to this woman's faith, notice how implicit her confidence in the promise of the spies. She does not seem to doubt them for a moment. Sin is always suspicious, and sinners are always distrustful of each other. She had faith in the word of the good men that God sent to her dwelling; and, as the Apostle James says, "Her faith brought forth works." She entertains them at the risk of her own life, hides them from their persecutors, refuses to betray them, and acknowledges the power of the God of Israel. And how much her faith was honored. Honorable mention is made of her by two inspired apostles. From a child of wrath she is lifted up to be a child of God; and from being a citizen of a vile heathen city, she is taken to the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of the Great King.

When the hour of trial came, this woman's faith did not disappoint her. She was not confounded. The city is surrounded

by the invincible hosts of Israel, but she has no fear. The day of doom has at last come for that accursed city. She and her kindred are sitting quietly at her home, when the shrill and penetrating sound of the trumpets of Israel is heard coming nearer and nearer. The avenging army is about to descend upon that city already given over to destruction. Does Rahab turn pale and tremble? No, she looks to the scarlet line in the window, and feels secure. A terrible shout is heard, as if smiting against the very heavens. Hark! there is a fearful crash! The wall of the city has fallen, and as a roaring flood comes rushing on, when the embankment, which for a time restrained it, has broken down, so the triumphant and conquering hosts rush into the city. Does this woman join in the wild scream of despair that is going up from so many voices? No, she has only to look at the scarlet line in the window. The army are now rushing through the streets, each with a sword in his hand, dripping with the blood of the slain. The work of destruction goes on apace. Torrents of blood run down the streets like water. The death-cry is heard every moment breaking upon the air. But this believing woman looks to the scarlet line in the window, and feels calm as if in the heart of a forest. Many a man of war, with bloody weapon in hand, comes to that house, but he looks up and sees the scarlet line in the window, and passes on. But hark! there come footsteps approaching the house—they enter the door—they are coming up the stairs. Has the scarlet line failed to do its work? Has Rahab's faith, after all, been in vain? Has she fallen at last into the hand of the destroyer? No, no; it is only messengers come from Joshua —the very men whose lives she had saved, to bring her and all her kindred out of the city, before it is committed to the devouring flames. The scarlet line *has* done its work. She and those dear to her are safe out of that doomed place. Turning to look behind her, she sees great billows of fire rolling over Jericho and great tongues of flame leaping up as if to the very heavens. Her faith has triumphed and placed her beyond the reach of harm.

May not this scarlet line, under which this household found

protection, be taken as a type of the blood of Jesus? The safety of that house did not depend upon strong preparations made to keep out the men of war. It was not by putting strong bolts upon their doors, or fortifications round their dwelling, that their safety was secured; it was by simply placing the scarlet line in the window. So our salvation is not secured by any act of our own, by any preparation that we may make to save us from the wrath to come; we are saved, if saved at all, by faith in the blood of Jesus.

The peace of that household, amid the destruction all around them, did not depend upon their own feelings or doings. They did not need to sit up all night keeping watch; nor was it necessary to be constantly looking within to examine the state of their own feelings. Their safety depended upon one thing, the scarlet line in the window. Suppose that they had taken it from the window and hung it on the door; or, supposing they had held it in their hands for greater security; they would doubtless have perished. So we can only be saved by acting strictly in accordance with God's way, that is, faith in the blood of the Lord Jesus. Faith in that blood will give peace and assurance forever. Amid the swellings of Jordan, and the terrific scene of judgment, we will fear no evil; for who can lay anything to the charge of those whom God justifies for the sake of his Son.

But we must hasten on with the history of Joshua. The Jordan is past, its waters miraculously opening to let them pass through with the ark of the Lord. While Joshua was examining the fortifications of Jericho a wonderful personage appeared before him, with a drawn sword in his hand. He boldly went up to this person and demanded whether he was for them or for their enemies. The answer was, "Nay, but as the Captain of the Lord's host am I come." Joshua at once understood who this was; and instantly bowed down and worshiped him. For this act he received no rebuke, which he would have received had it been any mere creature that he worshiped. No doubt this was the angel of the covenant, who had on so many occasions appeared to his fathers; who

had so often conversed with Moses, and had now come to put them in possession of the promised land. It was doubtless the Lord Jesus in whose presence he stood, and who, instead of rebuking him for his worship, requested him, as he did Moses at Horeb, to take his shoes off his feet because he stood upon holy ground.

The faith of Joshua was seen in following implicitly the directions of God in regard to the way of taking Jericho. He did not ask, as unbelief would have done, what connection then could be between the blowing of Rams' horns and the tumbling down of stone walls. He promptly did what he was bid, without setting up his own petty reasons or following the plans of other people, and the result was most triumphant. The city was taken, and its very existence blotted out of the record of the cities of the earth. Where can we find a more lovely spectacle than that of a man whose own will is swallowed up in the will of the all-wise Creator. His peace flows like a river, because whatever God does is pleasing to him. With such a man, the good, and perfect, and holy will of God is his delight day and night. To do that will is his meat and his drink; and with all honesty of heart he can say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

At this time a circumstance occurred that showed the strict principles of justice upon which Joshua acted, and the disastrous effect which the conduct of one man may have upon the cause of truth. During the siege of Jericho a strict command was given to the people not to take any part of the spoils of that city, which was to be regarded as accursed and doomed to destruction. Regardless of this command, Achan, a person of rank and influence, stole and concealed a quantity of the spoils. This act was unknown to any one but himself, and he soothed his conscience with the hope that he would escape detection. Shortly after this, Joshua sent out three thousand of his men of war to fight Ai; but God was not with them, as formerly, to give victory to their arms. They met with a terrible repulse, and fled in terror before their enemy. This had a most depressing effect upon the people, and filled the heart

of their general with the deepest anguish. We are told that he "rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord until the evening tide, he and the elders of Israel, and put dust upon their heads." He presented the matter before the Lord in earnest prayer. The reply was, "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel;" and he was directed to find out the guilty man and bring him to punishment.

Meantime Achan was rejoicing in his ill-gotten gain. It is true, he could not wear the beautiful stolen garments, but he could take them out and look at them in the privacy of his own tent; and he could feast his greedy eyes upon the silver and the gold. But his false security is soon broken in upon. God's word to the sinner is, "Be sure your sins will find you out." This is acknowledged, on all hands, to be an uncertain world; but here is one thing that we may be certain of, that sin will find out the sinner and expose him before men and angels. Achan hears that an investigation is about to be made. This makes him very uneasy; but still he puts a brave face upon the matter, perhaps is very loud in denouncing the crime, and in asserting his innocence. The people are all assembled before the Lord; but in such a large crowd he feels comparatively secure. The criminal is to be detected by the casting of lots. The first lot is cast, and the tribe of Judah was taken. His heart throbs strongly now, for that is the tribe to which he belongs. The lot is again cast, and the family of the Zerhiter is taken. Ah! his face is now pale with fright, and his knees smite against each other; for he belonged to that family. He feels that vengeance, like a blood-hound true to the scent, is upon his track. The lot is again cast, and falls upon himself. Miserable man! There he stands pointed out by the finger of God as the guilty man, and as the cause of all the trouble that had befallen his brethren.

Had this man been asked, when he put forth his hand to do this wickedness, if he wished to bring defeat and death into the camp of Israel, he would have spurned the thought. But he went on to gratify his own covetousness and thus

turned the sword of the enemy against his friends. It is thus with inconsistent members of the church of Christ. Ask them if they intend to bring ruin upon the church, to grieve their brethren and almost break the heart of their pastor, and they would repel with indignation such a charge. And yet they are really doing it.

The progress of sin is seen in the case of Achan. There was, in the first place, an undue familiarity with things forbidden. He looked at these spoils, turning them over and over till he began to covet them. The eye is a great inlet to the soul, and the only true safety is to act as David did, "turn away the eyes from beholding vanity." The next step in his sin was, that he coveted these things, and thus the evil had already become intrenched in his heart. Many think that if the sin is confined to the heart there is little harm done; but that is the very place upon which God's eye is fixed. The Christian finds it easy to keep his mere outward actions right; but his heart gives him great trouble. He mourns over its wanderings as did David and Paul, and says, "How long shall vain thoughts dwell within me." As the least spark of fire, if encouraged, would burn a whole city, so evil indulged in the heart will break out in open and disgraceful acts of sin. So was it with Achan. His next step was to put forth his hand and steal the accursed thing. Let the devil get a strong desire for sin lodged in the heart, and then the very first favorable opportunity, when there is little chance of detection and exposure, the open act will be committed. "Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin."

We see in Achan's case that no man can live to himself. Shame, defeat and death were all brought upon the people of Israel by this man's conduct. That protection that covered their heads in the day of battle was withdrawn. Their heavenly friend said, "I will not be with you any more, unless ye put away the accursed thing." This wicked man was more to be feared than all their enemies. If you could find out the wickedest man in a nation, that would be the greatest enemy which that nation has; and yet you might find him very boast-

ful of his patriotism, while his sin was bringing down upon the land the curse of God. Thus the enemy that the church of God has to fear is, not the infidel or the bold blasphemer, but the inconsistent member. These are they that keep back the blessing of the Most High, and bring up a reproach upon the cause of truth that cannot easily be wiped away.

What anguish of heart sinners cause to good men. See Joshua lying upon his face upon the ground, pouring out the deep anguish of his soul before the Lord. Listen to David and Jeremiah pouring out the wail of their sorrowful souls because of the wickedness around them. Sinner! how it adds to your guilt that a praying father has wept in bitterness of soul over you. Did it not add to the guilt of Jerusalem that the gracious Savior wept over her? Ah! yes, these tears will rise up with condemning power in the day of judgment.

Let us learn from Achan's case never to undervalue the power of temptation. At the very time we may think ourselves most secure we may be in greatest danger of a fall. You can meet no temptation in your own strength; for, if you have no better armor than that, the feeblest arrow that Satan aims will pierce you through and through. Peter was never more in danger than when he boasted how firmly he stood.

We may learn, from the example of Joshua, that a good man may be putting prayer in the place of some other duty. He was lying upon his face before the ark, praying, when God said unto him, "Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?" Prayer can only succeed when we are using all the means within our reach. We must search out every idol, seek to mortify every sin, and maintain the purity of the church of Christ, else our prayers will be hindered and the work of God cease to advance.

We come now to consider a most striking evidence of Joshua's faith and power in prayer. The Gibeonites, witnessing the powers of the army of Israel, and greatly alarmed for their own safety, sent to the general a deputation, representing that they came from a great distance, and requesting the privilege of forming an alliance with his people. After some

inquiries the heads of Israel gave their consent to this, and the treaty was consummated. But when it was discovered that these Gibeonites were neighbors, the people of Israel were dissatisfied with what their leaders had done and wished the treaty to be annulled. This Joshua refused to do, considering that it would be a violation of public faith. The rest of the Canaanites became enraged at Gibeon, as having acted the part of an apostate nation, and joined to make war against it. Joshua felt in honor bound to protect and defend his allies, and the result was, a great battle was fought, in which his arms were victorious.

It was on this occasion that a great miracle was wrought in answer to prayer. God arrested the sun in the heavens in order that a total defeat of his enemies might be effected. Much difficulty and many perplexities have been raised regarding this miracle. The fact, however is, Divinely authenticated by the word of truth; and as to the way in which it was done, that was God's matter, with which we have nothing to do. Surely, no one will say that anything is too hard for God. He has laws that govern in the works of creation, but these laws do not govern Him. He has not enslaved himself by his own laws so that he cannot hear the prayer of his own people and work miracles for their deliverance if he deems it proper. Men talk about fixed laws as if even God himself could not break them. This is surely setting up the laws of nature above the Creator himself. As the maker of a watch can stop it when he pleases, putting it back or forward at pleasure; so the Maker of all things still holds the entire control of the great fabric of creation that came from his own hands.

We may not follow Joshua through all those wars by which the land of promise was at last put in full possession of Israel. Infidels have made an outcry against Joshua as a blood-thirsty man, and destitute of all humanity, because of the way he treated the Canaanites. But it should be remembered that they were destroyed by the direct command of God, and that the terrible judgments that came upon them were caused by their wickedness, which made them ripe for devouring vengeance.

Divine mercy and patience, that had been so long with them, now retired from the field and left justice to do its vengeful work. God sent the same judgments upon the Jews on account of their sins, at a subsequent period of their history, when Jerusalem was taken by the Romans and her people caused to pass through sufferings,the bare recital of which makes our blood run cold. But those infidels that denounce Joshua have not a word to say against Titus on account of his cruelty.

When the whole land was conquered, Joshua made a wise division of it among the different tribes. He kept nothing for his own family, but the people gave him Timnath-serah, where the rest of his life was spent in inward and outward peace. With the approval of God, with an inward consciousness of having done his duty, and with the love and gratitude of the whole nation, his days glided peacefully on. He lived one hundred and ten years, and when he died was carried to the grove, amid great manifestations of sorrow by the whole people for whom he had done so much.

When this great and good man was near eternity, and with the hallowed influence of coming glory upon his mind, he gathered the people together to give them his parting address. He enters upon a solemn review of all the Lord had done for them in the past, for the double purpose of exciting within their minds gratitude for what they had received, and trust for the future. A review of the past is very profitable, if it is done in the right spirit. We can then look upon our sins and short-comings after the excitement and passion that accompanied them have passed away; and are humbled in the very dust on account of them. We see the hand of God in so marked a manner, leading us in the right way and by the best means, though we did not think so at the time; and we see his wisdom overruling our very faults for our good.

Joshua goes on, in a most earnest manner, to warn them against the idolatry around them. They must not have any intimacy with idolaters, must not intermarry with them, nor in any way put themselves into danger of falling into their abominations. We are to shun the very appearance of evil.

To dabble around the edges of sin is the surest way to be engulfed in destruction. He warns them of the terrible desolation that would come upon them if they departed from the living God; and that as he had been faithful to his promises, they would find him equally true in his threatening. His address reminds us of the words of Paul, "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men."

The Lord prolonged the life of his servant so that he was able to deliver a second address. This he did at Shechem, a place of blessed memories. This was the place where Abraham settled on his coming to Canaan, and where God appeared to him with words of comforting promise. Near it stood the mounts Gerizim and Ebal, where the people renewed their covenant upon their coming into the land. The spot selected then was calculated to remind them of two things, God's promise to them, and their promise to God. Joshua goes into a history of Jehovah's dealings with them, and then makes a pointed appeal to them to serve the Lord in sincerity and truth. He brings his remarks to a close with the solemn appeal, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." The people, as with one voice, pledged themselves to serve the Lord; and in memory of the event a great stone was set up, Joshua uttering the solemn words, "This stone shall be a witness unto us.'

We see the people, with tears in their eyes, turn away to their several homes, while the venerable servant of the Lord goes to his home to die. Of his death-bed, or the words he uttered there, we know nothing. No doubt his end was peaceful as the going down of the summer sun. Of the blessedness of his admission into the heavenly Canaan, his meeting with Moses with whom he had enjoyed such sweet intercourse on earth and, above all, his enjoyment in the presence of the Lord, whom he had loved and served so faithfully, we can form but a faint conception. His faith had ended in sight, and his expectation in full enjoyment.

Thus the redeemed of the Lord are brought safely and surely to their fair inheritance. The Captain of our salvation,

of whom Joshua was a type, is leading his people through many conflicts, only to bring them off more than conquerors. And when the last redeemed soul shall be gathered from earth and led into the heavenly glory, what a jubilee of rejoicing there will be in that sinless congregation. It will then be seen that not one of all the promises have failed, and rising and swelling into a rapturous song, their hearts will be poured out in the words, "Our Jesus has done all things well."

"Midst crosses, Faith her triumph knows;
The palm-tree pressed more vigorous grows;
Go tread the grasses 'neath thy feet—
The stream that flows is full and sweet;
In troubles, virtues grow and shine,
Like pearls beneath the ocean brine.

"Crosses abound: love seeks the skies;
Blow the rough winds, the flames arise;
When hopeless gloom the welkin shrouds,
The sun comes laughing through the clouds;
The cross makes pure affection glow,
Like oil that on the fire we throw.

"Who wears the cross prays oft and well;
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell.
Were ships ne'er tossed by stormy winds,
The Pole-star who would care to find?
Had David spent no darksome hours,
His sweetest songs had ne'er been ours.

"From trouble springs the longing hope;
From the deep vale we mount the slope;
Who treads the desert's dreariest way,
For Canaan most will long and pray;
Here finds the trembling dove no rest,
Flies to the ark, and builds his nest."

CHAPTER XIII.

JOB, THE PATIENT SUFFERER.

Sin and sorrow are inseparable companions. Ours is a weeping world because it is a sinful world. We cannot pass through it without experiencing affliction, less or more. And those afflictions become to us a blessing or a curse, according to the use we make of them. They must, in the very nature of things, either harden or soften our hearts. We will come out of the furnace either purified like gold, or blackened and hardened by the process through which we have passed. Under the chastening hand of God we will learn to say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; "or else we will say in the hardened spirit of Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

Some, under the losses and crosses of life, render themselves and all around them miserable, by bitter and unavailing complaints. Others sit down under their trouble with an attempt at stoical indifference, submitting to the lashes of something they call fate. Others, taught by a false philosophy, try to find comfort to themselves and to impart comfort to others by saying, "We must just submit to what can't be helped." None of these are the Christian's methods of finding comfort in trouble. In the story of Job's life we may learn how to bear the loss of friends, health, riches and honors, in a spirit at once rational and pleasing to God.

There are some who would take away Job from the list of Scripture characters altogether. They deny him a real existence, turning the history which we have of him into a parable or allegory; but this finds no warrant in the Bible. Job is mentioned in other parts of the Scriptures, and his name connected with persons who are acknowledged to be real char-

acters. For example, in the fourteenth chapter of Ezekiel, Moab, Daniel and Job are spoken of together. Men might as well attempt to make Abraham, Noah, or Daniel, a mere creature of fancy, as Job. The Apostle James makes direct allusion to him in the fifth chapter of his epistle: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful." This is spoken as of a real character; and it seems absurd to think that the Holy Spirit would hold up an imaginary person as an example and model to Christians in all after ages.

There has been a great deal of learned discussion as to the authorship of the Book of Job. The most general opinion is that it was written by Moses during his long and lonely sojourn in Midian. That it is very ancient, is evident from the fact that there is no reference to the deliverance of Israel from the bondage of Egypt; nor to the many wonderful events attending their journey to the promised land. Except the book, of Genesis it is, in all probability, the most ancient book in the world. On this subject Gilfillan says: "The book of Job shows a mind smit with a passion for nature in her simplest, most solitary and elementary forms—gazing perpetually at the great shapes of the material universe and reproducing to us the infinite wonder with which the first inhabitants of the world must have seen their first sunrise, their first thunderstorm, their first moon waning; their first midnight heaven expanding like an arch of triumph over their happy heads. One object of the book is to prophecy of nature—to declare its testimony to the Most High—to unite the leaves of its trees, the wings of its fowls, the eyes of its stars, in one act of adoration to Jehovah. August undertaking, and meet for one raised in the desert, anointed with the dew of heaven, and by God himself inspired."

Job is brought before us a man great and distinguished; the greatest of all the men of the East, we are told. There are many kinds of greatness according to the estimate of different persons as to what constitutes it. Some think that the possession of great wealth alone constitutes greatness;

others that distinguished birth and hereditary titles confer greatness; while still others consider genius alone as imparting greatness. Job had a kind of greatness above all these; it was the greatness of true goodness. He was high in rank, according to the idea of his times, being patriarch of his tribe. He had also great wealth, and extensive possessions. That he was a great man intellectually is also clear from the high poetic beauty of his utterances, the power of his imagination and the clear logic of his arguments. But he was great in a better and higher sense; for we are told that he was "perfect and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil." Of course, we are not to understand the word perfect here as meaning that he was sinless, for he repeatedly acknowledged himself a sinner. It means that he was perfectly sincere and free from guile. A sinless perfection, so far as the creature is concerned, is not to be found on earth; for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Any claim of that kind, set up by fallen man, can only spring from pride and self-righteousness.

But there is a sense in which every believer is perfect before God—a sense in which he is without sin. He is perfectly justified for Jesus' sake. He is complete in Christ. There is not one sin left unpardoned, not one guilty act left unatoned for, and not one dark spot that the blood of Jesus cannot wash away. So that, in the sense of being perfectly justified from all things, the believer is perfect. Paul brings this out in the tenth chapter of Hebrews: "By one offering Christ has perfected forever them that are sanctified." In this sense Job was perfect. Through the blood of sacrifice he looked away to Calvary and was justified through faith in a Savior to come. There has been but one way of salvation in every age, and that way he knew; for he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Job comes before us as a highly prosperous man; as one who seems to have all that heart can wish. He lives in a comfortable home, has every necessary within his reach, has power and authority among his fellows, is highly popular among all ranks and conditions of society, being reverenced, as we are

told, "By the young and old, by nobles and by princes." Besides all this, he had grown up around him healthy and loving children; and better than all, and above all, he had the approval of God, filling his soul with a foretaste of heaven.

Now, that he stood firm for God and duty in the midst of all this, speaks highly for the spirituality of his mind. How many in the midst of prosperity forget God. How many in the midst of power become vain and arrogant. How many who, when their bodily wants are all supplied, forget the wants of their immortal souls. Not so with this good man. The tendency of riches is to harden the heart, and to make us forget the sufferings of others. Being successful in all our own undertakings, we are apt to blame those who are not so, as the victims of their own folly. Hence, we are ready to think that poverty and crime are inseparably united.

But Job felt in regard to his wealth, that he was only a steward of his Lord's bounties, an almoner of the blessings of heaven to the poor. And he gave with a kind and loving spirit. He did not, by a haughty and tyrannical manner, hurt the feelings of those whose wants he relieved. He did not wound the spirit while he fed the body. He showed deep sympathy in all his intercourse with the afflicted. His own words are, "Did I not weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor?" In regard to such a man, we rejoice in his prosperity, we are pleased when his riches increase; for his good is the good of all. He gives as he gets, and the more he receives the more blessed are those around him.

Now, when the bolts of adversity suddenly strike such a man, we are taken by surprise. Like thunder rolling out of a clear sky, it startled us by its unexpectedness. And not only so, but we are puzzled and perplexed by such a thing being permitted under the government of a good God. The frequent afflictions of good men, and the temporary prosperity of the wicked, have led to dark and unhappy reflections in the minds of those who felt themselves confronted with this mystery. Among the Jews the idea seemed to have been quite

general, that great afflictions were an evidence of great sins; and this error our Lord frequently rebuked during his ministry upon earth. Job's friends could not but acknowledge that his outward conduct was correct, and therefore, they came to the conclusion that there must have been dark, hidden hypocrisy to account for so much suffering. Even our Lord's disciples, who ought to have known better, pointed to a poor blind man and asked, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he is born blind?" Under the superior light of the gospel we know that afflictions are an evidence of God's love rather than of his displeasure. They are sent to accomplish the very highest good; and are often effectual when all other means have failed. But under a dark dispensation this was not so clearly seen; and the book of Job would be of great service in clearing up this mystery, and vindicating the ways of God to man.

We should remember that this book is thrown into a poetic form, and that the different scenes presented are highly figurative and dramatic. The writer suddenly takes us to the court of heaven, on a day when the ministering angels are assembled before God, giving an account of their missions of love. We are made to see these holy ones standing reverently before Jehovah, when Satan also presents himself. He is asked whence he came, and to his significant answer we should all give heed. "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." This accords with what an inspired writer says of him, that he goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. The Lord is then represented as speaking in high terms of Job; to which the dark, scowling fiend replied, "Does Job serve God for naught?" This question implied that he considered all Job's piety as selfishness; that he served God, because he was well paid for it; and because constant blessings and favors were showered upon his pathway. Let these only be removed, let his religion cease to *pay*, and instead of worshiping God, Satan insisted that he would curse him to his face.

We have here a most striking illustration of the union of sin

and selfishness. Satan is the most selfish being in the whole universe, because he is the most sinful. Now, when any being becomes thoroughly selfish he cannot believe in the existence of disinterestedness. Unbelief shuts up the soul in thick darkness, and there is no faith in either God or man. The idea that any one would give anything for nothing, he regards as one only to be laughed at. You need not tell him; he knows better; he knows what human nature is; and is not to be entrapped by fine spun theories of benevolence and disinterestedness.

But the meaning of all this talk about knowing human nature, is simply that he knows a little of his own nature. He knows that *he* would not give something for nothing. He knows that there is no disinterestedness about him; and as water cannot rise above its own level, in his conception of others he cannot rise higher than himself. Let a minister show great zeal for the salvation of souls, and sinners will tell you that he does it to increase the membership of his church, and consequently to add to his own salary. I know a minister who, feeling deeply for perishing souls, went out into the streets, hoping to save some who never go to the house of God. An editor published in his paper that this was done to fill up his church and increase his pay; when the fact was, that at that very time his church was crowded to the door, every pew rented, and more constantly being asked for. In a city where I resided several of the lady members of the church went out into the lowest haunts of poverty and crime, carrying food and clothing to the starving wretches that pined and shivered in these filthy dens. These poor creatures would often ask the ladies what salary they got for doing this; finding it impossible to believe that any one would go through all this toil and exposure and danger for nothing. When told that it was all done from love to Jesus, and love to them as his creatures, they stared in absolute astonishment. Some shook their heads and looked incredulous. There was no room in their selfish souls for such a grand conception. Like their master, the Devil, they had no faith.

Take another illustration. The young people connected with my church commenced a mission school in one of the most wicked parts of the city. It did, indeed, seem a forlorn hope to attempt doing any good there. The young people, however, were full of the love of Christ, and of love to souls, and went from house to house inviting the children in. At the appointed hour there was a good attendance. I noticed two little boys, dirty and ragged, enter, and casting a suspicious look around them, take a seat near the door. One of them laid his hat upon the end of a bench. It was dirty, greasy, and torn, and certainly not worth a cent; but no sooner had he laid it down than his companion, giving him a dig in his ribs with his elbow, exclaimed, "Bill, pick up your hat; *they'll hook it.*" Poor child! he had lived in such scenes of crime and selfishness, had been so accustomed to hatred and suspicion, that he firmly believed that we had been to all that pains of furnishing a school-house and inviting him in, only to *hook his old hat.*

The more men are like Satan, that is, the more wicked they are, the harder it is to get them to believe in God's disinterested love. Even when conscience lashes them into an attempt to come back to their Maker, their first thought is that they must pay something for their pardon. They bring, in some way, a price in their hand. This is the reason that those forms of religion that permit the sinner to pay something for his salvation are so popular. The good news of the gospel, that God pardons freely, without money and without price, they find it hard to receive. There seems no room in their minds for such a glorious view of God, they are so filled and narrowed up with sin and selfishness.

We learn from the history of Job that Satan has no independent power to injure God's people. He could do nothing without permission, and all that he did do was overruled for the increase of the faith and purity of him whom he attacked. With all his boasted knowledge of human nature, he was completely defeated. His cunning devices were all foiled. The reason is, that the same Lord that permitted Job to be tried

sustained him by his mighty power in the trial. If the powers of darkness were permitted to sift Peter, the Great Advocate was praying for him at the same time, that his faith might not fail.

The blow has at last fallen, and that, too, at a time when it would be felt most severely, on one of the joyful days of his life. There was a family festival at the house of his oldest son. They were a cheerful, happy, united family; joy beamed in every face and flashed from every eye. No unhappy jealousies no unlovely bickerings, disturbed the harmony of the occasion. It was a sight to gladden a father's heart, and even to arrest the pleased attention of a passing angel. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

There are some things that are pleasant, but not good; there are others, again, that are good but not pleasant; but this was both pleasant and good. Job is not with his children on this occasion, but he rejoiced in their joy, and sent to heaven many a prayer that their earthly prosperity might not lead them to forget God.

But what means this! A man is seen rushing towards the house, and his face tells a tale of woe before his tongue can utter a word. His clothes are torn and bloody, and he has all the appearance of one who has passed through a severe conflict. He reports to his master that while he and his fellow servants were at work in the fields, a band of Sabeans fell upon them, killed all but himself, and went off with the cattle. It has often been noticed in families, that one trouble scarcely ever comes alone. Rushing after each other like the great waves of the stormy sea, they come down upon the heads of the sufferers with surging might. Scarcely has this man finished telling his tale of woe, when another comes in hot haste, breathless, pale, and a whole volume of evil tidings in his eye. He reports that the lightnings of heaven had fallen in consuming blaze, and killed all Job's servants and the vast flocks of sheep which they had been attending. He had scarcely done speaking when another reporter of evil tidings entered. He reports that the Chaldeans, in three bands, have seized upon the camels, and

taken them away, killing the servants while defending their master's property. But heavier and heavier fall the blows upon this good man's head. His property is nearly all gone; he is now a poor man; but his children are yet spared to him. They have always been kind and loving and dutiful, and he is still rich in possessing them. But here comes another messenger with words of horror! A wild tempest, a desolating tornado has smote the house where his children had their family gathering, and crushed them to death in its ruin. Oh, what a crushing blow is this! The loss of riches could have been borne, but his brave, his lovely, his loving children—the joy of his life, the beloved of his soul—all gone; never to see them more, never again to gladden his heart and his home with their beaming smiles and loving ways!

Who that have lost children themselves do not pity this old man, standing in this howling tempest of adversity, like a solitary tree in a field, stripped of all its branches. I remember meeting a brother minister in Canada, who when he left Scotland had a large family of lovely children; but when he landed at Montreal had not one. They had sickened and died, one after another, till all had been committed to the great deep. He looked like a man who had been stunned with a blow on the head. He walked and talked like a man in a dream. But Job's children were not taken from him by disease, giving him a little time to prepare for the appalling loss: but suddenly, without a moment's notice, he was written childless. And then, it was by a violent death that he lost them. No doubt, to the Christian sudden death is sudden glory; but it fills us with horror to have the bodies of our friends mangled by sudden death, it may be almost beyond recognition. Let us learn from this dark catalogue of trouble which befell Job, to keep a loose hold of earth, and not to set our affections too strongly upon anything below the skies, for we know not what a day may bring forth. A few brief hours may sweep our possessions from the face of the earth. Let us have our treasure in heaven, our all in God himself.

Meantime, how bears this good man this succession of

troubles? In such a way as to excite our highest admiration. He does not throw himself upon the ground in an agony of turbulent and frenzied sorrow. He does not rush off into the wilderness, nor hide himself in a hermit's cave, there to brood over his losses. It is true that he feels those losses keenly, but his sorrow is manly and dignified. There is no extravagant expression of his sorrow, either in word or act. His faith gains a complete victory, compared with which all the victories ever gained on battle fields sink into insignificance. By that faith he conquered Satan, and set an example that has been like a tower of strength to believers in every age since his day. Listen to the sublime outpourings of his anguished soul. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

But his afflictions are not yet ended. Fierce disease fastens upon his own person. He is smitten with sore boils, from the sole of his feet unto his crown. Eminent scholars and physicians, judging from the symptoms described, say that it was the black leprosy with which he was afflicted. This is described as a universal ulcer, and one of the most painful and loathsome diseases which can afflict humanity. He is brought before us in a most forlorn and miserable condition; sitting among ashes and scraping himself with a potsherd. We are told that the disease named is so offensive that all the friends flee from the sufferer, leaving him to be his own nurse. The whole is such a dark picture of sorrow and desolation that our hearts break out in pity, and we would be glad if death would step in and end the scene. His own picture of his state is this: "When I lie down I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is clothed with wounds and clouds of dust; my skin is broken and become loathsome."

At this crisis we hear, for the first time, of his wife. We are glad to learn that she still lives; and are ready to assure ourselves that she will bring him comfort. No man can be utterly desolate and forsaken who has the strong affection and undy-

ing love of a good wife to fall back upon. Heaven's richest gift to man is a wise, loving, true-hearted wife. She will prove to him a helpmeet in every trial; and her sympathy, her strong faith in her husband, and her hope in the future will prove an unfailing support. But, alas! even this fails Job in the day of trouble. We would not wonder to find his wife the victim of bitter grief and sunk under a load of despondency. Many of the calamities that had befallen him had smitten her also. The children that he had lost were also her children. If he was homeless and beggared by the loss of his earthly all, she was an equal sharer in the loss. We are prepared to excuse her, then, for any outbreak of passionate sorrow to which she may give vent. But when we see her approach him with the harsh, unwomanly, and blasphemous words, "Curse God and die!" we are shocked, and feel that this is a heavy addition to his troubles. His property is gone, his children are gone, his health gone, his high position in society gone, even his friends are turned against him and are denouncing him as a hypocrite; and now he has nothing left but his God and his religion, and even his own wife asks him to renounce these. To curse his God, and to tear from his agonized soul the hope of heaven, is the counsel which Satan gives; not through his own foul, lying lips, but through the lips of her he had loved so long and so well. His answer, under the circumstances, is one of great mildness and wisdom. "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

The Apostle Paul tells us that "no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but rather grievous." He then points us out the results which affliction works, such as the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The bud may be bitter, but the flower will be sweet.

A minister tells us that he was spending several days in one of our Western cities. He put up at a hotel, and one morning he heard, while up in his room, the most wonderful whistling he had ever listened to. It seemed like the notes of a

bird, but he thought it could not be that, for there was a perfectly regular tune kept up with much power. Though he was in the third story, yet the music came gushing up in its sweet melody, and seemed to fill the whole house. He ran down stairs to get a sight of the wonderful performer, looking every man that he met in the face. At last he asked the clerk who it was that had such amazing power as a whistler. Laughing at his simplicity he pointed him to a canary bird that had been trained to perform in this way, and was valued at one hundred and fifty dollars.

"How was that bird trained to sing this way?" the gentleman enquired. In reply the clerk told him that during the training process the bird is nearly starved and shut up in a room that is almost dark. While it is under this severe discipline, and its attention undivided, a bird organ is made to play this one tune over and over again, for days. Hearing nothing else, and *taught by his troubles*, the poor little bird takes up the tune which he performs so perfectly.

Thus it is that God permits his people to be afflicted that they may learn the heavenly song. He shuts them up in the dark room of sorrow, away from the tempting sights and sounds of the world, that they may, without distraction, listen to his voice and learn to sing the higher melodies of glory. Blessed are those who patiently wait the Lord's good time to work out their deliverance. When the song of grace is fully learned, he brings them into a large place, sets their feet upon a rock, and others learn from them the sweet song of redeeming love.

There was lately on exhibition, in New York, a beautiful work of art, a drawing so perfect, that in the opinion of the best judges, it deserved to be put beside the works of the great masters. It tells a story of patience and perseverance, of courage and self-reliance, and of the power of the mind over outward difficulties, truly amazing.

The drawing is by John Carter, and it was executed in India ink, with the point of a hair pencil which he held between his teeth. He has executed a number of pieces, all of which have been eagerly bought up, but the one referred to is said to be

his masterpiece, and is called "*The Rat Catcher and his Dogs.*" Carter was a poor, uneducated, common day laborer, having only been long enough at school to learn to read and write. One day in climbing a tree he fell and injured his spine. He was taken up for dead; but, contrary to all expectation, lived for fourteen years without power to move a limb of his body, and without feeling anywhere below his neck. His head and neck had feeling and power of motion. To pass the time he began to draw, holding the brush in his teeth and moving it with his lips and tongue. A beautiful butterfly came in at his window one day, and he took that for his first subject. He went on day by day, forgetting his troubles in his intense interest in his occupation, till he produced a picture that excites the admiration of the best judges in Britain and America.

Nor was this all. He died in 1850, and a short memoir of him was written by his minister, from which we learn that his moral qualities kept pace with his intellectual. While he was learning to draw the works of God the Holy Spirit was drawing the Divine image upon his soul. His poor, hard, repulsive life was made lovely and of good report, and the humble cottage in which he lived became to many like the gate of heaven. A sweet calm, unbroken by fretfulness or repining, sat upon his soul day by day, and made a visit to him the most powerful of sermons. And while he showed such energy, ingenuity, and invincible pluck in overcoming difficulties, yet in humility and gratitude and cheerful piety, he showed that his trust was in God alone.

So it is that thousands in the school of affliction have learned that of which they had no conception in prosperous days. They have in quiet patience possessed their souls till the Savior's image could be seen in them. Could we to-day go up to that heavenly multitude, in numbers beyond computation, and speak to them one by one, we would find that they had come there through *much* tribulation. And now they know that it was not too much—that not one trial, not one stroke of the rod could have been spared.

"All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
Oh! what glories they discover
In the Savior whom they love!
Now they see him face to face,
Him who saved them by His grace."

But to return to Job. Three of his special friends paid him a visit of sympathy and condolence. He was so fearfully changed that they could scarcely recognize him, and contrasting his present condition with that in which they had last seen him, "they lifted up their voices and wept." With much delicacy of feeling they sat down by him upon the ground without uttering a word; paying, as the poet says:

"A debt of reverence to distress so great."

We have an account of a long discussion between Job and his friends, into which we have not room fully to enter. To do so would require a book by itself. Job still retains his faith in God, but through weakness of the flesh, and his extreme mental and bodily anguish, he gives utterance to sentiments that cannot be justified. There are lamentations of too desponding a character; and he shows too much self-righteousness in vindicating himself. Eliphaz, being the oldest of the three, is the first speaker. His arguments are powerful, and his language has great poetic beauty and eloquence. But his whole address is founded upon the false conception that Job's great sufferings are a proof that he was a great sinner.

In the course of his remarks he has a splendid description of a supernatural visitor, which has been greatly admired by men of literary taste. Many attempts have been made to describe in poetic numbers the visits of spirits to earth; but their description remains unapproached and unapproachable. Barnes says of it, "It is impossible to conceive anything more sublime than the whole description. It was midnight. There was silence and solitude all around. At that fearful hour the vision came, and a sentiment was communicated to Eliphaz of the utmost importance, and suited to make the deepest possible impression. The time, the quiet, the form of the image, its

passing along, and then suddenly standing still; the silence, and then the deep and solemn voice—all were fitted to produce the profoundest awe."

Bildad, the Shuhite, is the next speaker. There is a great deal of good sound truth in his remarks; but going upon the ground that Job must have been a hypocrite, it sounds harsh, severe, and cruel.

Zophar is the third of those miserable comforters. He takes the same ground as the rest, as to the cause of Job's affliction, and is even more violent and denunciatory against the man of God. There is in his discourse one of the grandest descriptions of God's attributes. He dwells upon the sovereignty of God and the unsearchableness of his ways; and argues from the perfection of the Divine wisdom the folly of sinful man setting himself up to question God's ways.

While the controversy was going on a young man, called Elihu, had been an earnest listener, and now in a very modest way began to give his opinions. He rebukes both sides; Job for justifying himself rather than the Lord, who doeth righteously, and his friends for condemning, without cause, so good a man. With wonderful power he shows the impossibility of sinful man making himself acceptable to God by his own works. And his speech had a great effect upon Job. He makes no direct reply to it, but his eyes become open to his faults, and to a humble view of himself before God. Toward the close of his remarks there is a very sublime description of a thunder storm. Nowhere can we find, in the writings of uninspired men, anything to be compared to it. In the eighteenth Psalm there is a description of the same thing, that perhaps excels it. It is likely that such a storm was raging at the very time Elihu was speaking; for shortly after we are told of the Lord speaking to Job out of the whirlwind.

This speech of the Almighty is awfully solemn and sublime. Bishop Patrick says, "that its grandeur is as much above all other poetry as thunder is louder than a whisper." Gilfillan, who regards the book of Job as an allegory, says, "To put suitable language in the mouth of Deity, has generally tasked

to straining or crushed to feebleness the genius of poets." Homer, indeed, at times, nobly ventriloquizes from the top of Olympus; but it is ventriloquism; Homer's thunder, not Job's. Milton, while impersonating God, falls flat; he peeps and mutters from the dust; he shrinks from seeking to fill up the compass of the Eternal's voice. Adequately to represent God's speaking, required not only the highest inspiration, but that the poet had heard, or thought that he heard, his very voice, shaping articulate sounds from midnight torrents, from the voices of the wind, from the chambers of thunder, from the rush of whirlwinds, from the hush of night, and from the breeze of day. And doubtless, the author of the book of Job had this experience."

Job is now humbled in the dust. He takes his true position as a sinner. He says to God, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eyes see thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." The Lord from the whirlwind rebukes the three friends in words of strong displeasure. They had given a distorted view of God's character, and had persistently slandered a good man. They were commanded to bring an expiatory sacrifice for themselves, while Job is to intercede on their behalf. Prosperity now rolls in upon Job. Two-fold more than he had lost is restored to him. Friends crowd around him with presents in their hands, and in a happy and serene old age he found that the promises of God never fail the trusting and confiding believer. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

"Leave all to God,
Forsaken one, and still thy tears,
For the Highest knows thy pain;
Sees thy suffering and thy fears;
Thou shalt not wait his help in vain,
Leave all to God.

"Be still and trust!
For his strokes are strokes of love
Thou must for thy profit bear;
He thy filial fear would move;
Trust thy Father's loving care:
Be still and trust!

"Know God is near!
Though thou think him far away,
Though his mercy long have slept,
He will come and not delay,
When his child enough hath wept;
For God is near.

"O, teach him not
When and how to hear thy prayers;
Never doth our God forget;
He the cross who longest bears
Finds his sorrow's bounds are set;
Then teach him not.

"If thou love him,
Walking truly in his ways,
Then no trouble, cross, or death
Shakes thy heart or quells thy praise;
All things serve thee here beneath,
If thou love God!"

CHAPTER XIV.

SAMUEL: THE CONSECRATED TO GOD.

How much the world owes to pious mothers can never be known. The men who have done the most to bring our wandering race back to God; who have stood forth the bold and unflinching advocates of civil and religious liberty; in whose souls have burned a patriotic fervor that eagerly and earnestly aimed at the highest good of their countrymen for both world's; men who made no account of life itself when put in competition with the glory of God and the high and holy interests of truth; men, in short, who in the presence of assembled worlds shall hear the "well done" of the great Judge addressed to them, have been delighted to acknowledge that all that they were, under God, was due to the prayers and instructions of their pious mothers.

It has been noticed that among the women of Israel, there existed a strong desire for children. To be a wife and not a mother was regarded as a heavy affliction; nay, a kind of reproach. This has been accounted for by the influence which the promise of the Messiah had upon their minds, each hoping that the high honor which in the fullness of time was given to the Holy Mary might be hers. But this only accounts for it in part. They regarded the possession of children as a great blessing, "a heritage from the Lord;" and an increase of the family was a matter of rejoicing and gratitude. And permit me to say, that this is always the case, where society is not sunk into a fearfully perverted and corrupted state. Woe to the country where children are regarded rather as an incumbrance than as a blessing, as something to be feared rather than desired, and to prevent which means are resorted to, at the very thought of which modesty blushes and humanity shudders.

This strong desire for children gave rise to a practice, which, not only never had the approval of God, but incurred his highest displeasure. I refer to the practice of introducing into the household, another or a subordinate wife, when the first had no children. The family distractions, the jealousies, and heart-burnings, the utter loss of all home comfort, to which this almost universally gave rise, proved that the way of transgressors is hard.

The father of Samuel was Elkanah, a Levite, of the city of Ephraim. He was a person of wealth and influence, and seems to have been a kind, good, God-fearing man. His wife, Hannah, was one of the best of women. Her piety was deep and earnest, and marked by great humility and conscientiousness, while her faith in prayer was extraordinary. Her husband loved her fondly, but their home was not gladened by the voice of childhood, which was a standing sorrow to her heart. In an evil hour her husband brought another wife to his house, named Penannah, and all comfort fled the dwelling. She brought Elkanah sons and daughters, we are told; but being a woman of a weak and malignant mind, she made Hannah very unhappy by her constant abuse.

But that good woman was as eminent for her goodness as for her piety, and patiently bore evils which could not be helped. She made no complaint to her husband, and entered into no angry altercations with her foolish and cruel rival. Her meek and gentle spirit was far above anything of that kind, and led her to carry all her heart troubles to Him who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Her husband went up yearly to the tabernacle of the Lord in Shiloh, to offer sacrifices, taking his family with him. It would seem that on such occasions Hannah's rival was at special pains to insult her and to triumph over her. Her poor, trembling, timid soul, flies to the sanctuary, and pours out her troubles into the loving and sympathizing ear of her heavenly Friend.

There is nothing on earth so powerful as prayer. More powerful than the might of kings, the decrees of cabinets, or

the mandates of senators, is the prayer of faith. More to be feared, by the enemies of truth and righteousness, is the appeal to heaven, by the humblest child of God, than the tramp of armies, and the might of well appointed navies, for prayer can do what these cannot, move the arm of God. Hannah's prayer was a powerful and an effective one, but it was not a noisy one. There were deep groanings within her that could not be uttered. Her lips moved, but her voice was only heard by the ear of God. Very likely there was the marks of deep emotion upon her countenance; and Eli, the High priest, who had been watching her, came to the conclusion that she was intoxicated, and administered to her a severe rebuke, "How long wilt thou be drunken? Put away thy wine from thee."

Poor woman! As if she had not trouble enough already, must she be called a drunkard in God's house and by God's minister! How hard and stunning must this blow have been to such a gentle and sensitive spirit. The best of men are liable to make mistakes in judging of their fellow-creatures, but how cautious should we be in forming our opinions about others, and still more so in expressing them. We may offend one of God's little ones, and bring upon ourselves a terrible woe. What does Hannah do? Does she break out into indignant protest and angry invective against such a charge? No; she treats God's high priest with becoming reverence and courtesy. "No, my Lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit. I have drank neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord."

The good man was convinced that he had made a serious mistake, and joined his prayers to her's. She made a vow, that if the Lord would give her a son he should be wholly devoted to the Lord's service. In due time her prayer was answered, and as she gazed upon the face of her son with all a mother's fond love, she called him Samuel, which means, asked of the Lord.

Soon as Samuel was old enough to be spared from his mother, she is not unmindful of her solemn vow. From the Lord's

hands she had received him, and to His service she is resolved he shall be dedicated. To part with him, at a time when he was becoming most interesting, must have been a hard trial to her motherly heart, but faith can triumph even over natural affection. We see her then holding her boy by the hand and journeying to Shiloh. Perhaps Eli had forgotten her by this time, but a few words would soon recall all the circumstances of the case. He takes the gift from the mother, recognizing the hand of God in the whole matter; and from that time, we are told, the child ministered to him.

And now she must go back to her home without him who, as far as any earthly thing could, had been the joy and light of her dwelling. We expect to hear the voice of weeping and lamentation, but instead of that, she breaks forth into a song of thanksgiving, and the outgushing of a happy, loving heart. But though she has parted with her son and knows that he is in safe keeping, she still watches over him, and cares for his wants. What a sweet picture is that which the inspired narrator brings before us. "She made him a little coat, and brought it from year to year, when she came with her husband to the yearly sacrifice." How these yearly visits would be looked forward to, how they would be talked about before and after, we need not tell. It has not been thought beneath the dignity of inspired history to mention that little coat, every stitch of which was a labor of love. God gave her other children, who made many demands upon her time; but her oldest son, the child of her many prayers, was never forgotten. She saw him growing up in favor with God and man. He was humble, prompt in the performance of his duties, reverent and earnest in all that related to God's worship, greatly beloved by the high priest, and gave promise of future greatness even beyond a fond mother's expectations.

What a great work does that mother accomplish who trains up a child for God. Her sphere may seem a small one, her lot lowly and obscure; but world-wide is the influence she exerts. Her work will go down undiminished, and extending through all ages; even down to the last moment of recorded

time. And yet it is not every good Christian that is a good trainer of youth. Some, by sour and gloomy presentation of truth, may make religion repulsive to their children. Some, by too great severity, break the twig instead of bending it in a heavenly direction; while others, like Eli, refusing to use the appropriate restraints, let them rush on, with unbridled passions, to perdition.

We cannot estimate the great influence of youthful piety. Then impressions are received that are to be perpetual as the soul's own being. It is then that the die is struck, the inscription impressed, that is to be read through all eternity. Then is the crisis of our being—the moulding time of character—that is to develop into an an angel or a fiend. We sometimes, in traveling, meet old men mature in wickedness; lost to faith in God, lost to faith in man's truth or woman's virtue; the wretched, depraved, sensual soul, having engraved its likeness upon the wrinkled visage; the filthy mouth forming an outlet for the vile, volcanic-like passions that dwell within; and we are shocked at the sight. But all this maturity in sin began in one false step in youth. We are shocked to read in the papers accounts of wrecked ships, beaten to pieces by angry waves upon frowning cliffs and rocky coasts. In the quiet and security of our own homes, we can imagine that we hear the shrieks of the perishing ones, rising above the hoarse voice of the tempest; and that we see faces distorted with terror, as they are borne on to destruction by the mountain billow. But what is this to the wrecks that are going on among young souls, every day, in our crowded cities. With strong passions within, clamoring for gratification; with temptations all around, making them more familiar with sin, they are among the breakers; and nothing but early piety, taking Jesus for their pilot, can save them. He alone can guide them to a secure haven.

Samuel was consecrated to God. An old man may do this, but he only offers God the dregs of his life. His health, his vigor, his bright manhood, his warm, glowing affections, have all been given to the world. To deliberately plan to put reli-

gion off to old age, is supremely mean, not to speak of its wickedness. It is a positive insult to God; for he gave the world the very best gift he had to give, namely, his own Son. And yet men will tell us that when they are old and worn out in sin and worldliness, they will come with a sudden flaring out of piety, and make God a present of the dregs of their existence.

Can we conceive of anything more forlorn and sad than an old man sitting amid the wrecks of the past, with dull ears, and dim eyes, and benumbed brain, looking over a misspent life, while his sins, gathering round him, call for vengeance, like the ghosts of murdered men. He wants to go to heaven; not that he cares about its employments or its holiness, but only to escape hell. The habit of delaying religion has become so strong that it binds him as if with chains of iron; and dozing his days away in a sleepy indifference he passes into eternity. Young reader, come early to Jesus. Let the first fruits of your whole being be given to him. The most useful men the world has ever seen were converted early. Samuel, David, Daniel and Timothy are all examples of this. And may God make you another illustrious example of the same thing!

Samuel was not only early called to be a subject of real piety, but he was early called into the prophetic office. This was done in a remarkable manner. Waiting upon the high priest, and performing many little offices for his personal comfort, he slept at night near to his chamber. The old man had gone to rest; and, his duties being all performed, Samuel had retired also. It was the silent hour of midnight; the Levites were all asleep; the lights had begun to grow dim in the sanctuary, when Samuel is aroused by a voice calling his name. He goes at once to the room of the high priest, saying, "Here am I." Three times he was called, and thrice he responded in like manner. On none of those occasions had Eli called him, but the aged servant of God, suspecting that there was something supernatural in the voice, instructed the youth next time he was called to reply, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant

heareth." This he did, and the Lord answered by revealing to him the fearful judgment he was about to bring upon Eli and his family, on account of the wicked and sacrilegious conduct of his sons.

Samuel was now in a difficult position. Eli had ever been a kind and loving friend to him; and he felt great diffidence in communicating the awful revelation entrusted to him. He felt that the burden of the Lord was upon him; but went about his common every day duties as before. Eli, however, suspected that he had received some communication that he wished to keep back; and solemnly charged him to tell him all the truth. This the young lad did, and when the venerable man heard the appalling sentence he meekly replied: "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good in his sight."

The threatened judgment did not tarry long. Eli was a good, pure, kind-hearted man; as is seen in all his dealings with Hannah and her son. But he had no force of character; he was timid, and destitute of moral courage. His sons, who served with him in the sanctuary, were vile men, profaning by their conduct the house of God. This he knew, and no doubt mourned over the fact; but he loved peace more than purity, and let matters go on till his sons brought a reproach and a disgrace upon the cause of God. The great God is now about to take the matter into his own hands; and Eli has not a word to say, but acknowledges his coming punishment right and just. That the rebukes of the Almighty should fall upon him, is only what he feels that he deserves. Some men would have shown resentment against Samuel, as the messenger of those sad tidings; but he loves the youth as much as ever, and only condemns himself.

A war breaks out between the Philistines and the Israelites. According to custom the people of Israel take the ark with them—the symbol of Divine presence. The possession of that sacred object used to put fresh courage into their armies and strike terror into the hearts of their foes. But now an alarming disaster befalls them. They flee before their enemies; Eli's sons are both killed; the ark is taken, and the high priest

dies under the blow inflicted upon him by the sad tidings! It is, indeed, a most affecting picture, to see that old man sitting, watching and waiting for tidings from the battle field. We are told that his heart trembled for the ark of God. At last he hears the noise of the tumult of people; one comes running out of the army, his clothes torn and earth upon his head, and tells Eli a tale of horror. His sons are dead—great slaughter among the people—Israel fleeing like frightened sheep before their foes; and, worst of all, the ark of God taken! Ah! this was more than he could bear. We see him stretch out his trembling and palsied hands; the ghastly hue of death comes over his face; and, in the touching language of the inspired narrative, "He fell from off the seat backward, by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy."

This whole narrative reads a most impressive lesson to parents and guardians of youth. If we have a restraining power and fail to exercise it, so that evil goes on, having too little moral courage, or too indolent or selfish a desire for peace, we are held accountable for the evil that occurs. We are held to account for evil that we could have prevented in others and did not, as much as for evil that we directly do ourselves. Eli should have restrained his sons, by meekness and gentleness if he could, but by the most harsh and most severe measures, if nothing else would avail. God should have been honored first and above all; if the nearest and the dearest had been turned out beggar upon the world. Here we see how one defect of character may destroy the usefulness of a good man. This man was gentle, loving, kind; took a deep interest in the prosperity of God's cause; had great power in prayer; and meekly bore the rebukes of the Lord. But he had no firmness, and this made his whole character like a rope of sand; so that no dependence could be put in him. We must add to our faith, courage; that is, the power to say no, at the right time and at the right place.

Sin is no trifle. God does not spare it even in his own dear people. And if this is the case with them, oh sinner! what

will become of you? "If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

Samuel was now the one to whom the eyes of the people turned. They had been long familiar with his wonderful history, and recent events had pointed him out as a chosen prophet of the Lord. "And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground." He found the nation of Israel in a fearfully corrupt state. The sons of Eli had brought the public worship of God into disrepute, and idol worship began to reappear and to become popular. The young prophet showed great zeal for the right; his voice was lifted up against the abominations around him; and the trumpet of truth, as sounded by him, gave no uncertain sound.

After Samuel was formally recognized as Judge his first act was to call an assembly of the people, for fasting and prayer and deep humiliation before the Lord. He urged the entire extirpation of idolatry; and promised the people that if this was done the Lord would return to them and deliver them from the oppression of the Philistines. Their enemy, hearing of this great meeting, and judging that it boded them no good, came up in battle array against them. For this they were not prepared, and great fear took hold of them. But one thing was favorable. They had learned to know where their strength lay, and said to Samuel, "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us." God heard prayer, their enemies were driven before them, and in grateful memory of the event, Samuel set up a stone, calling it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Every Christian that has carefully noted the ways of the Lord with him, can raise up many a joyful Ebenezer. It is a sad sign of our ingratitude that we are loud in our cries for help, when in trouble, but not so loud in our shouts of praise when deliverance comes. Our adorable Lord said: "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" Only one had come back to give thanks for his cure. To remember past mercies, and draw from them occasion of thanksgiving and of

encouragement for the future, is well pleasing to God. When prayer has been answered, and faith has gained a victory, we should not permit unbelief to come in with the false insinuation, that perhaps it was going to happen as it did, at any rate. But let us promptly raise our Ebenezers, leaving them all the way behind us as monuments of God's goodness and our thankfulness. Thus the righteous shall hear of it and be glad; and many, led by our example, shall extol the God of their salvation. If we could realize that we receive no good of any kind that we have deserved, that all has been of grace, from beginning to end, how would thanksgivings break forth from our hearts, and shine forth in every act of our lives!

So far we have marked in Samuel one prominent point of character, that is, he aimed directly at God's glory in all that he did. We do not see him seeking ease, nor emoluments, nor honors; his grand aim was to honor God. This is a vital point in true Godliness; and leads to works of faith and labors of love. Those who have it are always found zealous workers, and that, too, from right motives. Let the following fact illustrate this. A dear boy, a Sabbath school scholar, was dying. His teacher visited him, and found one of his classmates just leaving the chamber as he entered it. It was the only one of the class who did not love Jesus, and the dying youth had been urging him to come to the Savior.

The teacher said, "Oh, I do so want to see H—— a Christian, and then our band will be complete, it will be such a joy to think we shall all meet in heaven."

"Yes it will," said Arthur, his eyes kindling at the thought, "but that is not the best reason, teacher, is it?"

"What is the best reason, Arthur?" I asked. "Why," said he, "Jesus will be so glad, because, you know, that was what he died for."

Soon after this dear youth was taken away, but his words should be remembered; for they teach us that the highest reason for our zeal in God's service, is not our own happi ess, nor even the happiness of others, but the glory of God.

A soul, then, in earnest will speak to sinners in such a way that

they *must* hear him. His whole heart will be in his words. Dr. Ide has a good illustration of this, which I present to the reader.

"A traveler was journeying in the darkness of night along a road that led to a deep and rapid river, which, swollen by sudden rains, was chafing and roaring within its precipitous banks. The bridge that crossed the stream had been swept away by the torrent, but he knew it not. A man met him, and, after inquiring whither he was bound, said to him in an indifferent way—

"Are you aware that the bridge is gone?" "No," was the answer, "why do you think so?" "Oh, I heard such a report this afternoon, and though I am not certain about it, you had better, perhaps, not proceed.'

Deceived by the hesitating and undecided manner in which the information was given, the traveler pushed onward in the way of death. Soon another, meeting him, cried out in consternation—"Sir, sir, the bridge is gone!"

"Oh, yes," replied the wayfarer, "some one told me that story a little distance back; but from the careless tone with which he told it, I am sure it is only an idle tale."

"Oh, it is true, it is true!" exclaimed the other. 'I know the bridge is gone, for I barely escaped being carried away with it myself. Danger is before you, and you must not go on." And, in the excitement of his feelings, he grasped him by the hands, by the arms, by the clothes, and besought him not to rush upon manifest destruction.

Convinced by the earnest voice, the earnest eyes, the earnest gestures, the traveler turned back and was saved. The intelligence in both cases was the same; but the manner of its conveyance in the one gave it an air of fable, in the other an air of truth.

So it is only through a burning zeal for the salvation of the lost—a zeal glowing in the heart, and flashing out in the look, and action, and utterance—that the confidence of unbelief can be overcome, and the heedless travelers of the broad way come to the path of life and happiness. Love is the most potent logic; interest and sympathy are the most subduing eloquence.

An earnest desire for the honor of God will overcome covetousness, and make men liberal in giving to the cause of truth. A minister tells us of a case in point. "Many years ago, happening to be in South Wales, I made the acquaintance of a Welsh gentleman. He was then a landed proprietor, living in his own mansion, and in very comfortable circumstances. He had been before carrying on an extensive business in a large town. By the death of a relative he had unexpectedly come into possession of this property. After considering whether he should retire from business, he made up his mind he should still continue to carry it on, though no longer for himself, but for Christ. I could not help being struck with the gleesomeness of a holy mind which lighted up his countenance when he said: 'I never knew before what real happiness was. Formerly, I sought as a master to earn a livelihood for myself, but now I am carrying on the same work as diligently as if for myself, and even more so, but it is now for Christ, and every half-penny of profit is handed over to the treasury of the Lord, and I feel that the smile of the Savior rests upon me.'"

Samuel is growing old. His two sons, whom he had called to his assistance as Judges, did not show the incorruptible integrity of their father. One day, to his great surprise, the elders of Israel came to him at Ramah, and desired that a king should be appointed over them. This request was not made from a sudden impulse, but seems to have been the result of long deliberation and consultation. They proceed with great delicacy in breaking the matter to the prophet; and were careful to let him understand that they had no fault to find with his administration. This request was not at all pleasing to Samuel. He seems to have felt it, to some extent, as a personal reflection upon himself. And yet though he thus felt, he says nothing till he could lay the whole matter before the Lord. Oh that all God's servants would act thus wisely! One angry word, one bitter taunt, at this time, might have done great mischief. Blessed are the people who carry their troubles and their cares to the Lord.

The answer that Samuel received was, to let the people have such a government as they chose, but to warn them that they would involve themselves in trouble and in a very bitter experience. The Lord, in a measure, rebuked the personal feeling which the prophet had upon the subject, by saying, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me." In the days of their highest prosperity they professed to take Jehovah as their king; but now they are disposed to turn to an arm of flesh. God's words are, "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm;" and the Israelites felt the truth of this in all its force. Hosea tells us that "the Lord gave them a king in His wrath." They wanted to be like the nations around them, forgetting that if they got all the glitter, and pomp, and parade of majesty, they were very likely to get all its despotic and tyrannical abuse also. Heretofore they had been under a very mild rule, but unlimited power has a tendency to make an oppressor of even a good man. Such power is only fit for God himself; he alone makes a good use of it.

It had been foretold, that a line of kings would rise in Israel. It was part of the promise to Abraham, that kings should spring from him, and Jacob had predicted that the scepter should not depart from Judah till Shiloh came. But, though God foreknows what is going to occur, and may foretell it, this does not imply that he approves it. Samuel drew a very graphic picture of what they might expect under the reign of a king, and the oppressions to which they were likely to be subjected. This was not favorably received, for the people replied, "Nay, but we will have a king over us, that he may judge us, and go out before us to battle." The prophet felt that he could do no more to dissuade them from their purpose, and sorrowfully proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for the great governmental change.

With the utmost fairness Samuel proceeded to the nomination of the king, so that no one could accuse him of favoritism. At Mizpeh, the assembled tribes made their choice by lot. Saul, the son of Kish, was the individual pointed out. It would seem that he had no ambition in that direction; was

afraid to encounter the great responsibility of such a position, and would have prefered to remain in the humble and obscure condition in which he was born. Accordingly he had withdrawn himself from notice, being hid among the baggage. Perhaps he thought that if not found, they would go on and elect another; but he was soon discovered and brought before the people. All eyes were turned upon him with pride, for he had a tall, noble form that towered up above the crowd, and a majestic presence. He was saluted with a shout of admiration.

This being the beginning of a constitutional monarchy, Samuel took great care to secure the liberties of the people. He not only addressed them upon the subject, but committed the whole matter to writing, which document, we are told, was laid up before the Lord.

Samuel now felt that his work was nearly done, and he took the opportunity of a great gathering of the people at Gilgal to deliver his farewell address. There was the king elevated to power, and having just obtained a great victory on the field, the prophet began his address in very touching terms: "And now, behold, the king walketh before you, and I am old and gray headed; and behold, my sons are with you, and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day." He then appealed to the people as to his integrity as a judge. When had he ever taken a bribe, or displayed favoritism in the administration of justice? The people with one voice testified to his strictly honorable and upright conduct. He takes a rapid glance at their past history, showing from it God's goodness and their ingratitude. He then urges them to a holy life, and in great faithfulness said, "But if ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both you and your king." Then solemnly lifting up his hands to heaven, the thunder rolled out in wild crashes, as if the voice of God was giving confirmation to his words.

Thus Samuel retired from his public duties as a magistrate, but still retained his office as prophet of the Lord. In consequence of Saul's constant disregard of God's will, Samuel is

commanded to anoint David, the son of Jesse, king in his stead. The best men have their seasons of timidity and unbelief, and Samuel showed, on this occasion, that he was no exception to the rule. He was afraid of the wrath of Saul, and very reluctantly obeyed the command of the Lord. When he came to the house of Jesse he first offered a solemn sacrifice, and then had the sons of the household brought before him. The eldest son, Eliab, was tall in person, and of a noble countenance, and he thought that he must be the one chosen for king; but the Lord rebuked him in these words, "Look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature, for I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." How solemn is this thought! If kept in remembeance, how would it demolish the shams and hypocrisies of the world.

Seven more sons did Jesse pass before the man of God, but none of them were accepted. David, the youngest, was in the fields keeping sheep; he was sent for, and the moment he appeared the prophet anointed him king, in the presence of his brethren. Samuel died in Ramah, amid the lamentations of the whole nation. His was a noble character, the honor of God and the good of his fellow-men forming the ruling motive of his life. Early did he give his heart to God, and served him with untarnished reputation through all his long life. When he was taken away every family felt as if a father had departed, and tears of honest grief and affection watered his last resting place.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." That blessedness surely rested upon the departure of the righteous Samuel.

"Hush'd was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

"The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was seal'd,
The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd.

"O, give me Samuel's ear!
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

"O, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at thy gates:
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

"O, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise."

CHAPTER XV.

DAVID, THE ROYAL PROPHET.

The birth-place of those who are to become great and distinguished attracts to it a world-wide attention. Bethlehem was but a small and insignificant place in itself; but it was honored to be the birth-place of David, the greatest of Israel's kings, and of Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords. David's early years were spent in the humble employment of a shepherd. In those days this was an occupation that required great courage and activity, to defend the flocks from wild beasts. The sheep had often to be driven far from home, amid rugged scenery of surpassing grandeur. Sometimes, for months at a time, the shepherds would be absent from their homes, left to the company of their own thoughts, and communion with God through his own glorious works.

From his very childhood David had, no doubt, been taught the fear of the Lord. The soul-stirring truths which God had spoken to his fathers, and the mighty wonders which he had wrought out before their eyes, had all been told him by his pious father, again and again, and led him early to choose the God of his fathers as his God. While attending upon his flocks, the thoughts in that lovely psalm beginning with "The Lord is my Shepherd," must have often passed through his mind. When he had been driven into the caves of the rocky mountains by a passing thunder storm, we can imagine that we see him raising his voice till it mingled with the roar of the mountain torrent, saying: "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters; the voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kedesh." Many an evening after he had folded his flocks, he would look to the heavens, shining in their starry glory, and sing in a rapture of devout

gladness, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." His writings show that he was a lover of God's works, and was fond of listening to their teaching; and no doubt he often watched his flocks, and sang his song of praise on the very same spot where the angel host sang the coming of the world's Redeemer in words worthy of their harps, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

It has often been remarked how faithfully the Bible depicts the faults of the great men whose biographies it records. It does not attempt to glorify men, by picturing them as perfect, but to glorify the grace of God in saving sinful men, like ourselves, from the wrath to come. It has been common for infidels to point to David's great sins, and to ask sneeringly, if that is the man after God's own heart. But when was David after God's heart? Not when he was sinning; for then the fierce displeasure of the Lord was kindled against him, and severe punishments were let loose from the hand of Jehovah against him. If he was a great sinner he was also a great penitent, and it was when he saw and abhorred his sin as God did that he was after God's heart. He and God were of one mind about sin, and about the free grace that can alone save from it; and so they could walk together.

Why do those who talk so much about his sins, say not a single word about his repentance? Why do not they imitate him as a penitent, and not as a sinner? It is because they are not honest readers of the Bible, but are only seeking an excuse for their sins. Where can we find such deep anguish, such heart-rending sorrow for sin, as we see in the religious experience of David? Hark! How he cries as he sinks into the great depths of distress, and the pains of hell get hold upon his trembling soul. His tears were his food, night and day; he wets his pillow with his tears, and his spirit, smitten by the displeasure of the Almighty, cries out, "Pardon my iniquities, for they are great." Ah! yes, he is scourged as with a whip of scorpions, for his sins; till at last we see the loving hand of God lifting him up out of the horrible pit of despair in which he lay, and

putting his feet upon a rock, even the Rock of Salvation, putting a new song in his mouth.

In the last chapter we have spoken of Samuel as anointing David king; but Saul is not yet dead, and the young man goes on with his humble duties, assured that God will call him out into notice when he wants him. Nor had he long to wait. The hour was at hand that was to bring him prominently before the whole nation. Saul's army, and that of the Philistines are lying opposite to each other in battle array. David's brothers are with the army, and his father sends him with provisions to them.

We see this youth going towards the camp in his plain shepherd dress. To look upon him as he moves along, who would suppose him to be the man chosen of God to deliver Israel, and stand before the world in towering greatness down to the end of time? But thus it is in every great revolution in the affairs of men. The man for the occasion is raised up to do the work of the day; but he is seldom such a person as men in their wisdom would have chosen. Generally taken from humble and obscure positions; simple and unassuming in their manners; they yet show in great results, that they have been raised up by God to accomplish their special work. How clearly has this been seen in the raising up of such men as Lincoln and Grant, in the great rebellion. But to proceed with our narrative. As David drew near to the army he heard the shouting of the hosts, as if a battle was about to begin. This quickens his young blood, and with throbbing heart he pressed forward.

Just as he arrives a mighty champion comes forth from the army of the enemy, with a bold and insulting defiance to all Israel to meet him in single combat. Goliath was a man of gigantic proportions, and was clad in a complete armor of brass. His weapons were of great size, and David was told this challenge he had put forth day by day for some time, but as yet it remained unanswered. David's cheek burned with the blush of shame, that this infidel should be so long allowed to triumph over the chosen people of God. His patriotism

and his piety were alike shocked. It was having a most depressing effect upon the army, and Saul had offered large rewards to any one who would meet this bold boaster. David is prepared to meet him, not forgetting the great strength of his antagonist, but trusting in the God of Israel. His words are indicative of a faith beautiful in its simplicity: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

Saul hears of this daring youth and wishes to see him. Perhaps he expected to see one of the largest, bravest, and long-tried heroes of his army; but instead of that there stands before him a beardless youth of eighteen years. He seeks to turn him from his brave purpose, but the youth remains firm in his determination to meet his vaunting foe; and Saul gives his consent in the words, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

The moment, big with great results, has come. The trumpet sounds and its clear notes echo among the hills. A solemn silence ensues. Down into the valley steps the man of giant strength, clad in glittering armor, and the slender youth, with his sling and a few stones from the brook, as his only weapons. But with undaunted and calm spirit the young hero goes forth, his trust in God, and knowing that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Ah! little did Jesse know the danger in which his darling boy was standing at that moment, and what mighty results were depending upon him. What were the feelings of his three brothers we cannot tell. A shout of contempt comes from the army of the Philistines as they look on the fair boy, and contrast him with their great champion.

But see, the two combatants advance; the anxiety in the vast multitude is intense. It is not a moment for words; and strong men, and brave warriors stand almost breathless with suspense. The little hero puts a stone in his sling, and swinging it rapidly around his head, it is propelled through the air with unerring aim, and smites the proud boaster dead. He fell, like some giant tree of the forest, the vaster its growth the more terrible the resounding downfall. Terror-stricken

the Philistines turn and flee, while the hosts of Israel shout forth the joy of their hearts in praise of the young victor. The victory is complete, and the future king is favorably introduced to his people

Let us remember that we have a spiritual battle to fight with a powerful enemy. As in the case of David, the odds are to all appearance against us. Our adversary, the devil, is skillful and practiced in this spiritual warfare. He comes to us armed with infernal weapons and hellish darts, and the struggle is for eternal life or death. We must go forth to meet him with faith as our only weapon, and the Lord of Hosts as our only defence. Thus resisting, he will flee from us. In like manner the world is a foe to grace, and we are not able to overcome it in our own strength. Some one said to Luther, "The world is against you;" to which he replied, "Then I am against the world." Faith can thus overcome the world—faith in the blood of Jesus. This blessed gospel was preached in paradise, was sealed by the blood of Abel, was rejoiced in by patriarchs, preached by prophets and apostles, and died for by innumerable martyrs. Let us hold it fast, and it will bring us off more than conquerors over all our foes.

David lay down the head of the Philistine at the feet of Saul, and is called to give an account of his family. That day he was introduced into the court and entered upon all the perils and dangers of public life. That day he gained much fame, much honor, but he got one of heaven's best blessings—a *true friend.* Saul's son, Jonathan, loved him as his own soul. It is most delightful to contemplate the sweet, constant friendship that from that day existed between these young men. It was a heartfelt sympathy and ardent love that never wavered, but grew in strength day by day, till death separated them from each other on earth, and now it is perpetuated in richer perfection in heaven. What a blessing to earth true friendship is! It is, indeed, a relic of paradise, come down to us from amid the ruins of the fall. Of it Robert Hall says, "It is a treasure possessed when it is not employed; a reserve of strength, ready to be called into action when most needed; a

fountain of sweets to which we may continually repair, whose waters are inexhaustible."

There is nothing more touching in poetry or eloquence, than David's lament when his friend died. It is a wail of anguish that has come down to us through all these ages, and that still starts the sympathetic tear. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." David never forgot this dear friend. Long afterwards he takes his son, an afflicted youth under his protection, and treated him as his own son. "Fear not, for I will surely show thee kindness, for Jonathan, thy father's sake."

It is a difficult thing, in this fallen world, to find such true friendship. And yet there is a strong craving in our nature after it. There is one true friend who will never disappoint us; it is the Lord Jesus, who will never leave nor forsake us, and who sticketh closer than a brother. Born for adversity, when others forsake us, he comes nearer in the warmth of a love that is to live forever. David had no way of repaying the love of his friend, except in the person of his son; so the dear Friend that died for us, is now in glory; his sorrows are forever ended, but there is one way in which we can show our love, that is by showing love to the poor and afflicted among his people. These are dear to his heart; they are as the apple of his eye, and when we seek them out, feed them, clothe them, and cheer them with our sympathy, Jesus looks down from his lofty seat in the heavens well pleased, and says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

We come now to consider David as in adversity and passing through the deep waters of affliction. After the splendid achievement of the overthrow of the champion of the Philistines, he is taken into Saul's household, as one of his chief captains. This strange man professed great friendship for him, but it was not of long continuance. He was one of those

weak, passionate, impulsive characters, who are warm friends or bitter enemies, and may be both in the same day. A warm, ardent temperament, joined to a weak mind and an ambitious spirit, makes a hard case to live at peace with; and such was Saul. A circumstance occurs that awakens against David his rancorous hate. When returning from the battle-field, and passing through the cities, the army was received with shouts of welcome by the populace. Far and wide, from mouth to mouth, had spread the news of the great victory. Bands of patriotic women met them with songs of gladness, the burden of which was, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." Unfortunate words! They stir to its depths all the malignity and hate, and murderous revenge of his nature; and from that time till his death he became the deadly enemy of the young hero. Repeatedly he attempts his life in a manner most sneaking and cowardly. David has to flee from the court, and can find no rest from his inveterate enemy anywhere. Go where he will he is pursued and attacked. Well may it be said, "Jealousy is cruel as the grave."

Alas! how uncertain are earthly honors. The great deliverer of Israel, the man who but lately stood highest in favor at court and with the people, has now to flee from the habitations of men as if he were a criminal, and has to hide himself in holes and caves of the earth. How does he stand these trials? For the most part of his time his trust is in God, and he triumphs over his trials. At other times he sinks into unworthy expedients to get out of his troubles, and giving way to dark thoughts and unbelieving fears, says, "I shall one day perish by the hand of my enemy." This language was unworthy of one for whom God had done so much, and who knew so well the faithfulness of the promises. But thus it is with us all. There is a constant struggle going on, the flesh pulling one way, the spirit of truth the other; now faith prevailing, and then unbelief, till we seem like two different persons at different times, according to the influence prevailing. Alas! How sinful is this state of things, and how much do we need the services of the Great Advocate to plead for us.

During his exile a circumstance occurs that shows the forgiving spirit of David. Saul, in chasing him among the mountains, has gone into a cave and fallen asleep. In that state David found him, and had it in his power to take his life. To this he was tempted by many strong inducements; but he nobly resisted them all, and only cut off a portion of his enemy's garment that he might know that he had been in his power.

The effect of this act of forbearance upon Saul was, for a time, most wonderful. His hard heart was touched; he melted into tears; the generous kindness of the youth he had so much injured smote his soul with regret for the past, and he promised amendment for the future. But no confidence could be put in his promises. From impulsive natures like his, a sudden outbreak of good feeling sometimes shows itself like sparks of fire struck out of the cold, hard flint, but it is soon gone and their habitual state of mind returns again. Thus it was with Saul. His persecutions soon become as relentless as ever. But his last hour comes. He enters his last battle, in which all goes against him. His three sons are slain, the day is lost, and to avoid the disgrace of being taken, this strange child of passion kills himself with his own sword.

And now a change takes place with the son of Jesse. His wanderings for the present are over, and the bright sun of prosperity, coming from under the cloud, shines upon his head. I believe it was Luther who said that always before being called to perform any high and honorable work for God he was made to pass through severe afflictions of some kind. David had long known trouble, now he comes forth from the hiding-place of the cave to the throne and the crown. After twelve years of trouble and incessant persecution, he is called by the voice of the people to the high position of Israel's king.

He was now in the full vigor of young manhood, and few kings have ever mounted the throne with richer endowments, both spiritual and physical. Long accustomed to toil and danger, the earth for his bed and the heavens for his covering, he is not likely to let the affairs of the nation be neglected

through effeminate habits, as many have done. He has been taught in a stern school the instability of all earthy things, and that God is the sovereign Ruler among the nations of the earth.

When established in power, the first thing he did was to drive out a small remnant of the Canaanites that were still in the land. The Jebusites had possession of a city which they considered impregnable, and insultingly defied David to take it. He did take it, and after repairing the fort and enlarging the wall he made it the capital of his kingdom. This was Jerusalem, though then called the city of David. It is the oldest existing city in the world, and no other has such stirring and solemn memories connected with it. It has been five times taken in bloody conflict, and twice has it been leveled to the ground. Here he erected for himself a palace, and when it was completed it was dedicated by that song of praise which we find in the thirtieth Psalm, "O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; thou hast kept me alive that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness. For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

What a glorious hope is that of the Christian! His troubles shall soon be ended, and a crown and throne far more splendid than David's shall be his. He shall have a palace, too, not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens. O what a glorious, sweet, lovely home! Read a description of the happy condition of those that live there, and long for the hour that shall bid you enter its joys. "They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, nor shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of water." What a sweet promise is that which is given us: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." This hope, nay, this blessed certainty, may well fill us with joy unspeakable, even in a world which sin has made a vale of tears.

David now began to make preparation for bringing the ark

of God to Jerusalem. It was a solemn procession and had a most important meaning. It was God taking up his abode among them. And as the ark moved on through the assembled thousands, amid shouts of joy and the sounding of trumpets, we are reminded of what happened ages after, when God manifested in the flesh walked in those same streets amid the waving of palm branches, and cries of "Hosanna to the son of David." As the procession came up the slope of Mount Zion, the singers sang the sixty-eighth Psalm. "This is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the Lord will dwell in it forever." And when it arrived at the resting-place of the ark, the singers broke out into that sublime dialogue in the twenty-fourth Psalm. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; the king of glory shall come in. Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts; he is the king of glory."

About this time David began to cherish in his heart a strong desire to build a temple to the Lord. At this time his mind seems to have been in a most spiritual state. His faith seems to have grown stronger by the trials through which it had passed, just as the oak grows all the stronger for the storms that beat upon it. It was not God's design that he should build his house, that honor being reserved for his son; but he was told that in as far as it was in his heart to do it, the Lord accepted the will for the deed.

This is an encouraging principle of the Divine government; especially so to those sincere and deeply pious souls who, thinking of all that God has done for them, never feel as if they could do enough for him. They plan, in the depth of their loving hearts, all manner of ways by which they may honor his name and promote his cause; but through bodily infirmity, or the loss of worldly property, or obstacles thrown in their way by agents of evil, they are disappointed; and their throbbing hearts need the comfort of the Lord's words to David, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

When the holy and devoted Rev. Samuel Pearce, was on his death-bed, a young friend of his just about to start for India

as a missionary, came to bid him farewell. It was a most affecting occasion to both, as they were well assured they should never meet again on earth. The parting was most tender, but brightened by the certainty of a joyful meeting in glory.

But strange to say, the young missionary was the first to die. Though in perfect health at the time of sailing, he sickened and died before reaching the dark land of heathenism where he had hoped to do so much for the Lord. Soon after Pearce died, and Andrew Fuller speaks of the surprise with which these happy souls would meet in the blessed land. He represented Pearce as saying, "I thought that by this time you were working for Jesus in India." "That was my hope and intention," the missionary replies," but my dear Lord had other designs. He called me away in the midst of my plans and projects of usefulness, and here I am, an unworthy inhabitant of the heavenly Canaan." While they are discussing this matter, they are joined by a spirit high in glory, who upon learning the subject of their discussion says, "This reminds me of my experience when on earth. It was strongly in my heart to build a temple to God's glory. I was ready to make any sacrifice to accomplish this object; but my Lord told me that high honor was not to be mine, but that as far as it was in my heart to do the work, the wish was graciously accepted as if the work had been done." This last speaker was David, and as he concludes he tunes his harp to a lofty song of praise in honor of Him who doeth all things well. I have given this beautiful conception of Fuller from memory, giving his thoughts but not his words.

Here is a young man who, with much toil and self-denial, goes through a long course of training for preaching the good news. But when ready, he is taken away by death, after preaching but a few months, or it may be but a few sermons. The talented author of the "Course of Time," was only allowed to preach once or twice, before being called to his eternal home. Is all that preparation to be lost? By no means. God recognizes what was in the hearts of his young servants to do for him, as if it was done; and he has higher

service for them to do in other departments of his vast dominions, where their talents and knowledge may find abundant scope.

So, dear child of God, take comfort, when unable to give to the Savior's cause as you would like. Though so poor as to drop a mite into the Lord's treasury, your Lord sees thousands of dollars in your heart; and in the great day of account, he may say of you, before an assembled world, that you have given more than all the others of your associates, in giving that small sum, of which you were almost ashamed. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted; not according to what he hath not, but according to what he hath."

And to the invalid, laid aside from active work in the Lord's vineyard, this subject is full of comfort. His plan of active labors are all broken off, cut short of accomplishment. He had it in his heart to do so much, and now can do so little. His unfinished designs, like broken columns, stand up around him, and, gazing at them with tearful eyes, he cries, "Why is it thus?" Ah! my brother, God knows what is in your heart, and approves it well; but he wants to lay you aside from the busy rush of life, from the conflicting passions and strifes of earth, that you may find your all in God himself. He wants to make you look into the grave of your disappointed hopes, your blighted expectations, that high above the perishing and mutable things of time, you may learn to drink in immortal life from your Savior's love. There he tells thee the tree of life grows; and there only are eyes that tears never dim, hearts beating with rapture that disappointment never turns to sorrow, and a perfection of life that is to know no death. You go into the crowded, though silent city of the dead, and you see sweet flowers growing over the graves of the dead,—flowers born of corruption, and watered with tears, and fanned with sighs. So, over the grave of all your plans, God will cause to grow the fair flowers of the heavenly graces that are to bloom forever in immortal beauty in the paradise of God.

" His purposes shall ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

So far it has been most pleasant and delightful to watch the career of David. It is true that we have not seen in him a perfect character, for that does not belong to sinful man; even the bright sun has his spots; but, for the most part, our hearts have glowed with admiration of the conduct of Jesse's son. Prosperity does not seem to have spoiled him, and out of the furnace of fiery trial he comes forth refined. We have followed him up to a pinnacle where, if he falls at all, the fall must be very great. And, alas! fall he did, or, rather, cast himself down headlong. Oh, who could have expected this? The sudden change fills us with horror. One moment of temptation and we look upon David the adulterer and the murderer! We can scarcely believe our eyes or our ears, and are ready to ask, can it be the same person? Alas! it is but too true. How are the mighty fallen!

In reading the account of David's fall, we can enter into the feelings of Bishop Hall; "With what unwillingness, with what fear do I look upon the miscarriage of the man after God's own heart! Oh, holy prophet, who can promise himself to stand, when he sees thee fallen, and maimed with the fall? Let profane eyes behold thee contentedly, as a pattern, as an excuse for sinning; I shall never look upon thee but through tears, as a woful spectacle of human infirmity."

There is generally a long preparatory process going on, unknown to the world, before professing Christians fall into outward sin, in this way. Gradually there is a decline of spirituality of mind; prayer is neglected; the mind gets filled with worldly thoughts and feelings; carnal desire slowly but surely gains the ascendancy; and a spirit of proud self-sufficiency takes possession of the soul. Then, when all the elements of evil are thus prepared the great temptation is presented, and the fall comes. It seems to be sudden, but is not really so. There was a long prelude of evil.

Thus was it with David. His army is in the field against the Ammonites. Instead of staying at home to enjoy the luxuries of his splendid palace, he should have been fighting the Lord's battles. Out of the path of duty, we are on Satan's ground, and liable to be attacked. We put ourselves into the way of temptation. The king is walking in the evening upon the roof of his house, when he saw Bathsheba, a beautiful woman, the wife of a brave soldier, now away fighting his battles, engaged in bathing herself. A pure delicacy should have led him to turn away, but he does not; and corrupt thoughts lead to vile actions. He becomes an adulterer, and then, to hide the shame of the transaction, resorts to the meanest plans to accomplish the death of the brave captain, Uriah, whom he had so greatly injured already. He effects this dark and horrid design, and stains his soul with the blood of murder.

Such is the progress of sin. It is said to be like the letting out of water; first a small, thread-like stream, trickling through the embankment, and then a roaring, dashing, irresistible torrent, leaving behind a track of desolation and death. The light of God is first resisted, then hated, then forcibly put out of the soul; till the poor, unhappy spirit gropes about in a darkness that may be felt. Conscience becoming stupefied and seared, for the time being, lays by its functions; and all restraint being removed, the miserable sinner rushes on, with increased velocity, down the road to eternal death.

It is a sad evidence of the blinding effects of sin, that months roll on, and there is no awakening of the king to repentance—no bitter throes of remorse in the soul of this sinful man. There seems to have been no dread of the vengeance of heaven; if the displeasure of man could be averted he was well content. It seemed as if all sense of right and wrong was dead within him; but it was not so. He was blinded, infatuated, and his conscience seared by sin. And this state of things would have continued forever, had it not been for God's mighty grace.

It was a kind providence that a faithful man of God was still

left in Israel, who did not fear kings nor kingly power, in the exercise of his duty. The fearless Nathan goes and tells David his sin to his face. He begins by a parable of a rich man, who had flocks and herds in great abundance; but when he wanted to make a feast for a guest, instead of taking his own, he took the one ewe lamb of a poor man. The king's brow grows dark with wrath. Such is the blinding effects of sin that even now he does not see his own great transgression, but thundered out, "The man that hath done this thing shall surely die; and he shall restore the lamb four-fold, because he did this thing, and had no pity." Ah! how ready are sinners to see the fault of others, but blind as bats to their own. He is like the drunkard, that thinks the giddy and unsteady motion that he feels is in others, and in things around him, not in himself. To all of us there can be no more important warning than to beware lest we be hardened through the *deceitfulness* of sin.

Like a bolt of lightning the words of Nathan smote down the offender: "Thou art the man." Under the circumstances we cannot conceive of four more powerful words. It is a winged sentence coming from the throne of God, and the soul of David heaves as if volcanic fires had been kindled within him. As Paul's heart was changed by the sudden light that gleamed from heaven and struck him to the ground, so was the king of Israel all broken down by the bolt of truth that had been aimed so well; and he cries out, "I have sinned against the Lord." The sentence of punishment was then pronounced. The sword was not to depart from his house, and bitter heart troubles were to spring up out of his own household. He now saw his sin in all its horrid loathsomeness. Hour after hour and day after day did he ponder upon his guilt. He wanders about his palace in broken-hearted anguish, and by night he wet his pillow with tears. If ever there was a true penitent he was the man. The fifty-first Psalm was composed at this time by him, and gives us an insight into the state of his heart. "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean

heart, oh God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

How many broken hearts have been comforted as they poured out their cries for mercy in the words of this Psalm. And oh how gracious is our God. He sends him a message of mercy. "The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." Pardon for all sin, for the vilest transgressors, is the law of God's kingdom of grace. The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. There is but one sin that cannot be pardoned, and that is a persistent rejection of Christ till life's last moment. Unbelief is a damning sin. It rejects heaven's only remedy, a certain cure for the evil of sin; and leaves nothing before the soul but a fearful looking-for of judgment, and fiery indignation.

A visitor among the poor in London, came in contact with a wretched man who repulsed every attempt to do him good. But the mother of this savage ruffian cried out from an inner room, "Does your book tell of the blood that cleanseth from all sin?" Going to her bedside, he said, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood that cleanseth from all sin?" With great energy she replied, "Man, I am dying! I am going to stand before God. I have been a very wicked woman all my life. But once I stopped at the door of a church, and one word I can never forget. Oh, if I could hear it now! It was something about the blood that cleanseth from all sin."

The visitor read her the words from the New Testament; her soul grasped them by faith, and she died in assurance of pardon. Her son also was saved by the same glorious truth.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAVID, THE ROYAL PROPHET. [CONTINUED.]

David is forgiven, but that is not to avert the effect of his sin in bringing punishment. As we showed in the chapter on Jacob, there is a great difference between grace and government. God's grace pardons David, freely, fully pardons him; but the Divine government must make an example of his sin. Thus while he is rejoicing in the sweet voice of grace that tells him of pardon, he feels the strokes of the rod of government fall heavy and fast upon his head.

He was a very fond father, and the blows fell upon the most tender part of his nature. Take Bishop Sanderson's description of his troubles. "As Nathan foretold to him, so a world of mischief and misery fell out to him from this one presumptuous act. His daughter was defiled by her brother; that brother was slain by another brother; a strong conspiracy was raised against him by his own son; his concubines were openly defiled by the same son; himself afflicted by the untimely death of that son, who was his darling; reviled and cursed to his face by a base, unworthy companion, besides many other troubles, affronts and vexations."

Of all his troubles, the revolt and death of Absalom was the most severely felt. That abandoned youth put himself at the head of a strong faction, drove his father from Jerusalem, and again made him a fugitive on the face of the earth. When Joab marshaled his army and went forth to crush this vile, unnatural rebellion, the express orders of the king to his general were, "Beware that none touch the young man, Absalom." This son, in whose beautiful body dwelt a fearfully corrupt soul, had heaped upon the head of his father every kind of insult, public and private; and yet, the loving heart of the

parent clings to him, and would avert from him his deserved doom. The stern and brave general, however, paid no attention to this injunction; but finding him, caught him by the hair in the branches of a tree, killed him with his own hand.

While the battle is raging, David sits between the gates of the city, looking with great anxiety for intelligence from the scene of action; and as one after another came in hot haste to tell of victory, his first question is, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And when told that he was slain, the agony of his soul breaks out in one of the most pathetic wails of distress ever heard: "He was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son." If such was the depth of love felt by an earthly father, how great must be the love of the heavenly Father to his offending children. He gave his son to die for us, and when that last gift of his love is rejected, and the righteous stroke of death is about to fall, he cries out, "O how can I give thee up!"

And now for a short time there comes a lull in the storm of adversity, a calm day of repose after the troubles through which he had passed. The deranged country is once more at peace, and a return of prosperity begins to obliterate the traces of war. David was comforted, and it is feared that he became lifted up with pride, for he fell into the last great error of his reign. I refer to his numbering of the people. At first sight this may seem but a small offence, but from the severity of the punishment that was inflicted, it was not so regarded in God's eyes. Let us try to consider in what his sin consisted.

It has been thought by some that the reason why the king wished this census taken was from a vain-glorious pride of heart as to the number of subjects over which he ruled. There may have been something of this; but I have no doubt that the cause was unbelief of heart, or distrust of God. He ought to have known that the strength or greatness of a nation is not in the number of its population, or the vastness of its army,

but in the blessing of the Most High God. It was not that the numbering of the people was in itself sin; for under some circumstances that might be a duty; but it was the dark distrust of God that lay at the bottom of this matter that brought down upon him the displeasure of heaven. He is remonstrated with by Joab, but heeds it not. Nine months are taken up in this work, during which time his heart remains insensible to his folly. But when the numbers are put into his hand he awakes to the knowledge of the evil he has done. The prophet of God is sent to rebuke him and announce his punishment. He has his choice of three years of famine, three months of defeat by his enemies, or three days of pestilence in the land.

The choice which the king made was a wise one. He chose pestilence, as that came directly from the hand of the Lord, and was something to which he would be as much exposed as the poorest of his subjects. "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for his mercies are great, and let us not fall into the hand of man." An angel was employed to inflict the punishment that had been threatened. This minister of Divine displeasure appeared to David and his elders. His aspect was one well calculated to excite awe." He stood between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand, stretched out over Jerusalem." The king in great distress of soul, cast himself upon the ground, pleading for the life of his people. He offers himself as a sacrifice: "So I have sinned, and have done wickedly; but these sheep, what have they done? Let thy hand, I pray thee, be against me, and against my father's house."

Praying breath was never spent in vain; his supplications were heard, the city is spared at his request, and the Lord said to the destroying angel, "It is enough; stay now thy hand." An altar was built upon that spot and grateful sacrifices offered up to the hearer of prayer. In all this matter David appears as a sincere penitent. He mourned before God on account of his sin; he sent up his earnest cry for mercy; he was more ready to condemn himself than others, and was willing to bear alone the result of his sins. In short, from this time forth

his life flows on in one consistent stream of works of faith and labors of love.

As a prophet, how clearly he spoke of the coming of Christ. Jesus and his Apostles often appealed to the Psalms which spoke of the coming Messiah as being the eternal Son of God, the Great High Priest, the imparter of the Holy Spirit and the resurrection from the dead. In the Psalms the most minute particulars of our Lord's sufferings are given by the spirit of prophecy. His being betrayed by one of his own chosen band, the casting lots for his raiment, and the giving him vinegar to drink on the cross.

This book of Psalms has been a most blessed legacy to the church of God. How sublimely does it describe the attributes of God, especially his mercy. The penitent can here find the most fit language of confession; when blessings are received the thankful soul can here find glowing words of praise; and when the pardoned sinner would break out into a song of highest rapture he will find it in the Psalms. These songs are everywhere applicable and appropriate; by land and by sea, in joy or sorrow, in palaces or prisons, for they are the sincere out-gushing of a human heart in all the circumstances in which our common humanity is placed. A sweet simplicity of style is united to great sublimity of thought, so that they are suited for the learned and the unlearned alike. In short, there are no utterances among all the prophets so dear to pious minds as these sweet songs. At one time the Psalmist carries us among the works of God, to fill us with rapture and awe; "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Sometimes he breaks out in a rapture of praise almost too great for words. "Sing unto the Lord a new song; for his right hand and his holy arm have gotten him the victory." And in a transport of love he calls upon all nature to help him to praise God; the trees, the gray rocks, the lofty mountains: "Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

David now began to feel the effect of age and infirmity creeping upon him. He has yet much to do, and but little

time in which to do it. Though his bodily powers begin to fail, his strong mind retains all its powers. He assembles together the princes, the captains of the army, and leading men of the nation, and addressed them with great solemnity and power in regard to establishing the worship of God. He spoke of his ardent desire to build a house for the Son, and of the revelation he had received that that work was to be performed by Solomon, his son. Then turning to that son, he charged him in the presence of them all, to give himself to this matter with honesty of purpose. He also gave to his son an exact description of the temple as it had been delivered to him from heaven, and contributed, from his own resources, great wealth to be devoted to this object.

This liberal example had a good effect upon the people; their contributions poured in with the greatest readiness, as if they were delighted to aid so good a work. They gave not grudgingly, but of a ready mind. The aged king was delighted with this zeal for the Lord's cause, and broke out, before them all, in warm and devout acknowledgment to God for so disposing their hearts, and in earnest prayer for Solomon's reign. Then the whole congregation worshiped together; sacrifices were offered to God, and David resigned his regal authority to Solomon, who was anointed king in his stead.

But it is the lot of the greatest of earth's sons to die. Those who ruled millions with a word, and on whose will the fate of nations hung suspended, must fall before the King of Terrors. So, great warrior and mighty monarch as David had been, the time came when he must die. We gather around his dying bed, and listen eagerly to hear his last words. That hand, once so strong to wield the implements of war, is now palsied with age, and the cares of many years have plowed deep furrows upon his face.

What are the subjects upon which his mind dwells in this solemn hour? Is he proudly recalling the time when as a shepherd boy he came, all unknown, from the plains of Bethlehem, and smote the proud and boastful Philistine, and turned the whole fortunes of the day in favor of his people? Is he

thinking of the shout of joy that greeted him from a whole nation when he ascended the throne, and of the long list of brilliant victories by which he made that throne so secure? Ah! no; these look but small things when viewed from a death-bed. Other thoughts, more noble and suitable, are filling his soul. The sovereignty of God, the comforts of the Divine covenant, so full and sure, and the unchangeableness of Jehovah's love, are the vastly important themes upon which his mind dwells. His dying words are, "Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow."

We here notice his touching confession in regard to his family: "Although my house be not so with God." We have already seen that his youth was full of devotedness to God, and the years of adversity that followed his entering upon public life, seem to have driven him nearer to God. The unfaithfulness of his fellow-men made him think more of God's faithfulness, and the persecution of Saul only made him cling more firmly to the covenant promises of his Divine Friend in heaven, who knew all that was in his heart.

But the full cup of prosperity was more than he could bear. When lifted up upon the high eminences of life he became high-minded and fell into the snare of the devil. As a head of a family he was destituted of all government. Foolishly fond of his children, he let them have their own way. The result was what might have been expected: spoiled by indulgence, they embroiled him and his kingdom in trouble and disgrace.

It is a sad sign of how great is the depravity of our nature when even good men fall into sin. After all that grace has done for them, after such a marvelous change has been wrought by the Holy Spirit, after a new life has been implanted, a life that is spiritual, imperishable, progressive, and that is to grow up to a glory and heavenly beauty of which we can form no proper conception; yet so strong are the remains of sin, that it occasionally breaks out in a way that astonishes the world.

If God's mighty grace were to leave the best of men to himself for one moment; if proud, self-righteous thoughts gain the ascendancy; if the fascination of sin gets its entanglements around him, he must fall into the snare of the enemy. Upon no prop can we lean with safety but Christ's love; no safe refuge but in his grace.

When good men fall into sin they are awakened to penitence. While the sinner goes on growing worse and worse, the erring child of God is awakened to a knowledge of his guilt that makes him condemn himself more than his friends have done. I once knew a minister who in an hour of sudden temptation fell into sin. He was in awful anguish of soul. His old friends were denouncing him, the newspapers were blaming him, the ungodly were rejoicing in his downfall, and calling him by the vilest of names, but none of them spoke so much against him as he did against himself. It was heart-rending to witness his agony of soul under the rebukes of conscience and the convictions of the Holy Spirit. I think that if the most hardened sinner had been in that man's company for an hour he would have had a strong conviction that though he had sinned greatly, he was still a son of God. Yes, such an one may wander far, but grace never gives him up; it keeps him in view go where he may, and in some favorable opportunity flashes conviction over his soul, producing a repentance that needs not to be repented of. Some messenger is sent, whose words pierce his soul like fire-tipped arrows, singling him out from the whole world, with "Thou art the man."

After this return to God is brought about by afflictions, the soul is swept up by some terrible tempest, that seems to crush it down, as in some dark night the sturdy tree of the forest is laid low. The furnace is heated, but God's eye keeps watch that his child shall not be consumed, but only purified.

Peter and Judas both sinned against Jesus. Peter was a real Christian, and showed it by going out and weeping bitterly; Judas was only a mere professor, and he showed it by going from bad to worse, and rushing uncalled into eternity, with the blood of murder upon his soul.

David in his dying moments had but one truth to which he could cling; God's covenant of grace through Jesus. The religion that saves the soul has always been essentially the same in all ages. From the fall downwards the only hope of the sinner has been the blood of the covenant. It begins with the promise of a Savior in the garden of Eden, and ever since has been saving lost souls. From the garden of Eden to the garden of Gethsemane, and up to Calvary, it has uttered but one voice, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

It is called by the king of Israel an "everlasting covenant." It is so in its conception in the Divine mind. The plan of salvation was no *new idea* to Jehovah to meet an unexpected difficulty. Long before this world was swung out into space from the Creator's hand, long before he made those orbs of light that sparkle in the canopy of heaven, long before the comet was sent forth to wander through space, or when space was shoreless or unborn, this wonderful plan of mercy was in God's thoughts. The Holy Trinity are represented as in consultation devising means for man's redemption. But this is only in accommodation to our weakness of comprehension. Infinite wisdom needs no deliberation. With God there is no weighing of measures, no balancing of expedients, no examination of different plans. Before his Omniscient eye all things stand unveiled in their truest order and in their fittest arraignment; the means, the agency and the end are all before him from all eternity; he cannot be taken by surprise, nor does he need to change his plans to meet unexpected emergencies.

This covenant is everlasting in its saving results. The believer is not saved for a few years, but for ever and ever. Once in Christ by a living faith, he can no more be lost than his Great Substitute can be lost. The Savior's own words are, "They shall never perish." All hell, and all the elements of evil on earth may unite against him, but he shall never perish. Like David and like Peter, the enemy may seem to have him in his power for a season, but the Great Advocate is pleading for him, and he can never perish. And when the dangers of

earth are over, and the ages of eternity roll on, they shall all unite who have ever known this grace to sing His praises who wrought out this everlasting salvation.

Another noticeable point in the description of this covenant is, "well ordered in all things." It is just suitable to the case of sinners. Man is a guilty being, and often feels the terror of this through all the powers of his soul. When the Spirit of God makes him feel the strictness of the holy law, and its awful curses thickening and darkening around his soul; to hear that this law has been vindicated and the claims of justice satisfied by the death of Jesus, gives peace and assurance of acceptance. To trust in a man's own good deeds is seen by the enlightened mind to be the highest folly. To suppose that the performance of a few good deeds, even allowing them to be good, could cancel a lifetime of sin is a view of God's character at once the most foolish and pernicious. Here is a criminal before a court, accused of stealing his neighbor's goods. What plea does he make? Why this: that he has obeyed far more laws than he has broken, that he had only stolen once or twice, but had been honest all the rest of his life. How would such a plea look in the eyes of the judge and jury? They would treat it with scorn. And men of intelligence in other things are found trusting in such a hope between God and their souls.

But surely present obedience can never make up for past disobedience; for if we obeyed perfectly all our lives we would only be doing our duty. If we failed in one act, that is sin, and that one sin unpardoned will ruin the soul forever. And it cannot be pardoned by setting over against it some duty or duties well performed. You can never recall a sin, nor blot it out of God's record by anything you can do. The blood of Jesus alone can blot out sin, all sin, sin to the very uttermost extent of sinning. And to refuse to recognize this truth, is to add to the sin of breaking God's holy law, the yet greater sin of rejecting the Savior. You need pardon, in Him you have it rich and free. You need a perfect righteousness, and here it is, more pure and spotless than an angel. You need a title

to heaven, and here it is, signed and sealed by the Judge. But David said this covenant was sure. Well, this is more than can be said of earthly things, of which men now make so much. When a few years have gone what a change do they leave behind them, in blighted hopes, disappointed expectations, and vacant chairs at family gatherings. A father of a large home circle had been long absent; but the day of his expected arrival had at last come. Every heart was joyful, every eye was bright with love. The very hour fixed for the joyful meeting has come, and the tea table waits the happy throng that were to gather around it. Meanwhile the father is coming rushing, on in the cars, with a happy heart. The last entry which he had made in his journal was, "Now for home." But as he nears the place there is a crash, a wild shriek from hundreds of voices, and that loving father lies dead. The hopes of that family are gone out in darkness. Like thousands, they have found that the things of earth are not sure.

"I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou showedst me the path, it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

"I dreamt of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,
I asked—and Thou showedst me a Cross and a Grave."

All that can be said about the uncertainty of earthly things is true, but should be used to draw us to the greater truth to which David clung, the sureness of every thing about the covenant of redemption. Its doctrine of justification by faith is sure; its precious promises are sure; its peace and unspeakable joys here are sure; and the unending bliss which it fixes our hopes upon beyond the boundary line of time are sure. Let all who have found the world a vain show, a delusion and a snare, turn to the faith and true word of God, that never deceives. Every earthly trust may perish, but they that wait upon the Lord shall surely renew their strength.

David could say in his last moments, "This is all my hope and all my desire." To have all the hope in Christ makes a happy life and a happy death. To have a divided hope, a little in Christ and a little in something else, makes an unhappy professor. The religion of such people makes them miserable, being one of alternate hope and fear, doubts and trusts, joys and sorrows. A writer in a religious paper says: "A company of captives were one day set at liberty. For many years they had been in bonds; and the joy of being set free was like a foretaste of heaven. But there was one who, instead of rejoicing in his freedom, gathered up his broken fetters and carried them with him on his homeward journey. Wherever he stopped he might be heard mourning: 'Oh, these chains, these chains! What misery have they caused me!' And at last death found him still hugging his chains to his bosom."

Thus it is with many professing Christians. Christ shed his blood to redeem them from the curse of the law. He wishes them to be his freemen, rejoicing in true gospel freedom from the curse of the law, the condemnation of sin, and the terror of coming wrath. But they will not be made happy. They speak as if they must still be saved by the law; and as if Jesus had not shed his blood at all for sin, they keep crying out, "Oh, my sins, my sins! what is to become of me because of my sins?"

Several years ago a passenger vessel was crossing the Atlantic ocean, when, one afternoon, all on board were startled by the fearful cry, "A man overboard!" It was a young lad, who, when attending to some duty on the bowsprit of the ship, had been swept off by a mighty wave. The life-boat was instantly lowered, and stout arms were propelling her with all speed toward the drowning youth. On the deck stood four hundred persons intensely excited, and watching the result with throbbing hearts and tearful eyes.

As a strong wind was blowing at the time, a great distance soon separated the ship from the life-boat and the youth that it had gone to save. But now and again they could see him rise, struggling for life, upon the crest of some great wave,

while every moment brought the life-boat nearer. At last a strong arm is stretched out to grasp him, and very soon he was safe on deck.

The editor of the "New York Evangelist," who was on board, says: "Never did we experience such feelings of relief as at that moment. A murmur of joy and approbation, though almost choked with tears, ran through the ship, a thrill like that which runs through heaven when a soul, shipwrecked and ready to perish, is rescued and brought back to God.

Now, for this drowning young man there was but one hope —the life-boat. His safety did not depend upon his past life, whether good or bad, but upon getting into the life-boat. He did not need to raise any question as to whether that boat was built to save him, nor as to who built it, and what were the intentions of its builder. There it comes to him in his extremity, and the great thing was to get aboard. So Jesus invites the sinner to come to him and be saved, just as he is. He must see that the Lord is in earnest when he invites. He would not ask him to come to him, if he was not prepared to receive him the moment he does come; and once in the Lord he shall never be confounded.

Such was the hope of the Psalmist in his last moments. Upon this he pillowed his dying head, and his own description of the dying saint was applicable to his own case, "The end of that man is peace." Some Christians, in their closing moments on earth, have unspeakable raptures of joy; but much depends upon the nature of the disease that takes them away. But all who are in Jesus die safely. David Brainerd said, on his death-bed, "The grave appeared really sweet, and I longed to lodge my weary bones in it." And again, "Oh, blessed God, I am speedily coming to thee, I hope. Hasten the day, if it be thy blessed will."

Said another dying saint, "Faith lies at anchor in the midst of the waves, and believes the accomplishment of the promises through all overturning confusions. Upon this God do I live, who is our God forever, and will be our guide even unto death. Methinks I lie becalmed in his bosom." As Luther said in

such a case, "I am not much concerned. Let Christ see to it. I have nothing to fear." A missionary lady, Mrs. Bixly, died exclaiming, "Precious Jesus!" "Matchless grace!" "Joy, joy, joy!"

But I must close. Let us learn, from David's history, the importance of watchfulness in the day of prosperity. A man who had got a large fortune left him, sent to his church a request for prayer. He felt that he was in a dangerous position —standing on slippery places. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Let us also learn to welcome the word of God, even when it comes to smite and condemn us. Nathan's preaching was very painful to David. But he did not kill the preacher, like Herod, because he did not preach smooth things. He did not get into a rage and hate the preacher instead of hating his sins, as many do. No, he let the truth come in its condemning power, and starting back from the brink of ruin cried, "Forgive my iniquities, because they are great." He did not try to excuse them, or make them appear small.

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou done for me.

"I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou might'st know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent *one* for me?

"My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left *aught* for me?

"I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou *bear* for me?

"And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou *brought* to me?

"Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou *thyself* to me,
And I will welcome thee!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ELIJAH, THE TISHBITE.

Elijah is one of the greatest of the prophets; perhaps, with the exception of Moses, the greatest of them all. Indeed, between him and the great law-giver there are many points of resemblance. They both come from God at a very dark period of the history of the Church. They both show great faith and invincible bravery in dealing with wicked men in high power; and ages after, from among the innumerable multitude in heaven, these two were chosen to meet the Lord on the mount of transfiguration.

Of the youth and early history of Elijah we are told nothing. He bursts upon us all at once in the sacred history, a full-grown prophet of the Lord; and the first words we hear from him, are such as make our ears tingle, and that smote against the king and his guilty court like huge billows of wrath. He comes upon us sudden as the lightning flashes from heaven; or, as one says, "a meteor kindled at the eye and blown on the breath of the Eternal."

Religion was at a low ebb at this time, idolatry having usurped the place of the worship of the God of heaven. The priests of Baal had taken possession of the land, erected their altars upon the hills, and made the groves resound with their abominable blasphemies. The wicked king Ahab, and his wife Jezebel, did all they could to encourage and perpetuate this state of things. But the darkest hour is before the dawn; and God's messenger, with the flashing sword of truth in his hand, and Almighty power to defend him, has come to Israel.

Elijah was a man of a strong and marked individuality of character. His history impresses us, so that we seem to see him stand before us, the perfect representative of true greatness; and to hear him thunder out his heaven-sent message,

with a courage that excites our admiration and wins our love. It was the highest and noblest kind of courage, true moral courage. There is often a great amount of mere animal courage, while the courage worthy of a man is wanting. To dash into the conflict of the battle-field, and in the wild excitement of the moment to perform deeds of wonderful daring, is often done by men who shrink back from doing what God and conscience tells them is right lest they should encounter the sneer of their companions in sin. Boasting of their courage they are the veriest cowards in the cause of eternal right. Many a Christian lady, who would turn pale at the sight of blood, has boldly gone into the consuming flame, or walked to the scaffold with songs of victory, rather than deny her Lord. This is true courage worthy of immortal and responsible beings; the other kind is possessed by tigers and bull-dogs, in larger measure than by man.

Elijah goes boldly into the presence of the king, with plain garments and yet plainer speech. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." Now, the inspired writers let us know that this closing up the heavens, and opening them again was the result of prayer. The apostle James says, "Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

Is it possible that a mortal man can thus have power with God? It is possible and true; and forms one of the wonders of his condescending love. Believing prayer takes hold of the Almighty's strength, it has the key that unlocks the treasures of heaven, and it has power to move that hand that moves all things. Oh Christian, be you man or minister, maid or matron, of exalted position, or in poverty's vale, get the spirit of faith in prayer, and nothing shall be impossible unto you. Obstacles of all kinds in the path of duty will be removed or turned into helps; rocks will be rent, and red seas part at

your bidding; and heaven's wonderful treasures will be at your command!

I am profoundly impressed with the thought that the grand defect of the religion of the day is, a lack of strong, unshaken confidence in the power of prayer. There are plenty of public forms of prayer, and great activity, energy, and enthusiasm in missions, and Sabbath Schools, and what is called Christian enterprise; but I fear that the strong, wrestling importunity, the giving up of days to faithful pleading with God, the assured faith that the very things asked of God will be given, however unlikely to the eyes of sense, or the cold abstractions of science, which marked the Christians of former times, are wanting. God grant that in this I may be mistaken, but I have not the consolation of thinking so, from all I see and know among professing Christians. There is a desperate effort being made in our day to take as much of the supernatural out of religion as possible, and prayer is largely represented, not as man asking, and God directly giving, but as only doing us good indirectly by bringing our minds in contact with God. If men ever succeed in getting the supernatural out of religion, there will be no religion left worth having—a mere cold compound of science and philosophy, with a dark, cheerless gloom of infidelity to pervade all. But God will take care that such a time shall never come.

We have seen, as far as we have gone in this book, that all these men of faith were men of prayer. They asked what they wanted direct from God, and got direct answers. We can see that they were not troubled with the modern nonsense, held by some calling themselves ministers of Christ, that God does not directly give us anything now, but that all there is in prayer is the reflex influence it has upon our own minds. This is an invention of the enemy to get men to give up prayer altogether: and it is very certain that Satan would not tremble before a million of prayers founded on such a theory.

According to this notion, Abraham did not keep back the storm of coming wrath for a time from Sodom; his prayer only produced a benevolent effect upon his own mind. On

the same theory, that little band in John Mark's cottage, praying all night, had no effect in the deliverance of Peter from prison, that would have happened at any rate; but then they had a good time; not that their prayers moved God, but only moved themselves. Away with such infidel notions, coming sneaking into Christian pulpits and prayer meetings, under false colors! Every real Christian knows that God does directly answer prayer every day; though not by miracles, for with a completed revelation that is not necessary; but by proofs of His interference in human affairs as direct as any miracle.

But to be successful at a throne of grace, we must not only have faith, but be willing to make sacrifices to secure special seasons of prayer. The gay, the worldly, the gambler, give up night after night to the service of sin; do we give up an hour of the quiet night to be alone with God? In some of his great troubles, Luther was heard agonizing in prayer thus: "Oh God! Oh thou my God! Help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou should'st do this. The work is not mine, but Thine. I have no business here. The cause is Thine, and it is everlasting and righteous." And again he was heard crying, "Lord, where art Thou? My God, where art Thou? Come, I pray Thee; I am ready. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for Thy truth. I will not let Thee go; I will cling to Thee forever. Oh God, send help!" Listen to the midnight cry of John Knox, feeling almost at the point of death in his great importunity; and John Welsh, found by his wife on a cold night, prostrate on the floor, pleading for the cause of God in Scotland. Ah! this is something different from *saying* prayers. Try it, my reader. You have Jesus for your example. "He went up into a mountain to pray, and contined all night in prayer to God." Oh, could we only have hid ourselves behind one of those gray rocks, and listened to that prayer! We would forever after be ashamed of our *prayerless prayers.* Up, up my Christian friends; shake off sloth; working for God is good, and giving to God is good, but none of these will avail much without

the closet prayer of faith. God will allow you to come very near, and use great familiarity, if you only fully trust his word. Yea, he says, "Command ye me!"

"Faith, bold faith, the promise sees,
And trusts to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, 'It shall be done.'"

Elijah goes by the command of God to the brook Cherith, a quiet retreat, where he is to remain till events ripen for farther action. His drink is to be the little stream that rolls babbling over its pebbly bed, and ravens are to supply his food. Well supplied are those that God supplies. Their bread shall be given, their water sure. Their gracious Provider tells them not to be anxious, for while engaged in his work, he undoubtedly will supply their wants. Indeed, his promise is pledged to that effect, and all undue care is dishonor done to his word.

Dr. Krümmacher, speaking on this event in the life of Elijah, relates the following beautiful illustration:

"This God still liveth, a living Savior, who is always to be found of them that seek him, and is nigh unto them that call unto him. Mighty hosts are encamped about his servants, and when he saith 'Come,' they come, or 'Go,' they go. And there has been no end to his wonderful providence, even to the present day. What else was it, but the Lord God of Elijah, who, but a short time since, in our very midst, so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress—not, indeed, by a raven, but by a poor little fugitive singing bird? You are all well acquainted with the circumstances. The poor man was sitting at his front door, early in the morning, his eyes red with weeping, and his heart crying to heaven, for he was expecting an officer, that very day, to come and sell his property for a small debt, which he could not pay. While sitting thus, with a heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress, until at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and

perched itself upon an empty cupboard. The good man, little imagining who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and put it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to him as if it were singing the tune of a favorite hymn, viz.: "Fear thou not when darkness reigns," and as he listened to it he found himself much soothed and comforted by its melody.

"Suddenly a knock is heard at the door. 'Ah, it is the officer,' thought the poor man, and arose to open it with fear and trembling. But no, it was the servant of a very respectable lady. He said that the neighbors had seen a bird fly into his house, and he wished to know if he had caught it. 'Oh, yes,' answered the poor man, 'and here it is.' In a few minutes the servant returned, and said: 'You have done my mistress a great service, for she sets a high value upon this bird. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks." The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither MORE NOR LESS THAN THE VERY SUM FOR WHICH HE WAS SUED.

"Soon after, the officer came; the poor man handed him the money, saying, '*Here is your money, God hath sent it; now leave me in peace!*'"

Happy they who have a firm trust in this God and his controlling Providence. In great peace shall they possess their souls. Their best Friend sits at the helm of affairs, and guides in such a way that all things shall work for their good. We remember the story of the distinguished man, who, unable to proceed in his journey on account of a storm, was groaning in great mental distress, and unable to sleep. His pious servant said, "Master, do you not believe that God governed this world very well before you came into it?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do you not believe that he will govern it very well after you leave it? "I have no doubt of it." "Then, master, can you not believe that he will govern it all right while you are in it?" To this he made no reply, but shortly after turned over and went to sleep.

More than two years have passed, and, according to the word of Elijah, the drouth continues; and great distress begins to prevail in the guilty land. Even the brook Cherith has dried up, and, by Divine direction, the prophet has gone to reside with a widow of Sarepta, whose little store failed not while he remained in her house. But on these matters we cannot dwell at length. The time for action has come, and Elijah shows himself to the king. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" is the angry greeting of Ahab. The prophet boldly replies, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Balaam." He demands from the king an opportunity to meet the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, in the presence of the people; that imposture might be exposed, and the truth of God vindicated. This righteous demand Ahab could not refuse, and messengers are sent in all directions to assemble the people.

The appointed day has come, and the expected thousands begin to assemble. The four hundred and fifty priests of Baal, and the same number of the priests of the grove, are all there. The mountain is covered with an eager and excited crowd, and great results, both for time and eternity, hang upon the decisions of that day. The crowd, we can suppose, are beginning to grow impatient, when, in the outskirts of the throng, there is an excitement seen. It is the wicked king, who, in great pomp and grandeur, has just arrived. The multitude of idolaters lift up a shout of welcome that seems to smite against the very heavens, while old Carmel seems to frown down upon their wicked contempt of the true God.

Again the crowd becomes quiet under the hush of a general expectation. They are waiting for Elijah, and the question is, Will he come? Some there, no doubt, are hoping that he has shrunk back from the trying ordeal; but there he comes, across the valley of Jezreel, with slow and solemn step, and the calm dignity of faith in God enthroned upon his brow. He loses no time, but with flashing eye, and tones of thrilling earnestness, says, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the

Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." He pauses, but there is no reply. The royal lips are sealed and the false priests are confounded. He then proposes a fair and equitable arrangement of the sacrifices, saying, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be the God." To which the people all shouted, "It is well spoken."

And now came a moment of great anxiety. The priests of Baal began calling upon their God, "O Baal, hear us!" And the poor fanatics shouted, and danced, and made the most frantic efforts around the sacrifice; but no sign was given, no fire from heaven came. Elijah had stood quietly by watching their antics, but he now steps forward, and in words of scathing irony, said, "Cry aloud, for he is a God; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened." And haggard, bleeding, and mortified, these deceivers of the people retire from the spot. God's true servant now approaches, and to put the direct interposition of God beyond all doubt, he fills four barrels of water and pours them on the wood and the sacrifice; commands this to be done a second and a third time, till all is drenched with water, and the trenches are filled. Then lifting his eyes to heaven he utters an earnest prayer, and fire came down from heaven and burneth all up, as if it had been chaff in a furnace. With a shout that resounded among the mountain peaks and caves, the people fell upon their faces, crying, "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord he is the God." These wicked priests, the deceivers of souls, are slain according to the word of the Lord, and the truth is vindicated before all the people.

Idolatry in such a gross form as we see it here is disgusting to us; but all loving of earthly things instead of God is idolatry. Our houses, our farms, our business, and our children, may all become our idols, by having that place in our hearts which God himself should occupy. We severely censure these Hebrews for departing from the living God, but in so doing we are only condemning ourselves.

Let us imitate Elijah, and be zealous for the true worship of the Lord. He has written the great truths of salvation in the Bible, and by his Spirit written them again upon our hearts; and we ought to be bold in their defence. We are encompassed on every side with the enemies of truth, and so should contend earnestly for the faith of the gospel. Even when religion is at a low ebb, its friends seemingly few, and its enemies many, then is the time to speak out for God, not in a corner nor in a whisper, but in the face of the multitude, and in tones loud and emphatic. We can see, in the case of the prophet, what good one bold, earnest man can do when animated by the right spirit. Such men are the true patriots to their country, the true benefactors of their race. They avert the awful judgments of God, and bring down imperishable blessings by their powerful prayers.

Let us be co-workers with God in the work of making our sin-cursed world better. The hand that moves the stars is working for man's elevation. That heart which makes all hearts pulsate feels the highest interest in the salvation of souls; and although his eye takes in at a glance the whole of his glorious works, there is nothing he loves so well to see as the humble and contrite heart turned toward himself.

Sinner! Take care that you do not die in the halt between two opinions. Are you sometimes almost persuaded to be wholly for Christ? Do not hesitate and vacillate any longer; but now take the Lord for your portion forever.

But we must return to the course of the prophet. After such a display of God's power and goodness on that mount, we would suppose that he would go on, his faith waxing stronger and stronger. But alas! this is not so. When the Queen Jezebel hears of what has happened, she is filled with rage and hate against the man of God. He is seized with a sudden panic and flees for his life. The courageous prophet of yesterday becomes a trembling coward to-day. What a poor, changeable, unreliable creature is man, if not found leaning on Divine strength. He ought to have known that he was

only safe when doing God's work, and that to cast himself out of the path of duty, is to cast himself into the worst danger. But he flees into the wilderness and sits down under a juniper tree, full of doubts and fears and despondency. He sleeps, and after partaking of food miraculously provided, he journeys on to Mount Horeb.

Here he takes up his abode in a cave, very likely the very same in which Moses once found a refuge. There in that desert grandeur, and amid its awful solitude, he wraps his prophet's mantle around him, and lies down on the hard ground as his bed, congratulating himself on his safety. All at once he is startled by a voice: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" How that question must have confounded him. No work to do there, no mission of love to souls to accomplish there; but plenty of great, noble work to do, from which he had fled. The question was three times repeated, and like as we all do, when he had no good reason to give for his conduct, he presented an excuse. "I have been very zealous for the Lord God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away."

How patiently and condescendingly the Lord dealt with his erring child. He bids him come forth and stand upon the summit of old Horeb, around the hoary brow of which cluster such immortal remembrances. There the Lord passes before him in a representation full of terror and full of meaning. First there is a mighty wind that rends the rocks and tears up the trees by the roots and casts all things on the surface into a wild confusion. This is followed by an earthquake that comes rumbling and grumbling through the mountain, and extorting many a groan from its flinty bosom. But look! the whole mountain seems on fire, forked flames leaping from point to point, bursting through every fissure and threatening the prophet with instant destruction. But in none of these agents of terrible power did God show himself to Elijah. Hark! he hears a voice, still and small, sweet in its tones of love, and he

knew that God was in that voice. His Lord had not come to destroy, but to save, not in wrath but in love.

To every wandering child of God the question comes, "What dost thou here?" If in wicked and worldly society to do them good, or in the discharge of some plain duty, then we can expect God's protection; but if we run into danger or go to worldly society from choice, as Peter did, then we are in great spiritual peril. To those who go into scenes of sinful dissipation and amusement, God says, "What dost thou here?" When Peter was in the company where he denied his Lord, one of them put to him that searching question, "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?" How he must have felt these words, for the garden was connected with most solemn and impressive remembrances. So when professing Christians go to the giddy ball-room, to the theater, to places of fashionable resort where God is openly dishonored, they may be asked, "Did not I see thee at the communion-table with him? or at the prayer-meeting, or making a public profession of your love to him, and recording your vows forever to be his?"

And nothing can restore the wandering soul, but the still small voice that comes from Calvary. The whirlwind may produce a surface change, a mere outward movement; the earthquake may go deeper and reveal the inward evils that lay under the mere exterior; and the fire may alarm and terrify, but the power of God to salvation is only in the Cross. It is the still small voice which says, "It is finished," which, pleading for the guiltiest of the guilty, says, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." And if the sweet, melting love that beams forth from that hallowed spot, does not lift us up to God, purifying our hearts and making us new creatures, then we are lost indeed.

Elijah returns from Horeb by the wilderness of Damascus, and to his great joy he finds that there are seven thousand faithful souls in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. In our seasons of depression we are apt to view things through the false medium of our own dark conceptions. God has ever kept a seed to serve him. In obscurity, in retirement, scarcely

known to the world, nor wanting to be known, he has those who love him with pure hearts fervently, and had rather die than dishonor his cause.

Elijah comes back to his work with renewed courage. He found Ahab and his queen still engaged in their wicked practices. To gain possession of a coveted vineyard he has murdered Naboth, and is going down in great state to take possession of his ill-gotten gain. All at once he sees a man approaching him with a steady step and stern look. Had the murdered man appeared before him in his bloody shroud he could not have been more startled, for he sees that it is the prophet of God, and he knowing that he comes with the rebuke of the Lord upon his lips. Fixing his eye upon the king, he said, "Hast thou killed and taken possession? in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall they lick thy blood, even thine." With scowling brow but guilty fear in every feature, he says to the prophet, "Hast thou found me, O my enemy!" "I have found thee," was the laconic, but terrible reply.

The scene when Elijah opens the windows of heaven by his fervent prayers, is most graphic and highly instructive. At first there is but a little cloud like a man's hand, but he pleads on with faith encouraged and strengthened by this sign. The cloud increases till it curtains the whole heavens in darkness, and then breaks in teeming showers upon the parched and burning earth. All nature quickens into life under the heaven-sent blessing, and as streams of water leap from rock to rock, and roll down the mountains and fill up the rivers and brooks, the beds of which had so long been dry, who does not see that God is the hearer of prayer. So God, in answer to prayer, still pours out refreshing showers of spiritual blessings upon his people. John Livington, of Scotland, called a number of his brethren around him and proposed that they should spend a whole night in prayer for a blessing on the preaching of the gospel; and the very next day five hundred were converted. In like manner a number of Christians in Enfield, Massachusetts, spent a whole night in prayer just before President Edwards preached that awful sermon, "Sinners in the hands of

an angry God," under which great numbers were converted. It is well known how greatly blessed that school of the prophets, at Hamilton, New York, has been. It was founded in prayer and in every strait its founders called upon God. In the life of Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick the following fact is stated: "The meetings of the board, particularly in the early history of the seminary, often presented scenes of deep and moving interest. They were not so much seasons for the dry discussion of business as of prayer, inasmuch as from their great extremity they were driven to ask counsel of God and implore deliverance from embarrassment through his interposition. At one meeting in 1826, most of the time was spent in earnest prayer and strong crying to God for direction. The board felt the need of a suitable edifice to accommodate the growing school, and besides, it was in a great measure destitute of funds to aid those whom they had received as beneficiaries. At the meeting now referred to, the only vote passed was one appointing a day of fasting and prayer, some weeks from that session. It was a dark hour, but just the darkness that precedes the cheerful light of day. For those prayers were taking effect. They disturbed the sleep of Mr. Nicholas Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, and he dreamed nightly about Hamilton. And so he came to his pastor, Dr. Gano, and said, 'They are in trouble at Hamilton, I think, for I can't sleep nights; my dreams about them disturb me. Do you know their condition?' Upon being told that he was ignorant of their exact condition, Mr. Brown said, 'You must go and see;' and upon this Dr. Gano made the journey to Hamilton, at Mr. Brown's expense, and finding out their great distress, and reporting it to Mr. Brown, he at once sent them one thousand dollars, which relieved their perplexity."

Those who honor God he delights to honor. Elijah had long stood a bold and fearless defender of the right; fighting right manfully the battles of the Lord. And now his heavenly Master wants him home, and is going to take him in a triumphant chariot of fire. He is informed of his coming glory, and we can form no idea of the hallowed joy which he must

have carried about in his soul as he walked about among his fellow-men—in the world but not of it. His last visit is paid to the school of the prophets, for he could not but feel a deep interest in those who are to stand up for truth and righteousness when he is gone. God's ministers are never so taken up with their future blessedness as to forget the interests of that loved Zion for which they have labored and wept and prayed, and nothing can please them better than to see good, faithful men of prayer and faith coming forward to take their places, and to grasp the standard that is falling from their failing and trembling hands.

So great were the thoughts that came crowding upon the mind of the prophet at this moment that he wished to be alone; but his faithful friend Elisha, knowing what was to occur, would not leave him. His soul clung to his Master the more closely as the last moment of parting approached. Our privileges are more valued as they are about to take their departure; and, no doubt, he wished to catch his friend's last words and his parting blessing. See these two good men journeying on together, the one soon to be in glory, the other about to begin a career of great usefulness. Fifty of the sons of the prophets stand at the distance to view the expected translation. The miraculous events of the Bible were not done in secret. Our Lord's miracles were all performed in the open day, and for the most part before great numbers. He showed himself after his resurrection to five hundred brethren at once, and breathing upon his followers his parting blessing, he was taken up into heaven before many witnesses.

Elijah is not to die in the way appointed to other men; but he must pass over Jordan before he mounts his chariot of fire. The stroke of his mantle parts the waters, and now, turning to his friend, he says, "Ask what I shall do for thee before I am taken from thee." He did not tell him to ask for something when he was a glorified saint in heaven; no, he was to ask now, for nowhere does God encourage petitions to be made to the redeemed in glory. "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." O happy man! to have in his heart

such a wise wish—such a holy choice. Wealth will perish, honors die away, and fame is but a puff of breath; but a holy disposition comes from God, and, like its source, can never die. We are to covet earnestly the best gifts; those which will make us the most holy and the most useful. If such is our choice to-day, our Heavenly Father says, "Ask what ye will, and itshall be done unto you." According to our faith are our gifts in regard to spiritual things.

Elijah confessed the difficulty of answering such a request, and said that its being granted was to depend upon one condition: "If thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be." We are told that this holy man was going on talking when, all at once, the heavenly chariot came for him. When he got the intimation that he was soon to leave earth, he did not retire to some cell or cave of the earth, but went on until the last moment attending to the ordinary duties of life. Let us seek so to live that when the Master sends for us we may be found about His business.

Elisha sees the ascension of his friend and cried out, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" He rends his garments as a token of his sorrow; for though the event was gain to his old Master, it was a great loss to him and to the church of God; heaven was richer but earth was poorer by the departure of such a good man. In this ascension the mantle of Elijah falls to the earth. It is not taken and laid up in the school of the prophets, to be venerated and worshiped as a holy relic. Such things can only be done when true, intelligent piety gives place to superstition. He casts it about him, and sad and solitary he journeys on to begin the great work to which he has been called and set apart.

The whole history of Elijah shows how God honors his dear servants. Down to the last hour of their national existence, the Jews felt the holy influence of this good man. In no period of the world's history has the Lord left himself without faithful witnesses, and when one is taken away to his glorious home another comes forth with heavenly credentials to prove that he is the sent of God.

After centuries had passed away with this good man in heaven, he was permitted to visit our earth. He had seen our adorable Redeemer leave his throne in glory to come to earth to lay down his life for sinners; and when the time drew near for the tragic scenes of Calvary to transpire, he and Moses were permitted to meet our Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration. The leader and law-giver of Israel and one of the most distinguished among the prophets, are sent to pay their adoration to their Lord, in the presence of his disciples. In him both the law and the prophets find their fulfillment, and these holy visitors from the courts of glory joined with those on earth who were beginning to love him, to "Crown him Lord of all."

Here was a visit to earth made by glorified human beings. No doubt God employs them often on errands of love. Often may those that have been taken from us be near us when we know it not; and when the last hour of our earthly probation shall come, they will be among those who shall give a glad welcome to our liberated spirits to our eternal home.

But we must bid farewell to the prophet of Carmel. We part with him reluctantly, for the contemplation of his strong and noble character does us good. His is a life well worth recording. The most that can be said of a great majority of our race is, that they lived, that they were worse than useless, and that they died. But here was a life in earnest, a life dedicated to God, and useful through all time to men. The earth of our planet contains not his dust, but passing through some change it is glorified, like as the bodies of the saints shall be after their resurrection. How glorious to spend an eternity with such men! But O how much more glorious to see Him face to face who died for our offences!

"Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know."

"There the crystaline stream bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

"And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair Tree of Life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

"There, too, are the lost! whom we loved on this earth,
With whose mem'ries our bosoms yet glow;
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the land which no mortal may know.

"There the pale orb of night, and the fountain of day,
Nor beauty nor splendor bestow;
But the presence of HIM, the unchanging, I AM!
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb!
Light the land which no mortal may know.

"Oh! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go?
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELISHA, THE PROPHET OF THE SUCCESSION.

That most devoted Christian, the Rev. Samuel J. Mills, when in a deeply distressed state of mind on account of his sins, said to his mother, "O that I had never been born! For two years I have been sorry God ever made me." Her noble reply was, "My son, you *are* born, and you can never throw off your existence, nor your everlasting accountability for your conduct." God has a plan of our lives, and the noblest spirit we can cultivate is, to be a cheerful co-worker with God in all his holy purposes and designs, and in the darkest hour to believe that he is leading us in the right way. Fletcher said, "I have been forced by many disappointments to look for comfort in nothing but in the comprehensive words, '*Thy will be done.*' A few more trials will convince you experimentally of the heavenly balm they contain to sweeten the pains and heal the wounds that crosses and afflictions may cause."

When the heavenly call came to Elisha, it found him at the plough; and leaving all his worldly entanglements, he followed the divine direction, till now we find him the honored successor of the translated prophet. When great men are removed from the church we are ready to feel as if the cause of God had sustained an irreparable loss. But God knows the end from the beginning; and though he takes the most useful of his servants away, yet he sees to it that his own cause shall not suffer for want of agents to carry it on. It is true that it is a solemn event when God's faithful servants are taken away. We feel as if the bulwarks of the church were torn away, and as if the wild waves of error could now roll in with impunity. But God is in the midst of his church, and

she shall not be moved. Their holy example, their fervent prayers, their wise counsels, are greatly missed; but their work is taken up by others, to whom a kindred spirit is given, and the cause of truth stands secure as the throne of God.

When God called, and inspired his prophets and apostles he did not disturb or change their natural talents, or the peculiarities of temperament and disposition, which constituted their individuality among men. On the contrary, he uses these for his own glory and the edification of his people. Moses was naturally meek and sagacious; Isaiah, full of poetic fire; Peter, all zeal and impetuosity; John, gentle and loving; and Paul, logical and intellectual; and so they were all unlike to each other in some respects, and yet alike in having the same spirit, and working to the accomplishment of the same object. Luther and Melancthon were no more alike than is the violet and the rose, yet they both ornamented the garden of the Lord. Carey and Judson, were very different, yet their hearts both burned with missionary zeal. So with Elijah and Elisha; there was a wonderful unity in their lives, and yet a marked individuality distinguished each.

"Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

The new prophet has much hard work before him; for Israel is now in a dark and wicked state. The corrupt king Ahab is dead; but his wife, equally corrupt and with more force of character, is still alive. False gods are still worshiped, while "darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people." Elisha goes to Jericho, to the school of the prophets, to wait for further manifestations of his Lord's will. We must both wait and work, in God's service. They who wait, renew their strength, and so are more fit for their work. The fisherman is not always engaged in catching fish, but must sometimes be employed in mending his nets. And so must it be with fishers of men. Even the temporary residence of a good man in a place is a blessing to it. The inhabitants of the city came to the prophet, and represented that they had one great draw-back to the prosperity of the place—the water

was bad. Josephus mentions a spring at this place that was injurious to health, and made the trees and the fruits of the earth decay.

Elisha at once listens to the petition of the people to heal their waters. Our most common mercies are the most important, but this truth is only recognized when they are taken from us. By a direct miracle the waters were rendered healthful and pleasant. He thus took an early opportunity, in a public and influential manner, to show his credentials as one sent of God. The whole Bible is founded on miracle, and all the attempts of men to explain these on natural principles are utterly silly and absurd. On this subject a clear reasoner, Dr. Uhlhorn, says:

"Miracles cannot be got out of the Bible, either by natural explanation or by figurative interpretation. Nor is it of any use to abate something here and there, to set aside this or that miracle entirely, or to conceive its miraculous quality to be less miraculous, for the least miracle is as incomprehensible as the greatest. In vain, also, is the attempt to disjoin the miracles; to separate them as *debris*, and to hold fast only what remains, for all Christianity rests fundamentally upon the miracle of the appearance of Christ; and whoever rejects miracles must also reject the fundamental fact of Christianity, the chief article of the Christian faith. Nor is this all; he must reject all revelation, for revelation is miracle. And if he then, perhaps, comforts himself with the thought that natural religion still remains, this consolation also rests fundamentally upon illusion. To speak plainly, whoever denies miracles has no God. He may always, if only from an instinctive fear of atheism, hold fast that there is a God, but it is a dead word, a name, for this God stands in no living relation to the world. Man has nothing to hope or to fear from him. Prayer is no longer possible, for all praying depends upon the conviction that God grants what we ask. If God performs no miracles, and can perform none; or, in other words, if he no longer acts in this world, if he is shut out of it, if the order of nature does not admit him, if everything that takes place is nothing

ELIJAH CASTING HIS MANTLE ON ELISHA

but an unbroken chain of final causes and effects—then prayer depends upon an illusion; and the illusion must sooner or later become evident to man, shrink as he may from this conclusion of his reason."

"I would therefore ask you not to shrink from a clear perception of the whole scope and bearing of this question, from the beginning to the end. Strauss is perfectly right in treating the question of miracles as the question of the existence of Christianity. He who does away with miracles not only banishes, as Strauss says, the priests from the Church; he banishes the Church itself, and Christianity, and the living God, besides."

Mercy and judgment are blended together in God's ways, and so must they be in the actions of his prophets, and the teaching of his ministers. Elisha had just performed a miracle of great mercy to a whole city, but now we are to see the flashing of the sword of Divine justice. While on his way to Mount Carmel, he had to go through Bethel, a place rendered memorable by the vision which Jacob had there. It is now a wicked and profane place, where the altars of the true God are thrown down, and where idol worship abounds. As soon as the man of God came in view of the place, there came out a large number of wicked youths, in our translation rendered little children. The word, however, is used in reference to young men, or persons grown up. Very likely they were sent out by the idolatrous priests to insult the prophet.

These profane youths began to shout, "Go up, thou bald head! Go up thou bald head!" No doubt by the phrase, "Go up," they referred to the translation of Elijah, and thus showing their hatred of both the prophets. The blighting curse of God fell upon them there and then; and forty-two of them were torn by two she bears that came out of the woods. Let this teach young people to stand in awe and sin not. God will avenge any disrespect shown to his aged servants, and, sooner or later, all contempt displayed to the religion of heaven, through its professors, will recoil upon the heads of those who manifest it. In this case the parents were as

guilty as their children. They had trained them up in ignorance of the true God, and had set them an example of mocking at sacred things.

Alas! even among professing Christians there is too little respect shown to God's servants in the presence of the young. How often will some peculiarity of person or manner, some weakness of God's ministers, be made a subject of ridicule or rude jest in the presence of the children; and that, too, just after returning from the house of prayer. Need they wonder if these young people get into the habit of scoffing at all ministers; and to mock at the messenger of truth is the sure way to learn to mock the message itself? Let such remember that God will not be mocked, and that as they sow so will they reap. They have sowed in laughs and mockery at holy things, and so God says that he will "laugh at their calamities, and mock when their fear cometh."

But we must pass to several events in the life of this good man, in which the power of God was shown to be with him. Traveling about in the Lord's work, he one day entered Shunem. There dwelt a woman of wealth, and of a kind and hospitable heart. She urged him to make her house his home, which proposal is accepted, and "as oft as he passed by he turned in thither to eat bread." This good woman projected a plan for making him still more comfortable, and, consulting with her husband about it, "a prophet's chamber" was built on the wall; and there he found a quiet resting-place and a spot for uninterrupted communion with God.

All this kindness on the part of this family excited the prophet's gratitude; and that Lord who takes notice of even a cup of water when given to his people from a right motive, did not let their kindness pass without its reward. This couple had lived long together, but, as yet, their home had not echoed the glad voice of childhood's prattle. They were childless. God, in answer to the prophet's prayer, sends them a lovely boy, and we can easily imagine how their fond hearts would cling around him. The whole aspect of their home is

changed, and he grows up under their loving care, a happy and dutiful boy.

But, alas! he is soon taken from them. Being out with his father in the field one day, he is seized by the cold hand of death. Perhaps that very morning his mother had gazed upon him proudly, and thought of what a prop he would be to her declining years; but before noon she looks upon his pale face, on which death has stamped his seal.

How does this fond mother act under this crushing blow? Does she give way to that wild and clamorous grief that murmurs against God? No, far from it. She hastens to Mount Carmel to tell her sorrows to Elisha, and, in reply to his question, "Is it well with the child?" she answered, "It is well." Sweetly meek and submissive under this severe trial, she looks up through her tears into the face of her Heavenly Father, and said, "It is well." She dreads to return to her home, for its chief joy has gone out in darkness, but *it is well.* That bright eye which always met the kindred glance of her own love is closed in death, but *it is well.* Silent now is the tongue that spoke to her such loving words, and cold now are the lips that kissed her so fondly, but *it is well.* Oh woman, great is thy faith! From thy bright example may we learn to trust God when we cannot see him, and to say, in the wildest storm that beats upon us, "*It is well.*"

Is is, doubtless, a sore affliction to a mother when her babe is torn from her bosom. Through her fast falling tears she says:

"One little bud adorned my bower,
And shed sweet fragrance round;
It grew in beauty every hour,
Till, ah! the spoiler came in power,
And crushed it to the ground."

But, tenderly as a mother loves, he who has taken the dear one loves it still more. Yes, afflicted mother, your babe is in safe hands. Your Lord will take good care of it for you; and if you are one of Christ's redeemed ones, you will find your darling again, so bright and so loving, and so happy that you

will be compelled to acknowledge that your Friend above did all things well. To a weeping mother, standing over the little dead body of her babe, a good minister said, "Your child will have two Fathers in heaven, but only one mother." So you see it is not lost to you. It is yours still, and will be yours forever.

To those who have children in heaven, let it lend a new attraction to that bright world for you. Dr. Payson, I believe it was, who said that he thought more of heaven since his wife had gone to be a citizen of the golden city. Many a mother takes a deep interest in some far distant land, that before she cared not for, because her son or daughter now lives there. It is a great privilege to have a child in glory, singing God's high praise. But do not miss the way, and make the parting an eternal one. Put your hand into that of your adorable Savior, and he will lead you safely in through the golden gate, to go no more out forever.

But, to proceed with our narrative; the prophet goes to the house of mourning with the sad woman, prays over the dead child, and gives him alive once more to the now joyful mother. O, how blessed to the people of God will be the day when the same power that wrought this change shall raise from the dead those who sleep in Jesus, and death-divided friends shall meet, not only in spirit but in the body, and be for ever with each other and with the Lord. Then, even in the flesh, shall we see the Lord.

Naaman's cure of leprosy by Elisha is full of instruction and interest. When read in the light of the Cross of Christ, it is full of gospel truth. As I have dwelt at length upon this incident in my book called "Grace and Truth," I will now only refer to a few points not there spoken of at any great length. In some of Naaman's invasions of war he had carried away a number of captives out of the land of Israel. Among them was a little maid whom he gave to his wife to wait upon her. As an old writer says, "A small chink may serve to let in much light," and so this little maid brings a great blessing, both temporal and spiritual, to that house. A great wrong had

been done her, she had been torn away from nome and dear friends, and perhaps some very dear to her had been slain by the conqueror; yet, instead of sitting down in sullen despair and brooding over her wrongs, she seeks to return good for evil, and tells her mistress of the man of God in Israel who could cure her husband of his loathsome disease.

There is work in this world for every child of God to do. The fields are white to harvest, and the weakest and the feeblest can gather in a little for the Lord. One can give time to the work of making the world better, while another can give money. One can employ the ready pen, another the eloquent tongue, and a third the prayer of faith. The great thing is, to have "a mind to work" for Jesus. If we have the love of Jesus in our hearts, that will make us ingenious in finding out plans to promote his glory. To speak a word to some one whom you have influence with, to send a tract to some one in a letter, following it with much prayer, and to set an example such as all can see who honor the Lord, are means of doing good open to all.

Naaman hears the words of the little maid concerning the man of God. Faith cometh by hearing, and faith at once brings forth works. So with great pomp and much display of his greatness, he comes to Elisha. In one thing he fails. He is not disposed to take the blessing of a cure from God in the humble way it is offered. He must have the blessing in his way, not in God's way. His way is to pay for it; God's way, to give it for nothing. His way is for the man of God to come to him, go through some splendid and impressive ceremonies, and then a cure be effected; God's way was that the prophet was not to see him at all, to perform no rites, nor ceremonies, but simply to tell him to dip his diseased body seven times in Jordan. God would not bow to his plan, and he would not bow to God's; and so, in a rage, he was about to carry his disease back with him, had he not repented, that is, changed his mind.

It is the old story over again, as old as the fall of man. Man wants to pay a price for his salvation. He wants to put

forms and rites and stately performances in the place of the worship of the heart. The religion of form is the religion of fallen humanity. We need not wonder at the great popularity of ritualism in the present day. It will come to this by and by, that nearly all who are not in Christ by a living faith will have a religion of form, and the more gorgeous and pompous the form, the more fashionable it will be. This is so clearly illustrated in the following little narrative that my readers will be pleased that I quote it:

"Alice was an only child, an heiress. Lovely and accomplished, she lived for this world, and this world offered her no ordinary attractions. Idolized by her parents, and beloved by an accepted suitor, she knew not the meaning of a wish ungratified.

"But an unexpected visitor arrived at the mansion. A pale messenger came to Alice. A hectic flush suffused her beautiful face rendering it, if possible, more lovely still. The eagle eye of affection soon perceived that the seeds of consumption had been laid. The skilled physician pronounced the heart-rending verdict that her days were numbered and self-indulgence would soon close.

"Alice sank by degrees, and as she lay on her couch, surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could procure, began to think how sad it was to leave her loving friends and all her brilliant prospects, and to go —where? where?

"She could not find an answer satisfactory to her soul.

"So she sent for the High Church clergyman. He came. The family were assembled. He produced a missal. They all knelt around the bed. He intoned the service for the sick. Having received her confession, and pronounced absolution, he, with peculiar genuflexions, administered the sacrament, and placing his hands on her, blessed her, and pronounced her a good child of the Church. He departed, perfectly satisfied with his own performances, and assuring the parents that all was right.

"Was Alice satisfied?

"She had submitted to all. She had endeavored to join in the service, but in her immortal soul she felt a blank.

"'Father,' said she, 'I am going to die. Where am I going?'

"The father gave no reply.

"'Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?'

"No reply, save tears.

"'William, you who were to be the guide of my life, can you tell me anything of the future?'

"No response.

"'I'm lost! lost!' she exclaimed. 'Am I not, father? Is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?'

"At length the father spoke.

"'My child, you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended the Abbey Church and helped in its services, and the minister has performed the rights of the Church and expressed himself satisfied with your state.'

"'Alas! father, I feel that is not enough. It is no rest to my soul. It is hollow—it is not real. Oh! I am going to die, and I know not where I am going. Oh! the blackness of the darkness! Can no one tell me what I can do to be saved?'

"Blank despair was pictured on her countenance. Misery overshadowed the circle. They were overtaken by a real danger. Death was in their midst. Eternity was looming before them. They knew not how to answer the appeal of an immortal soul, awakened to a sense of sin—to a dread of appearing before God—to the terror of hell.

"Alice was attended by a little maid, who was in the habit of frequenting a meeting held in a barn in the village, where prayer and praise were offered up in simplicity, and where they sang the old hymns:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains;"

and

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load;"

and where she heard words which reminded her of the good old pastor.

"She longed to tell her mistress that she might 'wash and be clean,' but felt diffident. At last she took courage, and just as the Israelitish captive said unto Naaman's wife, 'Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy,' she told her mistress, 'There is a preacher in the village who proclaims salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and urges us to accept the forgiveness freely offered in the gospel.'

"'Oh that I could see him!' exclaimed the dying girl.

"Alice besought her father to invite the strange preacher to the house; and though he thought it extraordinary, her wish was law.

"Again the family were assembled, and the man of God entered the room. The dying girl, raising herself, appealed to him; 'Can you tell me what I must do to obtain rest for my soul, and die at peace with God?'

"'I fear I cannot.'

"Alice fell back. 'Alas!' said she, 'and is it so? Is there no hope for me?'

"'Stay,' said he, 'though I cannot tell you what you can do to be saved, I *can* tell you what *has been done* for you.

"'Jesus Christ, the Savior God, has completely finished a work by which lost and helpless sinners may be righteously saved. God, who is love, saw us in our lost and ruined state. He pitied us, and in love and compassion sent Jesus to die for us. 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He shed his precious blood on the accursed tree, in the stead and place of sinners, that they might be pardoned and saved. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

"'And I have nothing to do?'

"'Nothing, but to believe. No doing, working, praying, giving, or abstaining, can give relief to a conscience burdened with a sense of guilt, or rest to the troubled heart. It is not a work done *in* you by *yourself*, but a work done *for* you by *another*, long, long ago. Jesus has completed the work of our redemption. He has said, 'It is finished.' Through faith in him you have pardon. It is impossible for a sinner to do ought to save himself. It is impossible to add anything to the perfect work of Christ. *Doing* is not God's way of salvation, but ceasing from doing, and believe what God in Christ *has already done for you.* 'God has given to us eternal life and this life is in his Son.'

"'I do believe that Jesus died on the cross for sinners; but how am I to know that God has accepted *me?*'

"'Jesus, the God-man, has ascended into heaven. He has presented his blood before God, and has been accepted for us; and when you believe, you are accepted in him.'

"The awakened sinner listened with breathless attention. She received the word of God, which revealed Christ to her soul. The glad tidings fell as a balm upon her wounded spirit. Her face was lit up with heaven's sunlight. Looking upwards, she exclaimed, 'Oh, what love! what grace!

'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.'

And in a few days she departed to be with Christ."

Naaman, listening to better counsel than his own prejudices and national pride, and so in obeying the word of the Lord, went home cured in body, and with his soul filled with a clear conception of the Great Jehovah, and determined to worship him only.

An incident here occurred, that is so full of warning and instruction, that we must not pass it by in silence. Gehazi was a servant of Elisha, and, it has been supposed, was with Elijah in the same capacity. Gratitude for his cure, led Naaman to press upon the prophet the acceptance of a very liberal present. His wish was to impress upon the mind of

this distinguished heathen, that the gifts of God can not be bought, that all was of free grace, and his reply to the generous offer was, "As the Lord liveth, I will accept none."

Then it was that the wicked thought of enriching himself by a lie occurred to the mind of Gehazi. He thought that it was too bad that this rich man should carry back all this wealth to his own country. If his master had false scruples about receiving a gift, he had none; and acting on the wicked impulse, he runs after the carriage of Naaman, and, under a false representation, obtains the desire of his heart.

Ah! how little do we know our own weakness till the day of trial comes. We think ourselves strong, fortified by a good reputation built up steadily by a life time of moral integrity; and if any man were to suggest a departure from the straight line of honesty, we would indignantly exclaim, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But when the unexpected hour of trial comes, the very thing is done the mention of which was so repulsive. That stream seems very bright and clear; you would not think that there is a great deal of mud and impurity lying at the bottom, till something occurs to stir it up, and then we are astonished to find a filthy puddle instead of a pure, sparkling stream.

Gehazi carries his gains into the tower, or secret place, and having hid it securely away, puts on a look, as if nothing had occurred, and boldly goes into the presence of the prophet. Little did he think that all was already known, and that his sin had found him out. Elisha calmly rebukes him, and pronounces his punishment, which was, that the loathsome disease of Naaman should cleave to him all his days. Ah! how empty his gains would seem now. He had been thinking himself rich; perhaps, in imagination, picturing to himself the things he would buy, and in the style in which he would live. But now, with his health gone, his character gone, all enjoyment in life gone, a disgraced and ruined man, he slunk away from the society of men; carrying with him the conviction that all this misery he had pulled down on his own head.

We see that we may fall into sin, while possessing the very

best religious privileges. The means of grace and the grace of the means are very different. This man dwelt in the household of this holy man, saw his godly life and heard his fervent prayers; and yet, was not made better by either. So Judas enjoyed our Lord's ministry, and saw his holy example, and yet was lost. And it is worthy of notice that both those men were ruined by the same sin, the sin of covetousness. "They that will be rich, fall into temptations and a snare, and many hurtful lusts that drown men in destruction and perdition."

But to return to the life of Elisha; that noble man goes on in his career of doing good on every hand. The sons of the prophets were enlarging the place of their abode, and to save one of them from distress, a miracle is wrought. The king of Syria was preparing ambuscades against Israel, but his designs are exposed by the prophet. This so enraged the king that he sends an armed host to apprehend him. His servant was much alarmed, and cried, "Alas! my master, how shall we do?" But the prophet was quite calm and serene in the midst of all the danger. His reply was, "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." He referred to a great multitude of angels with which they were encompassed, and which the young man's eyes were opened to see. If we could clearly see the means that God has taken for our protection how trifling would our outward and physical dangers seem. This host of armed men were stricken with blindness, so that the prophet led them to the king of Israel.

In the course of this book we see how much holy angels have to do with the affairs of men; and what a deep interest they have taken in the progress of our race. Called into existence before man, gifted with superior intellectual powers, and having no body of flesh to encumber them, they are capable of putting forth mighty efforts in carrying out God's will. Hence they are called "mighty angels," and are said to "excel in strength." Their home has been the highest heavens ever since their creation, and as they have been permitted to appear in the immediate presence of God, to behold his beauty, and to see his holy, wise and sovereign goodness, as

the ages have rolled away, we can form no conception of how great their knowledge of God must be. Sinlessly pure, they are able the better to comprehend the greatness of Jehovah, and so bow before him in profound humility.

We learn that the number of these holy ones is very great. "Ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him." Our adorable Lord said that he could invoke to his aid, "More than twelve legions of angels;" and Paul speaks of them as "an innumerable company of angels." There seems to be different degrees of glory among them, as we read of "thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers." And the angels Michael and Gabriel are spoken of as leaders among the heavenly throng. But they all "do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word."

When the creating word called our world into existence, these holy beings sang forth their emotions of delight, yea shouted for joy, and all the way down the history of our planet, they have watched over the servants of the Lord, stimulating them to duty, and protecting them from dangers. The Psalmist tells us that they encamp around God-fearing people, for their deliverance; and that the Lord gives his angels charge over them. They have often been sent forth as ministers of destruction, as well as of mercy. They are never idle, for they not only praise God in strains to mortal ears unknown, but are quick as the flash of the lightning to go forth on his errands. These holy angels have taken a great interest in the plan of salvation. Though they need no Savior themselves, they rejoice in the love shown to us, in God's unspeakable gift. They announced our Lord's incarnation to Joseph and Mary; and to the shepherds told of his birth in songs of rapture, the echo of which still sounds around our globe, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Yea, God's command to the angels concerning his Son was, "Let all the angels of God worship him." And they did worship him, with all the power of their pure natures.

During the whole of our blessed Lord's sojourn on earth, these holy angels waited upon him. After his temptation in the

wilderness, after his agony in the garden, and on other occasions, angels ministered to him. It was one of them that rolled away the stone from the sepulchter, and when our Lord was taken up to glory, two shining ones appeared to the apostles, and told of his coming again to this earth.

These holy ones take a great interest in the spiritual well-being of Christians. They rejoice over their conversion; and in regard to young converts, our Lord says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." And when Christians die, we learn from the case of Lazarus, that they carry their souls to their future glorious home.

And when the great day of judgment shall come, the angels shall be our Lord's attendants. Yea, they are to herald his approach, for Jesus says, "He shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." And it is evident that they are to have something to do in carrying out the sentence that is to be pronounced from the great white throne.

Have we reason to believe that these celestial beings are employed in the affairs of earth, as of old? I have no doubt of it. We may be assured that they are not idle, and surely this sin-cursed world is not now independent of their aid. It may suit the purposes of the poet to represent their agency in human affairs, as only a beautiful picture of the imagination, and to speak of their visits as "few and far between." But God's word represents them as constantly near us, interested in our movements, watching for our welfare, and often putting forth kind and active exertions for our good. If the veil could only be taken from our eyes, as in the case of Elisha's servant, we would be astonished at their numbers around us, and confounded at our own unbelief. Let us seek to imitate these holy beings in their steady obedience to the will of their Lord; and seek so to live in their presence and in the presence of their Lord, as we shall wish we had when we come to stand amid the realities of eternity.

We now come to near the closing scenes of Elisha's life. The inhabitants of Samaria, being besieged, were perishing by famine. The prophet predicted that day there would be a great plenty in the city. One of the courtiers ridiculed this assertion, and was told that he would see it, yet perish in the midst of the plenty. For upwards of sixty years from the time of his appointment to his high office, he went on to fulfill its high duties with untiring zeal. At last his release came. Among the weeping friends that stood around his death-bed was Joash, the king. Though not translated in the body, he had a triumphant entry into the heavenly kingdom.

Let us serve his Lord as he did, with zeal and fidelity. We may not be known far from our homes, but nothing honestly said or done for God can be lost. This is beautifully brought out by the following lines by Dr. Bonar:

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"My name and my place and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run.
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,—
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

"Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,—
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graven on the stone?
The things we have lived for,—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

"I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

"I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

"So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Upraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done."

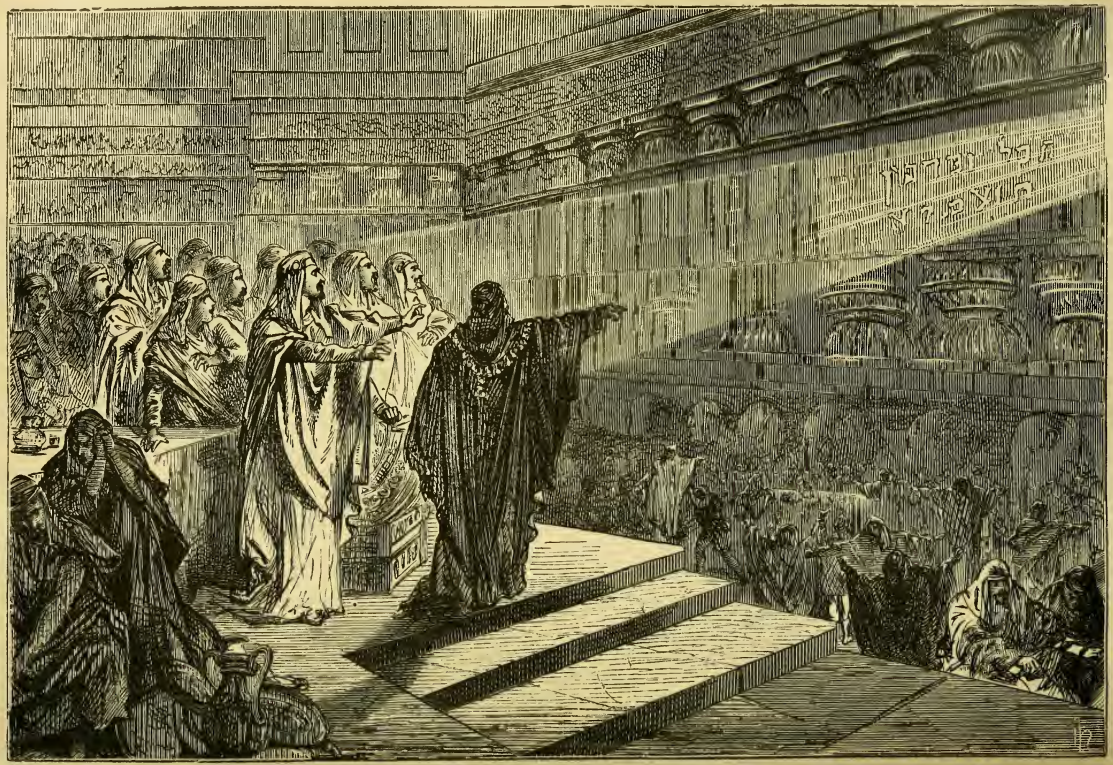
CHAPTER XIX.

DANIEL, THE PROPHET OF THE COURT.

Daniel was one of the children of the captivity. Isaiah had prophesied, "Thy sons shall be chamberlains in the palace of the King of Babylon," and little more than a century had passed when this prophecy was fulfilled. The people of Israel, with their king, nobles and priests were carried into captivity, and out of those of princely birth were chosen four to serve in the court of the king of Babylon. One of these was Daniel, a man who towers up before us, preëminent for the greatness of his soul—the grandeur of his moral nature.

As drawn before us by the pen of inspiration, he appears a faultless character. We do not mean to say that he was a sinless man, for he had to be saved by grace, like all that ever have been saved. But he stands up before the ages as they pass, a bright example of what God's grace can build up out of the ruins of our moral nature; a lofty, generous, pure and true man; anxious to live in love and peace with all, and yet firm as a rock, where any principle of right was involved; willing to obey those that had authority over him, and ready to conciliate his captors in every way consistent with truth and righteousness; but all the kings of the earth, and all the terrors that power can accumulate, could not make him swerve one hair's breadth from the obedience which he owed to the great King of kings. The fact that such a man lived in our world has proved a blessing to our common humanity, and his very name and example brings strength and comfort to the tempted and the tried.

It should be remembered that Daniel was quite young when brought into this heathenish court, not more than eighteen years; and this makes his noble resistance of wrong and his



DANIEL INTERPRETING THE WRITING ON THE WALL

bold stand for the right all the more wonderful. In order that he and his companions might be fit to appear before the king, according to oriental notions, they are to be taught the language of the Chaldeans, and to be put through a course of physical and intellectual training. It was usual for them during this training to eat of the meat and drink of the wine brought from the king's table, in order that they might appear ruddy. But Daniel wished to be faithful to the law of his God and the teachings of his fathers in regard to meats and drinks. He would not defile himself by indulging appetite at the expense of conscience. Some might call it bigotry and making a great deal of little things; but such people are in great danger of making great things little. When people get into the habit of sitting in judgment upon God's commands, and reject one because it is little, and choose another because it is great, they will soon set up their own judgment as the standard of right and wrong in all things. "He that trusteth to his own heart is a fool." Thus saith the Lord, is to be our rule in everything.

Daniel obtained leave from the officer who had charge of their education, to use as the food and drink for himself and companions, only pulse and water; and so well did they thrive upon this that their appearance indicated better health and vigor than those who had been fed from the king's table. Hence, when brought up for examination, Daniel and his three companions were chosen to the high post of waiting upon the king's person.

Thus religion is profitable for both worlds, for this world and for the world to come. A strict compliance with the injunctions of the Bible is as good for the health of the body as for that of the soul. The fruit of the spirit is temperance, as well as other excellencies; and we are enjoined not to defile our bodies, from the high and solemn consideration that they are the temples of the Holy Spirit. We see in this young man the triumph of religious principle over the lusts of the flesh, a firm regard to God's will, even when the doing of that will is going to cost some sacrifice; and all this gives us an assur-

ance that his future life will be marked by the same spirit of unflinching trust in the right. Instead of daring to stand up for God and right, suppose that he had yielded to the custom of Babylon, that one false step would have led to others; and having begun to yield, he would have gone on till his pathway would have been that which leads to hell.

Those who honor God he delights to honor. The spirit of prophetic power came upon Daniel about this time; so that while he was being taught of men the duties of the court he was taught of heaven to read the mysteries of the future, and to draw before the eyes of men inspired pictures of things yet to be. God imparted to him such a spirit of wisdom that when brought into contrast with the wisdom of earth, was as much superior as the sun in his noon-day glory is to the glimmer of a rush-light. That Daniel was a true prophet of the Lord is evident from the fact that Jesus and the inspired apostles, speak of him as such; especially Paul refers to his predictions. He bears a clear testimony to Christ as the Messiah, the great work that he should do, and the blessed and glorious kingdom that he should set up.

At this time the kingdom of Babylon was the greatest among the nations of the world. All others had to acknowledge its greatness, and some of them had to bow to its supremacy and submit to be its slaves. All was prosperous so far as external observation could discern, when a strange restlessness—a fearful foreboding of coming evil began to oppress the spirit of the king, Nebuchadnezzar. Restlessly he tossed upon his bed, unable to find that sleep that came unsought to the poorest of his subjects. "His spirit was troubled, and his sleep brake from him." When he did sleep a fearful vision of the night alarmed him. In the morning the dream was forgotten in its distinct outlines, though the horror it had caused still weighed down his soul. He sends for his astrologers and magicians, a class of imposters that they dignified with the title of wise men, and with promises of rich presents, commands them to tell him his dream and its interpretation. And to show the despotic character of the man, if they failed in this, their

lives were to be forfeited. Of course, the wise men failed, and the tyrannical king was furious, and commanded them to be destroyed. Daniel, having learned these particulars, enters the king's presence and asks for time, that he may show the interpretation of the dream. This is granted, and gathering his three companions, they pour out their hearts in prayer for wisdom to be given from on high. Nor did they plead in vain. The secret is revealed to this young servant of God, and he hastens to state his readiness for an interview.

The time has come, and the Jewish exile stands before the sovereign of a great empire; the king unhappy in the midst of his riches and luxuries, but the poor captive happy in his God. He is at great pains to impress upon the king that no honor is due to him, but all the glory is God's, "There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets." The monarch is all solemn attention, for part by part the vision of the night is reproduced, and then the interpretation is given with all faithfulness and fidelity. We can not go into the whole of this striking vision, at present; but there is one part that demands attention. It is the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, first breaking the image into pieces, and then increasing until it fills the whole earth. Daniel's words are: "Forasmuch as thou sawest this stone, the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter; and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure. In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

This stone is no doubt the kingdom of Christ, hewn out of the quarry of our poor sunken, sinful human nature, without hands, that is, not by the power of man, but by the power of God. This kingdom is composed of holy spiritual subjects, who take Christ as their king, and who depend upon his gracious promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. The kingdoms of this world may rise and fall, and the kings that reigned over them may strut their little hour, and,

puffed up with a lofty conception of themselves and their power, look coldly, it may be contemptuously, on the cause of Christ; but as the winds of the coming winter sweep the dead leaves before them, so kingdoms and kings that once filled the earth with their fame have been swept into a common grave; but Christ's kingdom goes on conquering and to conquer. Ridicule and contempt, proscription and persecution, the flashes of genius and the ravings of vulgar blasphemy, have all been tried against this kingdom; but it not only stands unshaken, but hastens to fill the whole earth with its glory.

The king was much impressed with Daniel's interpretation, recognizing not only his wisdom, but fell down before the Eternal God, saying, "Of a truth, your God is a God of Gods, and a Lord of kings, and a revealer of secrets." He confered many honors upon Daniel, and made him ruler of the province of Babylon. This last honor he asked might be confered upon his three companions instead of himself; which was done. By this means the condition of the Jewish captives was rendered more comfortable. When men of true piety are in power the people have reason to rejoice; but when power and wickedness are united the people mourn. Only suppose that Satan had unlimited power for one day, and what a hell our world would become!

To trust in an arm of flesh is sure to bring disappointment; and if history has taught us one lesson more emphatically than another, it is the unreliableness of the favor of kings. "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king," said a disappointed statesman, "he would not forsake me now." How strange that men will put confidence in the word of their fellow men, and yet speak as if the faith that saves the soul, which is just taking God at his word, was a very difficult thing. This is beautifully illustrated in the following:

"It was a time of some spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seems to be without result. At

last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel by writing a note, asking him to come and see him at six o'clock, after he left 'the work.'

"He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into the room his master inquired, 'Do you wish to see me, James?'

"James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said, 'The letter! the letter!'

"'Oh,' said his master, 'I see you believed that I wanted to see you. When I sent you the message you came at once.'

"'Surely, sir! surely sir!' replied James.

"'Well, see, here is another letter sending for you, by one equally in earnest,' said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of scripture written on it.

'James took the paper and began to read slowly, 'Come—unto—me—all—ye—that—labor,' etc. His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, grasped his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and then he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:

"'Am I just to believe that in the same way I believe your letter?'

"'Just in the same way,' rejoined the master. 'If we receive the witness of men the witness of God is greater.'

"This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Savior, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way."

A few years had passed, during which time the arms of Nebuchadnezzar had been quite successful. This so filled his heart with pride that he forgot all his fair promises to Daniel, and returned to idol worship with increased zeal and bigotry. He took the spoils that he had obtained in his wars and made a golden image, setting it up in the plain of Dura, and commanding all the rulers and the people to worship it, on pain of

death. This image was about three-score cubits, that is about ninety feet, in height; and six cubits, or about nine feet, in breadth. A proclamation was issued calling upon "the princes, the governors and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counselors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces," not only to attend the dedication of this image, but at the sound of the musical instruments mentioned, to bow down and worship it. Should any refuse to do this, they were in the same hour to be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

The appointed day has come and the great assembly is convened, when it is reported to the king that the three Hebrews whom he had appointed over the province of Babylon had refused to worship his image; these were Daniel's companions, named Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. In a towering rage the tyrant calls them before him, repeats his decree, and tells them the punishment that must follow disobedience to his will. They answer respectfully, but firmly, "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." At this the king commanded the furnace to be heated seven times more than it was wont, and that these men, with their clothes upon them, should be cast into the flames.

Now comes the time of exciting trial. There is the great king surrounded by his flatterers, the officers of his government, and his victorious army. And yet his power is defied by these three children of God. Religion is a matter purely between God and the conscience of man, and never do human governments make themselves more contemptible than when they undertake to dictate what man shall believe and how he shall worship. It is a good man's duty to obey the laws of the government under which he lives, as far as these laws do not interfere with the duty he owes to his God; but the moment that they do this, he is bound to obey God rather than man. This is the principle upon which good men have acted in every age of the world. Men might crush their bodies with torture, their affections with imprisonment, and

their good name with infamous charges, but they could not crush out of them the determination to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, enlightened by the word of truth.

The furnace is flaming at its highest pitch, and into it are cast these Hebrew exiles. So furious are the flames that the very men who were the instruments of the tyrant's will, in casting them into the furnace, are burned to death. But, see! astonishment and alarm gather upon the face of the king. Gazing into the furnace for some time, he turns to his attendants and says, "Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" "True, O king!" was the reply. He then told them that he saw four men walking unhurt in the midst of the fire, and that one of them is like the Son of God. Yes, blessed Savior, thou hast never left thy dear people alone in their troubles! Prisons and dens and caves of the earth have been illuminated by the light of thy countenance; and thou hast made sick beds and beds of flame easy as a bed of down to thy dying saints and martyrs.

We can conceive with what a feeling of shame and remorse the king uttered these words: "Ye servants of the Most High God, come forth." They did so, showing themselves unhurt, before the whole multitude, not even the smell of fire upon their garments. This miracle must have produced a great change in public opinion. We hear no more of the great golden image, nor the universal worship which it was to receive. But the king publishes a decree, that any one speaking a word against the God of these three men should be cut in pieces, "Because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort."

Now, he had a right to exalt the name of Jehovah above idols, and to do all he could to glorify his name, but he had no right to use his power to compel people to think as he did. He had no more right to kill men for not worshiping the God of heaven than he had to kill them for not worshiping his idol. How hard it has been, in every age, for men in power to understand the true doctrine of religious liberty. Hence, whenever

the state has taken even true religion under her protection and patronage, a spirit of intolerance begins to show itself, very injurious to the cause of Christ. Secular governments should not interfere in religion any further than to see that all have the liberty to worship God according to their consciences.

In these three Hebrews we see a fine example of true decision of character. Christian decision is always exercised with a special reference to God's holy will. Mere natural decision is a man adhering to a course that is marked out by his own will. Such men often pursue a course without any regard to its being right or wrong, but only because they have resolved upon it. The Christian is firm and resolved, because God has spoken. In matters of small moment, where God has given no direct intimation of his will, it is our duty to yield. In this we can be all things to all men, like Paul, to gain men into a right spirit of peace and love; but in regard to things important in religion, and all is important that God has commanded, the Christian is to be firm and unyielding.

Christian firmness does not trouble itself much about consequences. It does not ask what will people think of me if I do this, or what effect will it have upon my business if I do that. It asks only, is it God's will? and if so, it must be done. This gives a oneness and a uniformity to the good man's course. You know where to find him. He is not one thing to-day and another to-morrow. He is reliable, for he acts from a fixed and unchangeable rule; that is, the will of God that changes never.

Nebuchadnezzar had another dream, which filled him with terror. The vision was that of a great tree growing in the midst of the earth, towering up to the heavens, and its branches stretching to the ends of the earth. In it the fowls of the air dwelt, and under it the beasts of the field found shelter. But "a watcher, even a holy one," approaches the tree, and in a loud voice cries, "Hew down this tree, cut off its branches, shake off its leaves and scatter its fruit; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from its branches; only leave its stump in the earth, bound about with iron and brass."

Daniel is sent for to interpret as before. The matter filled him with astonishment, and "his thoughts troubled him," we are told. He faithfully told the king that the fall of this great tree was emblematic of his own downfall. That by insanity he was to be driven from the abodes of men and made to herd with the beasts of the field; that this state of things would continue for seven years; and he urged the proud monarch to repentance, and to turn to the Lord by works meet for repentance. But worldly prosperity had completely hardened his heart. It made him feel independent of God.

An English magazine tells us that the butchers of London have great difficulty in driving a flock of sheep through the crowded streets. They are apt to get scattered in all directions. To avoid this they take a sheep that has been petted till it loves its owner, and has got so used to the crowded streets that it will go after him anywhere. This one is used as a decoy to a whole flock. The owner puts it at the head of the flock that he wants to take to the slaughter-house, and they follow it to their destruction. Thus Satan has many decoys to lead souls to hell, and one of the most common and successful of these is the love of the world. A little more, and then they are going to be satisfied; but the satisfaction never comes; instead thereof comes an awful hardness of heart, a proud, dark contempt of everything sacred, the harbinger of eternal death.

About a year after the king had been warned by the vision and by Daniel, he was walking in his palace and thinking of all his vast power and the greatness of his kingdom, when he exclaimed, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" The proud boast has scarcely left his lips till a voice from heaven told him that God's predicted time of judgment had come, and in a moment he becomes as a beast. For seven years he lives in this degraded condition, when his reason was again restored to him, and looking up in humility to the great God of heaven, and acknowledging his hand in the whole matter, he was again restored to his throne. By public proclama-

tion he owned his guilt, and the great goodness of God in his restoration. At last he died, and his grandson, Belshazzar, ascended the throne in his stead.

The terrible judgments that were sent to his grandfather had no effect upon him; for he entered upon a career of idolatry, blasphemy and licentiousness that makes us truly thankful that his reign was a short one. He had been defeated in battle by Cyrus, and for two years had been besieged in Babylon. Defended by massive walls and bulwarks, by gates of brass and the great river Euphrates, and having provisions enough to last for twenty years, he feared neither God nor man, but gave himself up to the gratification of his lusts.

One night be made a feast, conducted with all the oriental display that he could command. He gathered around his festal board a thousand of his lords, with his wives and concubines, and the grandees of his great empire. All that could administer to the lust of the flesh was there. The wine excited them to madness, and a roar of mirth and revelry went forth from the excited throng. The king ordered the vessels of gold and silver, which his grandfather had taken from God's house at Jerusalem, to be brought out that he and his drunken crew might drink out of them to the honor of their vile gods. It was a fearful act of sacrilege, for these vessels had been consecrated to the service of the great God, and had often been used by holy men in his worship; and now to be used by these wicked wretches in their abominable orgies, was an insult to the Most High.

But see! All at once the king turns pale and trembles in excessive terror. The excited laugh of the drunkard has died away upon his lips, and left his heart quaking under a horror, all the more dreadful that it is undefined. He starts from his seat and fixes his eyes in a wild stare upon the wall. All are now filled with dread, and their eyes following that of the king see the hand of an invisible being writing some mysterious words upon the wall: "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN," were the words, and it was in vain that the magi were called, for they could not explain them. The king's consternation

increasing, the queen, supposed to be his mother, remembers Daniel, and urges his being sent for.

We can imagine the holy man of God coming into that hall and looking solemnly around on the wicked throng. The king offers him rich rewards, but he is there, not to please kings and nobles, not to be bought, but to speak God's truth. Accordingly, with a quiet dignity he says, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another." He then goes on to tell the king what God had done for Nebuchadnezzar, from which he had taken no warning; and in most emphatic terms to rebuke his great wickedness. It is not often that royal ears listen to such a sermon. He then interpreted the words to mean, that his kingdom and reign was at an end, that he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

That very night the city was taken. Two deserters told Cyrus how it might be taken; that by drying up the waters of the Euphrates, that ran beneath the powerful walls of the city, an entrance could be accomplished and the city secured by surprise. This was done, the king slain, and his kingdom divided.

Darius now reigned in Babylon, and proceeded to make new arrangements in regard to the government. Daniel was at once exalted to a position of great honor and power. This was done because the king saw that "an excellent spirit was in him." But this very eminence to which he was lifted up, made him an object of envy and hatred to some. The more holy and upright he was, the more such vile men would hate him. They were maddened with rage to think that they could not find something on which to found a complaint against him, to the king. Unable to find anything against him in regard to his moral character, or the discharge of his civil duties, they turned to his religion. This is very instructive. After watching him closely, their keen espionage being sharpened by intense hatred, they could not find a single act or word or event in his life, that could be charged as wrong. The only thing that they could charge against him was that he was a praying man—praying three times a day to the God of heaven!

A plan for Daniel's destruction is now formed. A concourse of his enemies assemble at the palace, and ask the king to pass a decree according to the law of the Medes and Persians.

This decree was to be to the effect, that for thirty days no person in the whole realm should ask anything of either God or man, except of Darius, the king; and any violation of this absurd decree was to be punished by the offender being cast into the den of lions. It is to be presumed that the king did not for a moment suppose that this would, in any way affect Daniel to his injury; and as it was flattering to his pride, it was at once sent forth in due form. We see them come forth with the smirk of unholy triumph upon their faces. They chuckle among themselves, and congratulate each other upon their success in having the man they hate now in their power. Ah! little did these wicked presidents and princes think that at that very time they were digging a pit for their own destruction.

Daniel hears of what has been done, but heeds it not. He goes calmly about his duties as before, and when the hour for his accustomed devotion arrives he goes up to his house and prays as usual, with his face toward Jerusalem. He knew that his enemies were watching for evil; but along with that assurance was another, that the God of the universe was watching him for good. It may be thought by some that as God can hear prayer anywhere, he might have gone into a secret place, where all evidence of his violation of the decree that had been passed would have been wanting; but this would have been acting on a false expediency. No kings, nor princes, nor presidents had a right to come between him and his God—to dictate when he should or should not pray; and he goes on as if no such dictation had been attempted. What a noble, God-like character! He stands up before us a bright example for all ages, of a bold Christian consistency; and of what it is to trust God, when every other trust has failed.

"So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flowe-
A self-reviving thing of power;

"That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need."

The enemies of the prophet hastened again to the palace to accuse him to the king. He had prayed to the God of heaven, they said, and thus set at defiance the monarch's authority. The king now all at once began to see the snare that had been set, and, greatly vexed with himself, he tried to discover some way by which the prophet could be saved; but by the inflexible nature of the law this was not possible. Daniel is, therefore, cast into the den of lions, and a stone is placed at the mouth of the den, with the royal seal upon it.

There he remains during the whole night; in all likelihood the happiest night of his life. Oh, what thoughts of God's great goodness he must have had when he saw those wild animals crouching at his feet! That heavenly Friend, who had showered down blessings all along his pathway through life, had now given such manifest tokens of his love, that his whole soul must have overflowed with a peace that could make even a lion's den the gate of heaven. Not only had he the presence of God during that memorable night, but the companionship of holy angels also; and he enjoyed a happiness to which the greatest and richest of his enemies were altogether strangers.

The king, who had spent a restless night, hastens to the lion's den at the dawn of day, and cries, "Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

The voice of the prophet was at once heard in reply, "O king, live forever! My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt." The king was rejoiced exceedingly that the incorruptible statesman, who had served him so well, was still alive; and, although Daniel had presented no complaint against those who had treated him so wickedly, yet the same destruction which they had prepared

for him came upon themselves, they were devoured by the wild beasts.

Here we have another instance of the power of the prayer of faith. Such prayer is always answered; while that prayer that is mingled with distrust and doubt, receives nothing. Our blessed Lord sets this in so clear a light that his words should be engraven upon our hearts. 'All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' And again, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." These passages seem very plain; and yet when Mr. Müller, and a few others like him, act as if these words were to be taken as literally true, the Christian world looks astonished, and speaks as if a mistake had been made in some way. No, there is no mistake in taking God at his word: and that faith that does so, he honors now as much as he did in the days of Daniel.

Who can read the ninth chapter of the book that is called by this prophet's name without seeing that he was a man mighty in prayer? We find that he had given himself up to study the prophecies of Jeremiah in regard to the close of the captivity. He saw that that time was at hand, and by fasting and deep humiliation before God, he betakes himself to prayer. And O, such a prayer! We seem to see his tears of penitence, and to hear his sighs and his groans poured forth from his earnest heart, as he pleaded for himself and the ancient people of the Lord. Such confession of sin, such laying open of the soul, in all its vileness, before the eye of Infinite purity; such a broken-hearted melting of the soul, in awe before the great and dreadful God, makes us ashamed of what we have called our prayers. And then, such terrible earnestness, such fervent importunity as we have in this prayer! We seem to see him getting nearer God every cry that breaks from his agonizing soul, till he feels that he has prevailed. "O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for thy own sake." We feel that this is not mere repeating of words, but that every cry of the soul is a new victory of faith. And, sweeping from the heavens, comes the angel Gabriel, to tell him that his prayer is answered.

Of the prophecies of this man "greatly beloved of God," we cannot now speak. They are full of the coming Messiah, and in images the most sublime and glorious, tell of the time when his kingdom of love shall triumph over all opposition. Of the time and the place of his death we know nothing. He has long been a bright, happy spirit in glory; but his influence is still very mighty on earth. His life is a fit study for young and old. A noble statesman, an invincible patriot, an undaunted hero, a mighty prevailer in prayer, a prophet, great in the sight of God and man; we feel our hearts glow at the mention of his name; and it adds to the attractions of heaven, that he is there, and that we shall join him in praising God and the Lamb for ever.

"The king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

"In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

"The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
'Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
That mar our royal mirth.'

"Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw, but knew no more.

"A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy, the stone.
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne."

It has thus been our happy privilege to go over the most notable examples of faith recorded in the old Testament. As these noble men, of whom the world was not worthy, have passed in review before us, we should earnestly seek to have like precious faith with theirs. We may be encompassed with ten thousand trials; but if, like them, we only have faith and patience, we shall be brought through triumphantly. We shall meet in heaven those men of strong faith, and join with them in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

"E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled band
On the eternal shore."

One thing we can not but have noticed, in the course of our meditations upon these holy men, faith enabled them to see God everywhere. They did not long go groping around the world in darkness and despondency, crying, "O that I knew where I might find him!" Faith found him, through the blood of their sacrifices, pointing to Calvary, and knew him to be a God of Love. To such faith the whole world was full of God. As they walked by the side of the murmuring streams and sheltered themselves in the caves of the mountains and heard the rush of the wind through the swaying, bowing pines, they heard the voice of Jehovah speaking to them in accents of love. Amid scenes of prosperity and sweet domestic endearments, they found their highest enjoyments in God; or, when exiles from home and country, they wandered in dreary deserts, or sat on the banks of strange rivers, with songs dying away into sighs and groans; yet God was their refuge and their strength.

Reader, do you find God everywhere, in this way? In the dark, dense, solemn forest, or in the rush of the city, where the sound of sin and suffering, of business and selfish clamor, never dies by night nor by day; can you be still and know your God? Do you walk with God, in a loving, cheerful, willing way, as the loving child does with its father, feeling its highest joy in his approving smile? If so, happy are ye, for you shall soon be with the sinless congregation above, and your faith be lost in the fullness of glorified vision.

Paul, in speaking of the good who have gone before us and set us an example, says, "Be not slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience inherit the promises." It was upon these promises that the ancient people of God lived. They are the pledges which Jehovah gave to them, and by faith in which they were sustained all through the wilderness. These promises are God's storehouse opened to his people, into which they can go, and get all their wants supplied. They are a rich treasury of blessings, and if we are poor, we may be enriched, for faith holds the key.

These promises are for this life and for the life to come.

To the guilty they offer pardon; to the soul struggling with indwelling guilt, they offer the cleansing of the precious blood of Jesus; to the weary and heavy-laden they offer rest in Jesus—the sweet repose of the spirit when sins are all forgiven; to the sorrowful they offer comfort, not such as the world gives, but real heart-ease, when the head is resting upon the bosom of Jesus. And then what a glorious prospect these promises open before us for the future! A victory over the last enemy, death; a home of eternal bliss, with all the company of the redeemed; a resurrection of the flesh from the darkness and corruption of the grave, while the body shall be made like unto Christ's glorified body; and then the word of approval, spoken before assembled worlds, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Such are the promises that the heroes of faith lived by and died by. As an old writer says, "They are high as heaven and wide as the sea." They take all in, none are excluded. They are not for the rich only, nor for the poor only, but they are for all. And oh, how sure and steadfast they are! Spoken by the God of truth, written in the blood of the covenant, sealed by the Holy Spirit, they are all yea and amen to the believer. The world's promises are vain; Satan's promises are plausible but deceitful; but God's promises are sure and steadfast. No contingency can occur that can interrupt the kindly flow of his loving intentions. His promises are the voluntary, spontaneous outcoming of his love; and hence they are spoken in words so gentle and loving.

No wonder that they are called "precious promises." God has scattered precious things through all his material works. Far away down ocean's bed, unseen by human eye, he has treasured up precious things; and away up to the very summits of the cloud-topped mountains, they are to be found. But it is in God's Word that the most precious things come to view. The most precious things of earth are perishable, but the things which the Bible reveals become more valuable through all eternity. Precious blood, precious faith, precious promises, and precious mansions, are among the fair portions God gives his people.

Now, those good men of whom we have been speaking are inheriting the promises. What they long looked for they now possess. They no longer look through a glass darkly, but see face to face. The things that they longed and earnestly looked for, they now enjoy. No longer tossed upon the stormy ocean of life, they are safe in the quiet harbor. The toils of the wilderness are all over, and they rest at home. Let this comfort us. We have the same help that they had—the same strength and comfort. They met death in all forms, but they feared no evil. That last enemy was turned into a friend—into great gain. They were not merely calm in their last moments, but cheerful; not only resigned, but joyful and triumphant. By faith let us see our blessed inheritance awaiting our arrival; and let the sight quicken our pace to glory. It is but a short step from a death-bed to a throne and a crown!

CHAPTER XX.

STEPHEN, THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

As it is appointed unto all to die, it is to us a matter of great moment to know how we may die well. This we can only learn at the Cross; and it is encouraging and strengthening to our faith to see those who have been there pass away from earth peaceful as the going down of a summer sun.

There is no death recorded in the Bible which, for moral sublimity, comes so near the death of our Lord as that of Stephen. Of course, there is no death really like that of Jesus. His life and his death stand alone; for even an infidel had to say, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God." Only a short time after Jesus died for our offenses, Stephen, very nearly on the same spot, was called to lay down his life for the truth. Both in his life and with his lips he bore testimony to the truth and then sealed it with his blood. He was the first of the Christian Church that fell under the bloody hand of persecution, and thus had the honor of leading the van of that noble army who are now crowned with immortal blessedness in heaven. Striving against error and sin, they resisted unto blood, and rose unto fame eternal by suffering—conquered by dying.

Stephen was one of the first seven deacons ordained at Jerusalem. These were to be men of honest report, and full of the Holy Spirit; and with this description this good man fully agreed. At that time the church was in a most prosperous condition. With a zealous, holy, heaven-taught ministry, with a membership so spiritual and consistent that Jesus was not ashamed to call them brethren, and with a constant increase of young members glowing with love to Christ, the whole city was shaken by their moral power. Stephen stood in the front of the battle, dealing sturdy and vigorous blows to Satan's

kingdom; and, therefore, he soon became the object of the most rancorous hate and persecution. We are told that "full of faith and power, he did great wonders and miracles among the people." The enemies of God and of truth felt that this must not be allowed, and that something must be done to silence so able and zealous a preacher.

They sent their most able and subtle disputants to put him down by argument. This was just what he wanted, for when did truth ever fear to meet error in fair discussion? Christianity invites inquiry—courts the most rigid investigation; and the most sifting and severe tests that science and logic can apply, only leave her friends the better pleased with the results, the more satisfied with the heavenly origin of that religion to which they have, in confidence of faith, committed their souls. As we might expect, in this conflict Stephen came off triumphant. He spoke with a wisdom and a power that astonished and confounded the enemies of truth. They were baffled and defeated at every attempt, and with the bright sword of truth flashing about their heads, were driven from the field.

Now, had they been honest seekers after truth, this would have been the end of the matter; they would have acknowledged their error, with penitent hearts, and at once yielded themselves up to the guidance of the heavenly light that had been made to shine around them. But such was not their character. They were haters of God and of good men, and if the progress of the gospel can not be stopped in one way they will try another. Accordingly they betake themselves to the use of the vilest slanders and malicious misrepresentations, the chosen supports of every sinking cause. Vile wretches were hired to utter false accusations, and Stephen was dragged before the great council of the Sanhedrim that a show of justice might be gone through. "We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses and against God," said the false witnesses. In a court of justice the countenance of the accused is often looked upon to see if tokens of guilt or innocence can be distinguished there. At that moment Stephen's face would bear examination. It was neither inflamed with

passion nor pale with fear. There dwelt upon it a look of calm faith and undisturbed confidence in God; a look of meek, forgiving love united with inflexible firmness of purpose. It shone like an angel of God, as if the heaven he was so soon to be in, had sent out a few of its rays of glory to meet him on his way. The emotions of his happy soul illuminated his face, and give us some faint idea of what a glorified body will be.

When this good man stood forth in his own vindication, he appears a fine example of a faithful gospel minister. He is far more anxious to save their souls than to vindicate his own character. Some of those present might never hear the truth as it is in Jesus again, and he felt that he must speak out, even if his life should be the price of his faithfulness to their souls. Hence those strong, powerful, personal appeals to their hearts and consciences. There are some ministers who may be said to preach the truth, but it is in a very general way. It is true as far as it goes, but it has no application to the people sitting before the preacher. It is preached *before* them rather than *to* them. There is nothing of "thou art the man" about it. This was not the way that John the Baptist preached to Herod, or the way that Stephen preached to the people in that court house. Such preaching as his will produce some effect, either in the way of softening the heart or of hardening it. It will prove a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. It will either kindle resentment in the sinner's heart against the preacher who rebuked those sins, set them at war with themselves or with the truth that smites the conscience.

In the case of Stephen's hearers, they were filled with rage against their best friend because he told them the truth. As he charged them with resisting the Holy Spirit, as murderers of the holy Savior, they were lashed into a tempest of fierce passion and resentment. With glaring eyes "they gnashed upon him with their teeth," like wild beasts of prey. From such a mob, furious with diabolical rage, the saint of God knew that he had nothing good to expect. With such he could no more reason than with a whirlwind. How does he deport

himself? Does he look to the council for protection and mercy? Or does he look around the hall to find some mode of escape? No; nothing of that kind. He looked steadfastly up to heaven; and from that look he gathered new vigor and strength for the great conflict in which he was engaged. It made him long to spring from earth into the bosom of his loving Savior. There is often embodied in a single look a world of meaning and the most powerful eloquence. We remember the look from our Lord's loving eye that sent Peter out weeping bitterly, his heart melted into contrition under a conviction of his base ingratitude. The look of Stephen was an appeal to his adorable Lord. It said, "here I am doing thy work, suffering for thy cause, leave me not to my own strength, O my Lord, or I will fail!"

What a glorious sight met his enraptured gaze, at that moment! No wonder that it fired and filled his soul with a divine transport. There lay revealed to his view the throne of Jehovah encircled with unspeakable glories; and there stood the Savior, bending upon him a look of deepest affection and of sympathy. Nor could he keep the knowledge of this blessed sight locked up in his own heart. "Behold," said he, "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." Observe, he saw him *standing;* and yet it was said, "When he had by himself purged our sins, he *sat down* on the right hand of the Majesty on high." And again, as an evidence that his work was accepted the Father said to him, "*Sit* on my right hand, till I make thy enemies thy footstool." But when Jesus looked down and saw the dauntless Stephen defending his cause single-handed, in the midst of bloody-minded men, he *stood up* to receive and to welcome the soul of his dear suffering child. Like Joseph with his brethren, he could no longer refrain himself. Oh, who can tell with what intense interest the Prince of Martyrs stood and gazed upon him who was proving faithful unto death! Well might the martyr "rejoice in spirit" when he saw that Almighty gush of tenderness towards him. There he saw a Savior who more than died a thousand deaths for

him, and whose loving heart, longing to have him a sharer of his glory, parted the sky asunder, and made the way to heaven ready, ere he was ready to enter.

And now the madness of the mob has reached its height. Raging and roaring like the waves of the sea lashed by a furious tempest, they rushed upon Stephen. With faces all distorted by passion, they drag him out of the city, that they may stone him to death. The better to accomplish this bloody work they cast off their upper garments. And who is that young man that we see standing guard over that pile of clothing? He is not a direct actor in the murderous work of the hour, but he is giving his consent to it, and, to use his own words, is "exceeding mad" against the followers of the Lord Jesus. Had any one stepped up to him as he stood there, and, tapping him upon the shoulder, said, "Saul, you will soon be stoned yourself for the same cause for which that holy man is now laying down his life," he would have felt indignant at the imputation. But God's holy eye was upon him, and had chosen him to be a most distinguished preacher of his gospel, and at last to die for the truths he preached so faithfully.

But let us not lose sight of the blessed martyr. Hark to those savage howls of these wicked men, and see the shower of stones that thick and fast fall upon him. His body is bruised and bleeding, and, as an opening is for a moment made in the crowd, we see him with his eyes uplifted to heaven; and hark! what words are these he utters? Ah! he is praying for his murderers! What great things grace can do for our fallen humanity. Man by nature hates his enemies, and seeks to return blow for blow and curse for curse, to the very last hour of his life. But Stephen's words are, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." All who are Christ's own possess his spirit. They are like him in their longings and aspirations, and like him in their love to the souls of the vilest of our sin-cursed race. In our Lord's dying moments he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And now here is one of his dear servants dying, with the same spirit of forgiving love upon his lips, and only there because it has welled up from his heart.

But the dying saint uttered another prayer on this memorable occasion. Feeling that his work was done, and his permanent home very near, he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." This is a plain evidence that he considered Christ a Divine Being, truly God, equal with the Father. We are told that Stephen was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Spirit, and yet, if the Divinity of Christ is not acknowledged, then he must have died an idolator. No truth is clearer in the Bible than that worship is only to be offered to God, and here this devoted and highly enlightened Christian, offers his last prayer to Jesus. This is a clear proof that while he took upon him the nature of man, he was at the same time God over all, blessed forever. Stephen paid the same homage to the Redeemer, in his last moments, which Jesus himself did to his Father, when he was departing from earth. And this fact reminds us of the words, "I and my Father are one."

The expression used in regard to the death of this good man is quite beautiful: "He fell asleep." He was dying a very painful death, his body bruised, his bones broken, his skull fractured, perhaps his face fearfully disfigured and covered with blood; and yet, when the soul escaped from this tortured body, the inspired penman said it was like going to sleep. What a happy thought! Just going to sleep as the weary child goes to sleep upon its mother's bosom; or, as the laboring man goes to sleep after the exhausting toils of the day and forgets them all in peaceful repose. The sleep of the pious, with God's ever wakeful eye keeping watch over them, according to the words, "He giveth his beloved sleep." So the dead in Christ, as far as their bodies are concerned, sleep under the watch-care of God, and at the fit time shall wake to immortal beauty and glory.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high."

The thought that God knows the time, the place, and the manner of his death, is a very happy one to the believer in Jesus. None of these things are to happen by chance, but in accordance with a plan in the Divine Mind. Whether we are to die alone in the silent watches of the night, or with many loving and sympathizing friends around us; whether our death shall be sudden, as in the case of the startling accident, that quick as the flash of lightning rends the body to pieces, and lets the soul escape; or whether with slow and stealthy footsteps, the work of years, disease shall lay us among the dead; all is known to and planned by our best Friend; one who loves us, and will surely do us no harm. Whether our body is to lie in the crowded city, or under the waving grass of the lonely country graveyard, or in that grandest of cemeteries, the vast ocean, with the furious dash of the mountain waves singing our requiem; all shall be well, for even our dust shall be precious in His sight.

Stephen's death, then, was a very happy one, notwithstanding the violence that attended it. He was filled with the Holy Spirit, and that made him calm and self-possessed. He could look an awful death quietly in the face. His soul rested at anchor on the untroubled sea of God's promises. He was confident of victory. His blessed Lord still lived, and that thought made him sure that he should live also. He would not be in glory and leave him behind. There are many who think that to be filled with the Spirit, to have a high state of religious enjoyment, and to be fervent in spirit, must be a state of high wrought excitement; but I do not think so. Look at Stephen. Calm, cool, deliberate, bold and fearless; not at all excited though he knew that he was preaching his last sermon. The nature of true religion is to make the soul calm and sweetly peaceful even when the pillars of the earth seem to be shaking. It was Socrates that used to say, "Philosophers can be happy without music," and so Christians can be happy when the world's smiles are withdrawn; when it frowns and hates; yes, even when its curses and its blows fall fast upon their heads.

Another thing worthy of notice is, though Jesus was well pleased with his servant and deeply sympathized with him, he did not prevent the stones from wounding and killing him. He had power to do so; but that is not his plan under this dispensation. He does not promise to prevent his people suffering, but only to comfort and support them under their troubles, and to make them result in their present and eternal good. They are sustained inwardly with a joy that lifts them far above the world and all its sorrows. That city did not that day contain so happy a man, as he who was dying the object of the popular rage and hatred. He was conquering when he fell; he really began to live when he died; and the last stone that did its bloody work and ended his earthly life opened the gates of glory to him.

We come now to notice the estimation in which Stephen was held by good men. "Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." It is when we have buried our friends that we begin to feel the greatness of the loss that we have sustained. While the body is yet with us and we can go to the room where it lies and gaze upon the familiar features, it is hard to realize that the dear one is really gone. There is the constant visits of dear friends with their loving attempts to divert our minds from the great sorrow, and there is the excitement attending the preparation for the funeral. But when we have taken our last look and imprinted our kiss upon the brow of our dead; when the coffin is lowered into the grave, and we go back to our lonely and desolate home; when the vacant chair, the empty bed, the books that the loved one used to read, and many little things, as we wander through the house, tell us that the object of our affection is really gone to return no more; then comes upon us the bitterest hour of our bereavement.

To the mourners the home seems so sad, under these circumstances, that they go often to the grave to weep there. But that is a poor place to go to look for comfort. It tells us that we live in a sinful world, that our race is a fallen race. Yes, the first grave that was dug in our world was sin's monu-

ment; and yet, Jesus brings light even out of this darkness, for he says, "I am the resurrection and the life." "I will ransom thee from the power of the grave."

We are also told that holy and devout men were the mourners for Stephen. This was true honor. To be the favorites of vile and wicked men, to have our names honored and applauded by the children of the wicked one, is a disgrace rather than an honor. Such are the persons who, before Pilate, voted to have the murderer rather than the blessed Lord Jesus given to them. But to have the love andprayers and good wishes of pious people when we live, and their tears when we die, is a high honor indeed. The good opinion of such is worth something. It is next to the favor of their Heavenly Master, whose sentence of approval at last will shut all scoffing mouths; for "who can lay anything to the charge of God's elect."

These Godly men made great lamentation for their departed brother. Their burning tears fell upon his grave, when they reflected upon his noble, unselfish friendship. They did not doubt for a moment that to him death was a great gain, but to the church his departure was a great loss. They could, from their whole souls, utter the prayer, "Help, Lord, for the Godly man ceaseth." Good men are the hope of the world. Let all such be taken away, and the salt being taken away, the world would become a mass of moral pollution. Only think of the whole world of the impenitent being alone in one place, without God, without churches, without a prayer being offered, as the years rolled on! Dr. Macleod, of Scotland, puts this thought in a striking form: "Let the fairest star be selected, like a beautiful island in the vast and shoreless sea of the azure heavens, as the future home of the criminals from the earth, and let them possess whatever they most love, and all that it is *possible* for God to bestow; let them be endowed with undying bodies, and with minds which shall forever retain their intellectual powers; let no Savior ever press his claims upon them, no God reveal himself to them, no Sabbath ever dawn upon them, no saint ever live among them, no prayer

ever be heard within their borders; but let society exist there forever, smitten only by the leprosy of hatred to God, and with utter selfishness as its all-prevailing and eternal purpose—then, as sure as the law of righteousness exists, on which rests the throne of God and the government of the universe, a society so constituted must work out for itself a hell of solitary and bitter suffering, to which there is no limit except the capacity of a finite nature! Alas! the spirit that is without love to its God or to its neighbor, is already possessed by a power which must at last create for its own self-torment a worm that will never die, and a fire that can never more be quenched."

From the conduct of primitive Christians in regard to the death of Stephen, we may learn that it is not wrong to mourn when our friends are taken from us. We see this also in the example of our adorable Lord at the grave of his personal friend: "Jesus wept." It is wrong to murmur, to fret and complain against the providences of God. Our grief must run in a channel which submission to God has dug. We must reverently adore his sovereignty, and be still and know that he is God. And all this may be consistent with the keenest sorrow. When our Father takes away our loved ones he expects that we will feel the bereavement. If we did not, the effective stroke would do us no good. Our tears are a testimony borne to the value of the gift which God bestowed upon us, and of the intense longing of our souls to meet our loved ones again in heaven.

It should be our aim so to live that we will be missed and regretted when we die. There are some who so live that their departure from earth is a matter of joy, rather than of sorrow. Their example was corrupting, and when they are dead we feel as if a plague was stayed. When death came they were not willing to go, but nearly all their neighbors were willing. It is true the loss of their souls is a cause of great mourning, but as all hope of their ever being better had died out, the longer they live the more mischief they do; and so when their day of grace ends, God takes them away and shuts them up

where they can do no more harm. But the holy, devoted, working Christian is useful here while he lives, and when he dies he is only promoted to higher service in heaven. Though never weary of Christ's work here he is often weary *in* it. Bodily infirmities make him feel so, and a view of the evils of his own heart makes him long to go home. He often says:

"Savior, I come to Thee,
A weary child with pain and care oppressed;
Ah, let me lean this aching, burning heart
Upon Thy loving breast!"

There are some important lessons that we may learn from the narrative we have been considering.

First, let ministers learn to depend more on the influence of the Holy Spirit. Here was a man filled with that influence, and with what power and energy he spoke. It was not a prepared sermon, and yet how fitly adapted to the circumstances and to the hearers is every word. The spirit enabled him to collect his thoughts, gave vigor to his memory so that the very facts he wished to use all came to his mind at the right time and made his words flow forth with burning power. Of course, a minister should study faithfully the Word of God, and do all that he can to prepare for his solemn work; but if all that he can do in that way makes him feel less dependent upon the Holy One, his preparation will be a curse rather than a blessing. If our dependence is on our manuscript, or upon every word being committed to memory, then it is only a solemn mockery for us to pray for the Holy Spirit to help us. We should study with all the power that God has given us, and yet honor the spirit by constantly watching for his instruction and guidance.

I was greatly interested lately in reading the experience of a minister in regard to his style of preaching. He had in the early part of his ministry given his chief attention to rhetorical and poetical forms of expression in the preparation of his sermons. His vanity was well pleased when he heard himself extolled as a young man of brilliant talents, and saw his church crowded with that class of novelty seekers who are ever run-

ning after something new. But no souls were being saved, and believers were not being spiritually fed and built up in their holy faith. His wife, who was a holy, prayerful woman, and much displeased with the state of things existing in the church, said to him one day, "My dear, I am afraid you are making more admirers of yourself than followers of Jesus." This remark not being well received, she took the matter to the Lord in earnest prayer. Let the result be told in his own words.

"It pleased the Lord to hear that prayer of my excellent wife. One Sunday morning I preached as usual to a crowded congregation, chiefly composed of the principal inhabitants of the neighborhood. I was just then engaged in giving my audience a picturesque description of a sunset on the sea of Galilee, when all of a sudden, owing to the close atmosphere, a little girl fell into a fainting fit. The disturbance which it created, though only short and comparatively insignificant, yet so much put me out that I became altogether confused. The rest of my sermon vanished from my memory. I could not possibly recollect one word of it. In my perplexity I cried to God for help. While looking down on my Bible, which was lying open before me, my eyes fell upon the text of Peter, "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever." Yielding, as it were, to an instinctive impulse, I read it to my hearers and began preaching from it an improvised sermon, just as it came up in my heart. And here, having lost my oratorical flower-basket, I could not help laying bare the truths of God's Word in all their simplicity and startling reality. Connecting the text with my previous description, I called the glory of man a setting sun, but which was never to rise again. I spoke of the utter vanity of everything human, of the certainty of the destruction of this world and of our everlasting condemnation if we were to die in the midst of our sins. In a word, I 'shunned not to declare to them all the counsel of God,' proclaiming death and destruction as it is in Adam, and life and salvation as it is in Jesus.

"On walking home after service, my wife almost wept for joy. Never in her life, she said, had she heard such a heart-searching sermon. But I was almost in a desponding mood, and quite ashamed of myself, 'for the people must have noticed my confusion', I said: 'and what a gossip it will be all over the place that the minister broke down in the middle of his sermon!' 'Surely,' I added, 'this was the worst sermon ever preached from a pulpit.'

"We had scarcely got home, however, when a lady desired to speak to me. The impression which her appearance made upon me was not very agreeable. She was gaudily dressed and carried a flourish of trinkets, lace and finery about her which created a most unfavorable impression.

"'Sir,' she said, while her lip quivered, 'could you permit me to speak to you in confidence?' 'Certainly, ma'am.'

"'I am a lost woman,' she said, while tears burst from her eyes; 'but you, sir, can perhaps tell me whether there is still salvation for me who have so long lived a careless life.'"

She then briefly told him her history. She had lived a gay, careless, pleasure-seeking life, without God in the world. That day she had gone to church, and his sermon had proved a two-edged sword to her soul, and now she entreated him to tell her of that Savior of whom he had spoken at the close of his sermon. He did so, and she received Christ by faith into her soul, and became a most consistent Christian.

In closing the account the minister says, "The Lord taught me this great lesson, which I hope I have not forgotten since—viz.: that oratory, rhetoric, etc., may be excellent things in a pulpit, but that without the eloquence of the Holy Spirit, which tells us of the love of him who died for our sins, they will never lead a lost sinner to the fold of the only Good Shepherd."

In the case of Stephen we see how a Christian can die. There was not only the absence of all fear, but the presence of great joy. The very worst that his enemies could do was to hasten him home. No shade of anger is on his brow, no feeling of revenge in his heart. On the contrary he loves them,

he longs for their salvation, and spends his last failing breath in prayer for them. Ah! what an empty, vain thing is infidelity compared to such a religion as this. It can only fill the mind with dark negatives while the man lives, and curtain his death-bed round with guilty horrors and with dark despair

"Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Born for God, to God return.

"Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God;
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven!"

CHAPTER XXI.

PETER, THE APOSTLE.

Peter, the apostle of our Lord Jesus, was a native of Galilee. To be an apostle was to occupy a very high and honorable position in the church of God, and one full of solemn responsibilities. Those who occupied this high and holy office were the heaven-appointed teachers and legislators in Christ's church. They were inspired by the Holy Spirit, so that their word was law in the new kingdom of love. To rejcet their word was to reject the word of the Lord Jesus. To them was imparted the gift of working miracles, and of imparting supernatural powers to other members of the church. They were placed in a loftier position than the prophets of the old dispensation, inasfar as they had to be witnesses and representatives of a purely spiritual kingdom.

Peter was brought to Jesus in the first place by his brother Andrew. That brother and a companion of his, walking together, heard John the Baptist bear witness to the character of Jesus in the impressive words, "Behold the Lamb of God!" This so impressed the mind of Andrew that he hastened to communicate the good news to his brother Simon, and at once introduced him to the Lord. What a loving and brotherly act was this; and what a turning point in the life of Peter was this! The greatest act of kindness we can perform for our kindred, the best proof of love that we can give, is to seek the salvation of their souls. We may exert ourselves to bring them to occupy positions of worldly distinction and honor; to walk upon the eminences of life, the objects of the world's applause; but if we fail to bring them to Jesus, who alone can save their souls, what will it all avail? If parents only put forth one half the effort for their children's souls, that they do

to be able to leave them an earthly inheritance, how numerous would be the conversion of souls among the young; and families would become nurseries for heaven.

Peter was a man of a naturally warm and ardent temperament. Everything that he did was apt to be done under strange impulses of feeling. He had an earnest impetuosity of character that made him frank and fearless in acting and speaking; but which often led him into unexpected difficulties. Of an affectionate heart, a hasty temper, a glowing imagination, he was deficient in that calmness of judgment that leads men to think and deliberate before they act. Such men are apt to call caution coldness, and anything short of a fiery enthusiam they are ready to denounce as indifference. In the deep earnestness of his warm heart he was ready to promise much and to undertake much in the service of those he loved; but there was a moral weakness in his character, a readiness to yield to present impulse, and to the influence of the company in which he happened to be, that made his promise unreliable. Not that he could ever be accused of insincerity, for his whole soul was in whatever he undertook; but he was apt to act under the power of his feelings, and unexpected events springing up would turn him in a new direction. Of course, I am only speaking of the traits of character that were natural to Peter; what grace made him and what he became under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, we shall see in the progress of this chapter.

When Peter was introduced to Jesus, as we might expect, he was received with great kindness. It was on that occasion that he gave him a new name, being about to take him into his service; a name expressive of great firmness. "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, by interpretation, a stone or rock." Hence the name Peter is given, which signifies the same as Cephas. On one occasion our Lord asked his disciples what the people thought of him; when Peter replied, giving the different opinions expressed. Then he was asked by our Lord, "Whom say ye that I am?" Promptly the answer came, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of

the living God." Matthew tells us that when Peter had made this noble confession, Jesus said unto him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It is evident from these words, that this confession was not a mere intellectual matter, but the avowal of a heart touched by the Holy Spirit. A bright ray of light from heaven had flashed upon his soul, and kindled up a flame of Divine love in his heart. We can imagine that we see his weather-beaten face kindle up with rapture as he uttered the words. From that moment he knew Jesus in his true character as the true Messiah, and could say, "To whom can we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

From the time this apostle entered our Lord's service, he manifested great zeal and activity; he was always prominent in speech and action; and yet we can see in the inspired history no evidence of that supremacy over the other apostles which has been claimed for him by the Romanists. Such superiority was never given him by our blessed Lord, was never claimed by himself, and was never recognized by his brethren. So that the arrogant claims of those who call themselves his successors, have no foundation in the Bible. Christ's church is not built upon any mere man, however holy and great he may be; but is built upon those sublime doctrines of Christ which Peter so boldly confessed under the influence of heavenly teaching. No doubt great and miraculous powers and gifts were given to this apostle, but they were given in common with his brethren of the apostolic office, and not to make him a lord over God's heritage.

Indeed, this kind of exalting one above another is utterly inconsistent with our Lord's aim in all his teaching, which was to produce humility of heart. "Learn of me, for I am lowly in spirit." "Blessed are the poor in spirit." "One is your Master, and all ye are brethren." And the more of the spirit of Christ any one attains to the more humble he becomes. It

was when Job had a very near view of God, that he ceased to vindicate himself, and said, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Perhaps there did not live a more holy man in his day than Isaiah, the evangelical prophet; and yet in God's sight he felt himself so vile that he cried out, "I am a man of unclean lips." Paul calls himself "the chief of sinners," and "the least of sinners;" while he was so near God that sometimes he seemed like one already in heaven. Yes, in Christ's Kingdom of love there is no exalting of one child of God above another, for through the precious blood of Jesus they are all heirs of God, all kings and priests unto God; and he who would be the greatest among them is to be the servant of all. The most humbled is to be the most exalted.

"The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

"The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In lowliest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footsteps of humility."

We come now to consider Peter in some of the phases of his spiritual life. And first, let us turn to the circumstance related in the fourteenth chapter of Matthew. It was the dark midnight hour on the Lake of Tiberias, and a fearful storm is raging. A ship is out in the tempest, and the furious winds and dashing waves threaten her with instant destruction. That little vessel contains a precious band of passengers; men who are to be an unspeakable blessing to the world. The chosen apostles of the Lord Jesus are there; but their Divine Master is not with them, and they are greatly alarmed for their safety. The Lord has been up on the mountains engaged in prayer. Behind the shelter of some old

gray rock, he has been pouring out his supplication; and oh, had we been there to listen, how formal would all our prayers have seemed compared with his! But he has not forgotten that ship struggling with the stormy elements. His watchful eye has been upon his loved disciples all the time, and at the right time he will appear for their deliverance.

Down he comes to the edge of the turbulent waters. He puts his foot upon a foam-crested wave, and from wave to wave walks as securely as upon dry land. Here we see the Divinity and humanity of our Lord acting in close contact. Up among those rocks on the mountain, we see his humanity, for it was as a man he prayed, often with strong cries and tears; but now that he walks upon the stormy water we see him as God. Seeing that majestic form approaching the ship, the disciples were afraid. But with gentle kindness he reassures them by the words, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Then Peter said, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." The Lord gave him the inviting word, and at once he goes forth to meet his Master. At first all goes well. His faith was strong, his eye was fixed upon Jesus, and he feared nothing. But, see! all at once his face shows fear, almost despair, and he begins to sink. What is the cause? Has any new danger arisen? We are told that "when he *saw* the wind boisterous, he was afraid." But it was so before he started. No change had taken place in Jesus, none in the storm, none in the ship, nor in his fellow-disciples; but the change was in himself. Instead of looking at his Lord, and thinking of his power and of his invitation, he began to think of his danger, at the greatness of the waves and the fierce power with which they were driven by the winds. Then his faith gave way and he began to sink. Still he has faith to believe that Jesus can save him, and cries, "Lord save; I perish!" A short, but very comprehensive prayer; and a successful one; for that hand which planted the stars in their places, lifts him up from impending ruin.

We see here a striking illustration of the blending of faith and unbelief, which is often seen in good people. If it be the

Lord, he seemed to say, I will fear nothing; the howling winds and the raging waves will not alarm, if I am only assured that blessed Master is here. But his Lord had before this told him that it was he himself that was walking on the water; and yet he says "Lord, if it be thou." Now, what right had he to put in that *if?* He had the Lord's own word for it, and that is the very highest evidence we can have. But, like many, he wanted something more. He wished some other token or sign to supplement the plain word of Him who cannot lie. God says to the sinner, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and "Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life." But, instead of simply believing this, and at once being at peace, he looks for something more; some inward sign, some light from heaven, some sudden impression, almost like an audible voice, to tell him that his sins are forgiven him.

Our Lord condescended to give Peter the additional evidence he asked. He bids him come to him, and for a time his faith seems to be strong; but he had only gone a few steps when he began to sink. There was nothing to prevent his going on that might not have prevented his starting. True, the waves were tempestuous, but so they were before he left the boat. The same power that had enabled him to take two or three steps, could have enabled him to walk across the lake. But he turned his eyes from that power which sustained him, to his own weakness and his dangers. He became frightened at his former courage; began to doubt the propriety of his former faith; and he instantly began to sink like lead.

Often have we seen this same thing manifest itself in the spiritual history of the young convert. He has by faith received the Lord Jesus as his all and in all. Peace reigns in his heart; he rejoices in hope; and he goes on his way rejoicing. But after a little he begins to think of his sins, the evil that still lurks in his heart begins to show itself; his attention is taken from the fullness that is in Jesus to his own vileness, and then he begins to sink in a sea of troubles. Happy for him if he has still faith enough left to pray,—to cry, "Lord

save, or I perish." Then will the arm that is mighty to save lift him up and place his feet upon the unshaken rock of Divine promise. "If it be thou," will no longer be the cry of such a soul—that is the creed of unbelief; but it will rather say, "I know in whom I have believed."

This spirit of unbelief, if indulged, will grow upon the soul, till the man not only doubts about his own personal salvation, but almost about everything. We cannot conceive of anything more gloomy than a soul walking amid a perpetual doubt in regard to the most vital and important matters in the whole universe. Oh how chilling and miserable to live under the shadow of this tormenting *if*. If the Bible be true; if God really does take an interest in the affairs of human beings; if prayer is really ever heard or answered; if I am one of the elect; or, it may be, drifting down the dark stream of unbelief, till they come to the infidel's prayer, "Oh God, if there be a God!" Such is the state of many who have trifled with God's simple, plain testimony as given in his Holy Book; till they are given over to believe a lie. That is, they find it very easy to believe what is false, they have strong faith where error is concerned; but the moment that pure truth, fresh and glowing from heaven, is presented, they recoil back as from an enemy. They are like a person whose stomach has been ruined by intemperate living, till it constantly craves that which will only increase the evil, and repels, with loathing, that which would restore it to health and tone.

We see, then, that trusting in Christ the believer is very strong, but that away from him he is nothing but weakness. Paul had a high appreciation of Christ when he said, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me;" and he felt just as certain that without him he could do no good thing. The three Hebrews were able to walk through the furnace flames unhurt because the Son of God was with them. Fire or water, persecution or bodily affliction, the wrath of man or the blandishments of the world; all are powerless to harm when Jesus is with us. We can then say, "None of these things move me." When a hardened wretch put a pistol to

the heart of the devoted Fletcher, and threatened his life because of his faithfulness, he looked the ruffian calmly in his eye, and said, "Have I served the Lord these thirty years, now to be afraid of death?" Faith fears nothing. Its language is not "Lord, if it be thou," but rather, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good in his sight." Our religion, if real, will begin and end in distrust of ourselves and in trust in Jesus. A noble Christian sailor, when asked how he could remain so calm during a fearful storm, replied, "Though I sink, I shall but drop into my Father's hands, for he holds all these waters there."

But we must hasten on to notice other events in the life of Peter.

From the naturally impulsive and forward character of Peter he comes before us more frequently than any of the other of the apostles in the New Testament narratives. On one occasion many of our Lord's disciples were forsaking him. The holy, heart-searching truths which he preached; the sacrifices and self-denial which a profession of his name demanded; the persecution and contempt to which his followers were constantly exposed; all acted as a sifting wind to separate the chaff from the wheat—the mere professor from the possessor of his love. Even the apostles seemed shaken, and were ready to depart, for Jesus said to them, "Will ye also go away?" Peter's noble reply was, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." This was very fine, and makes our hearts warm toward the servant of the Lord; but only a short time after this he gave utterance to words which called forth a most emphatic rebuke from the Savior.

The circumstances were these: the Lord was preparing the minds of the apostles for the tragic events that were to take place at Jerusalem, when he must die, the just for the unjust. Peter, acting, as usual, under the power of his feelings, revolted at the thought of his loved Master being put to death, and at once said, "Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." This was a manifestation of great presumption, and called out one of the most severe rebukes our Savior ever

uttered. "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me; for thou savorist not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Peter had at this time a very imperfect conception of the nature of the work which our Lord came to do. He wanted to leave the Cross out of that work, and that would have been to cut off the hope of the world—the only refuge of guilty men. Alas! how many there are still, who are willing to blot out the Cross, to speak much of Christ's beautiful life, and nothing at all about his vicarious death. The Cross is still an offence to such; to those that perish it is foolishness.

This apostle was greatly honored by his Divine Master by being permitted to be with him on special occasions of great interest. He was one of the favored three that saw the transfiguration on the holy mount. Seeing our Lord's divinity bursting through the body he had taken, so that his face shone like the sun in its brightness, he was filled with rapture, and exclaimed, "Lord, it is good for us to be here;" and even proposed that a permanent abode should be made there. This scene made an impression upon him which he never forgot. He refers to it in his second epistle in most impressive terms. Peter was also one of those who were permitted to be with our Lord on the occasion of his deep agony in the garden, when over and over again he uttered the prayer that the cup of suffering might pass. The apostle and his associates were overpowered by sleep and received the mild rebuke, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" accompanied with a loving apology for their weakness. "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

But as the time drew near for our adorable Redeemer to take his departure from earth, events occurred that bring Peter prominently before us, and that powerfully rebuke that self-confidence which is so strong an element in our fallen nature. Jesus had sought to prepare the minds of his disciples for the storm which was soon to burst upon them, and had warned them of the feelings with which they would be tempted to regard him when he became the object of popular

hate. "All ye shall be offended because of me." Here Peter spoke out with great boldness, and no doubt with perfect sincerity, "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet shall I never be offended." Our Lord, to warn him not to be so self-confident, told him that he would deny him three times that very night. The first trial to which he was put, he seemed to have a great deal of courage of a certain kind. When they came out to arrest his Lord he showed no signs of fear; but drawing his sword, he displayed all the fiery ardor of the soldier who is ready to lay down his life for the cause he loves. There is no doubt that had Christ's kingdom been of this world, and had he required his apostles to lead forth an army to fight for him, Peter would have been distinguished as a military leader. He was not wanting in mere physical courage, but in that higher and nobler endowment which we call moral courage, we will see that he afterwards failed. There are many who could rush up to the cannon's mouth, or storm the deadly breach, or lead on the desperate and almost hopeless charge, without shrinking; who have not the courage to kneel down and pray before a wicked companion, or stand up for Jesus in the camp. Mere physical courage the inferior animals possess, but to stand up for the right, if the whole world were opposing us and pointing at us the finger of scorn, has something God-like about it.

Jesus is taken by an armed band and is hurried off to the house of Caiaphas the high priest. The other disciples have fled, but where is Peter? We look to find him by his Lord's side, but he is not there. Looking away behind, you see him following *afar off;* and we are not told that he seemed in a great hurry to catch up. But when at last the place is reached we surely expect to find him side by side with his Lord; but no such sight gladdens our eyes. He enters the palace, but it is only to mingle with the servants. He does not mean to deny Christ; he takes a deep interest in the result of the trial, and he wished to be near Jesus without being at all exposed to the mockery and scorn that a full knowledge of who he was would involve. Ah! he is not the only one who has tried to

find a middle place between Christ and the world; but it has always proved a failure. Not to be for the Lord fully is to be against him; and the man who does not stand on his side, patiently and even joyfully taking all the scorn and blows that belong to the position, is counted with his enemies.

How astonished must Peter have felt when a damsel turned to him and said, "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee." We can almost see his face flush and hear the throbbing of his heart as he replies, "I know not what thou sayest." He thinks it best to change his position, however, and he went out into the porch, where another met him and said, "This fellow also was with Jesus of Nazareth." He seems now to have felt a good deal of irritation, for with an oath he said, "I do not know the man." Then returning into the hall he stood by the fire to warm himself, when some persons standing by said to him, "Surely thou also art one of them, for thy speech betrayeth thee." Here was a proof brought home to him that he could not deny, and, filled with turbulent passion, his guilty soul rushes into greater guilt by adding cursing and swearing to this his third denial of his Lord.

Alas! how weak is man, if left to his own strength, in the conflict with temptation. Can this be the same man who made such a noble confession of Christ, who boasted that though all the world should deny him he would stand faithful, who so lately was ready to fight for him, and had taken the emblematic bread out of his hand? Yes, this is the same man. He had been warned of the temptation that was coming upon him, but did not seem to heed it. He was confident in his own power of resisting evil, and, stepping out of the path of duty to mingle with the Lord's enemies, he fell. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

But Peter's fall, though very great, was not of long continuance. That very night he is seen coming back to his God a weeping penitent. The crowing of the cock, to which our Lord referred when he warned him of his danger, together with a glance of peculiar expressiveness from those eyes that had so often looked lovingly upon him, were the means that

led to his repentance. It is supposed that our Lord was standing at the upper end of the hall, and that at the fit moment he turned and gave the guilty man that look which he will never forget through all eternity. All his sinfulness, with its peculiar aggravations, was made to flash upon his mind. His vain boasts, his Lord's predictions, his oaths and curses, the unutterable vileness and meanness of his conduct; all lit up his soul with the gleams of a sudden conviction, as we have seen the mighty ruins of some once noble building lit up by the midnight lightning. Rushing from the palace he went out into the gloom of night, and wept bitterly. Ah! now he begins to come to right views of himself. Memory is taking him over the past, and all his sins are made to stand before him like accusing spirits of vengeance. He has no excuse to make for them. They are his own—the only thing that he can call his own; and nothing but bitterness of spirit does the sight of them produce.

We read no more of this apostle till he comes before us on the glorious morning of the Lord's resurrection. No doubt the interval had been a time of great anguish of soul to him, of strong cries and tears before God. The tidings had reached his ears that the Redeemer had arisen from the dead, and we see him, in company with John, running in eager haste to reach the place where he might judge for himself. There was one thing which must have been very comforting to his sad and burdened heart. A heavenly messenger appeared to the women at the sepulcher, and, after announcing that the Lord had risen, told them to go and tell his disciples, but mentioning the name of Peter in particular. This let him know that the Lord still thought of him, still loved him, and wanted to comfort him with a message of good news. It was as if he had said, "Go tell my brethren, but that poor backslider and wanderer, Peter, in particular, that I am still alive. I know how sorrowful is his heart, how true his repentance, and I have died for his sins, and have risen again for his justification." This token of love, and of deep personal interest, coming from the Master he loved but had so fearfully

sinned against, must have been unspeakably dear to his heart.

The next we hear of Peter is in that remarkable interview with Jesus, at the sea of Tiberias. Several of the apostles were engaged in fishing, but had not succeeded in catching anything after a night of hard toil. Early in the morning a stranger appeared on the shore who encouraged them to make another trial with their nets. This they did, and they could not drag up the abundance of fishes which they contained. This seems to have led John to think of who the stranger was, for he exclaimed, "It is the Lord." No sooner had Peter heard this, than, with all his characteristic impetuosity, he plunged into the sea and soon stood, dripping with the briny waters, before Jesus. This was the first time he had seen his Lord since that awful night when he denied him, and since he gave him that look that melted his heart. Jesus breaks the silence by the pointed question, "Lovest thou me?" Three times this question was repeated, at which he felt grieved; though as he had thrice denied his Master he had no right to complain. We notice, also, that in speaking to him the Lord withholds his name of honor, and addresses him by his old worldly name, "Simon, son of Jonas." Yet, when he answered, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee;" our blessed Savior took him back into his service and appointed him his work, saying, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs." Here we see the real test of Christian character, which is, love to Christ. It is not mere opinions, nor professions, nor resolutions that are wanted, but pure heart love to the Savior. As John Newton says, "Jesus did not ask Peter what he thought about the five points of theology so long in dispute among controversialists." Neither did he ask him how long he had been under conviction, nor how strong had been his fear and terrors of coming wrath. To believe with the whole heart that Jesus died for us produces love to him; and love to him produces obedience to his holy will; and this is true religion.

In all his after life Peter showed the transforming power of

the love to Christ that had taken possession of his heart. There is no more wavering, no more fear of consequences if he follows the Lord fully. He stands up for the Lord firm as a rock. The next we see of him is at the great outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. The city is in an uproar. A wild, turbulent mob fills the street, agitated by conflicting passions. Up stands Peter, the sturdy fisherman, and begins to speak with melting power. Judging from its effects, he delivers the greatest sermon ever uttered by human lips. His words of fire go from heart to heart. Sobs and cries and prayers are heard all over the crowd, till at last the preacher's voice is lost in a general cry to God for mercy; and also an earnest cry for spiritual direction, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The result was, that three thousand were added to the church.

Henceforth Peter seems an entirely different man. He comes before us often in the first part of the Acts of the Apostles, and always in a manner to show us the wonderful power and grace of God in him. In healing the sick; in preaching Jesus in all kinds of places, and under the most deadly persecutions; in telling the authorities that he must obey God rather than man; in his calm trust in God when in prison, and expecting to be led out to execution; in short, in his whole deportment he shows the mighty power of Christ's love when it takes possession of the human heart.

Peter was honored to be the first to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. He was also honored to be one of the inspired writers in the Holy Book; and his two precious epistles have edified millions of God's children, and will continue to do so to the end of time. Being dead he yet speaketh. And he was honored to die as a martyr for Jesus. It is generally held that he died when about seventy-five years of age, under the persecutions of the bloody Nero. As to the manner of his death there is an old tradition that he was crucified, but, at his own request, with his head downwards, he deeming himself unworthy to die as his Lord died. And now he walks in white with that gracious Savior that treated him so tenderly, and that he loved so dearly.

"Come, wandering sheep, O come!
I'll bind thee to My breast,
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.
O come then to My breast,
This is a blessed home,
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

"I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn
For thee I deigned to die,
What greater gift could I
Give than to seek the tomb?
Come, wandering sheep, O come?"

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN, THE APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST.

John comes before us with this preëminence attached to him above all the apostles, "the disciple whom Jesus loved." In a high and general sense he loved them all; but John, the youngest of them all, and possessed of a sweet, amiable disposition, and a wealth of loving affection, seems to have had the special friendship of our adorable Lord. Many proofs of Christ's loving regard and confidence are given in the life of this apostle. He was not only one of the three permitted to witness his glory on the mount and his agony in the garden, but to him was first committed the secret of who should betray him, and into his care our Lord gave his mother in the last hour of his dying anguish. He not only loved John with the higher love of a Savior, but with the warm love of a human friend. As a man he had, no doubt, his own particular attachments, as we see often illustrated in the history of his life.

John and his brother James were called into our Lord's service at the same time. When called to the apostleship they were called Boanerges, meaning sons of thunder. In John's life there is not much of exciting interest to record. The events of stirring importance which we find in the lives of Peter and Paul are, to a great extent, wanting in his. He was of a loving, gentle, mild and meditative character; one who would be more at home in the study and the closet, than struggling and contending for the truth in the rough scenes of the world.

There are none of the apostles about whom tradition has been so busy in preserving anecdotes as John. Eusebius relates the following beautiful story: When on a visit to a city near Ephesus, he commended to the care of the pastor of the church a young man of fine personal appearance and of good

mind, as one suited to the work of the ministry. The pastor neglected his duty, and after a while the young man became idle in his habits and went from bad to worse, till he was prevailed upon to join a band of robbers, such as then had their strongholds in the vicinity of Greek cities. He even became their captain, and was eminent in crime. After a long time John visited the place again and enquired for the young man. "He is dead," said the pastor, "dead to God." After hearing the particulars, and solemnly rebuking the pastor, he mounted a horse, rode into the country, and was taken prisoner. He did not attempt to flee, but said, "For this purpose I am come; conduct me to your captain." When he entered the presence of the armed bandit, the guilty man knew him and tried to flee from him. "Why dost thou fly, my son," he said, "from thy father—thy defenceless, aged father? Fear not; thou still hast hope of life, I will pray to Christ for thee, I will give my life for thine. Believe that Christ hath sent me."

The man was quite subdued, cast himself into the arms of the apostle, prayed with many tears for pardon, and was restored to the fellowship of the church.

There is also a traditional story of John being carried into the church at Ephesus in his old age, and of his stretching out his trembling hands, while he said, several times over, "Little children; love one another."

There are many proofs that John was not only loved of Jesus, but that he returned the love with the warmest fervor. "We love him because he first loved us." His standing near to the cross when the other disciples had forsaken the Master, his tender care of the bereaved mother, the early visit to the sepulcher, out-running even the impetuous Peter, all tell how much he loved his Divine Lord. It was more than a love of mere human friendship, it was the love of a soul that felt itself saved by precious blood shed on the cross. He felt that he owed his all for time and eternity to that Savior, and therefore esteemed it his very highest honor to work and to suffer in his service. This is vital and essential to the spiritual life of all; there can be no true religion without it.

This love which the apostle had for Jesus led to love for the members of the church. His religion was of a highly practical character, and he reasoned that love to the Great Father would produce love to his children. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Here is a statement that commends itself to our judgments and our consciences. "If a man says, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" He scathingly rebukes that class of people whose love and liberality is all in an empty profession. "Whoso hath this world's good, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." With him Christian love was not merely something for poets to sing of, or for orators to declaim about, but the very life and spring of all spiritual action.

John's natural character has been, I think, to some extent mistaken. Some speak as if this love to which we have referred was natural to him, the result of disposition rather than of grace. Modern painters have represented him with a soft and languid expression upon his countenance, and of a weak and feminine appearance. Stanley, in his "Apostolic Age," says of him, "It is not as John the beloved disciple, but as John the Son of Thunder; not as the apostle who leaned on his Master's breast at supper, but as the apostle who called down fire from heaven, who claimed with his brother the highest places in the kingdom of heaven, and who forbade the man to cast out devils, that he was known to the readers of the first three gospels." We see what he afterwards became under the power of Christ's love, and of the regeneration of the Holy Spirit. All that depth and warmth of love was not the cause of our Lord loving him, but the effect of his doing so.

The loving presence of Jesus transformed him into his own image, so that his revengeful and ambitious temper is seen no more. Like Him he loved, he was meek and lowly of heart. This will be the result of communion with Jesus always. It changes the whole man, and takes possession of his entire na-

ture. Where lusts, evil tempters, irritable and revengeful passions, and dark, sullen thoughts held sway, Christ's love takes the control and makes him a new creature. It is a bad sign of us if our religion does not make us better in all the relations of life, so that all our friends will not only know that we have been with Jesus, but know also that we have been made Christ-like by the contact. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

We will now call the readers attention to some events in the life of this apostle that will illustrate the remarks we have made above.

On a certain occasion John and some other of the disciples saw a man casting out devils in the name of Christ, and he at once forbade him to do so, because he did not belong to their company. This was such a narrow and bigoted view of our Lord's design in coming to earth that he rebuked it in the most pointed manner. "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us, is for us." This rebukes that spirit which looks upon the efforts of other denominations with suspicion because they differ, in some respects, from us. It condemns those who look with a cold eye, and utter doubtful words about revivals that are not conducted by their own church. Such persons, instead of rejoicing that souls are saved, are ready to first call your attention to some extravagance in conducting the meetings, or some mere incidental blemish, such as belongs to nearly all human efforts. Let us try to cultivate the noble liberality of soul that marked Paul when he rejoiced that the gospel was preached, even when a spirit of opposition and envy was prominent in those who proclaimed it.

Let me now call attention to another error into which John fell. When Jesus was journeying to Jerusalem a village of Samaritans refused to entertain him, no doubt on account of their hatred of the Jewish people; John regarded this as an insult to his Master and became very indignant and wished fire from heaven to be sent upon the offenders. This was zeal without knowledge, and showed a spirit the very reverse of the gospel of love. Our Lord's reply conveyed not only a

sharp rebuke, but also a noble sentiment which should fill the world with joy. "The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." He told them that they knew not what manner of spirit they had when under the profession of love for him, they sought to rush unprepared souls into eternity. How true it is, that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." O that we had always the loving and forgiving spirit of Jesus! That spirit which led him to pray for his enemies, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." What a lovely and perfect model we have in Jesus!

No doubt the fiery displeasure of the apostle on this occasion arose, in part, from his strong prejudice against the Samaritans, whom he had been taught to despise from his youth. He had often heard the Scribes and the Pharises heap insults upon the head of his Lord, and yet had not wished them to be consumed by the lightnings of heaven. Hence we should avoid the indulgence of prejudice against our fellowmen. It will mislead us in all our thoughts of them, bias our modes of reasoning about them, and stamp with its own dark impress all the conclusions at which we arrive about them.

We now call the reader's attention to an event in John's history, which shows the imperfect knowledge which, at that time, he had of Christ's kingdom. When our Lord was on his last journey to Jerusalem, and had foretold his death on the cross, John and his brother presented by their mother a petition requesting that they might be exalted to the highest positions in the kingdom of heaven. They had worldly notions of the Savior establishing a temporal kingdom on earth, and selfishly wanted to secure for themselves the best places. The mild reply was, "Ye know not what ye ask." Alas! how often is this the case with us all. We ask things in our ignorance, which, if God were to give us, would prove our ruin. How much of what is called praying breath is spent in vain, because we ask amiss. Surely there is great need of the prayer, "Lord, teach us how to pray."

Jesus asked them, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with?" That is, can ye take part in those most appalling troubles that lie right before me, and like surging billows are soon to come down upon me? To this question they gave an affirmative reply: "We are able." Our Lord acknowledged that they might be made partakers of his sufferings, which was afterwards the case; but that an exalted place in glory could only be given to those for whom it was prepared, that is, a holy people. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. Its lofty seats are not the gifts of partial friendship, but are given to those who through the blood of Jesus, have attained the greatest likeness to Him.

There is one event in the life of John that greatly endears him to every Christian heart. When the blessed Savior was on the cross, in the midst of his sufferings, there stood the noble apostle to the very last. And his courage and his constancy did not go without their reward. Looking upon him from the cross, his dying Master gave him a proof of his great regard and confidence, by committing to his care his mother. He took her to his own house, and from that hour treated her with all filial tenderness and love. The love of Jesus which he saw so fully displayed on the bloody tree, and in the whole of the Redeemer's wonderful life, transformed his whole nature into love. Henceforth he lived not to himself, nor sought his own glory, but the glory of God, and the good of mankind became the supreme desire of his soul.

And it is faith in Christ's love alone that can change any human heart. None are born holy, none love God and the souls of men naturally. There are differences of natural disposition among the human family, but so far as real holiness of heart is concerned, they have all alike departed from God, and can only be brought back by the blood of Jesus. This was seen lately in a Tract Society meeting, in London. A man who had been a notorious sinner, rose up and said:

"These fists, my friends, struck the devil's blows; these feet trod the devil's steps; this body was the devil's home;

this soul, the devil's victim; but one day a tract of the Religious Tract Society was put into my hands, and Jesus Christ was too strong for the prize fighter that stands before you. My soul was in such a state that I groaned and wept; I could not eat or sleep. On Lord's day morning I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach; and as he lifted up Jesus as the refuge for the sinner's soul, I said to myself, 'That is what I want; He is a refuge for my soul;' and then and there my soul got liberty.

"Now," added he, "these hands work for Jesus, these feet walk with Jesus, this body is a temple of the Holy Ghost, this soul is the purchase of his blood. Men, which of you will keep back from Jesus to-night, when he has saved the prize-fighter before you?"

Peter's question of mere curiosity, in regard to Jesus' future, got this reply: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" This gave rise to a report that John was not to die; and although he refuted the notion in the gospel that he wrote, yet even in the days of Augustine there were some who thought him still alive. He was, perhaps, the only one of the apostles who did not die a martyr's death, and that, not because he was less faithful than others, but because God had other work for him to do, down to his old age. He had the true martyr spirit, and would have died a thousand deaths rather than deny his Lord.

After the Lord's ascension, John comes out more prominent as a zealous worker for the truth. In common with the others he enjoyed the great outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. He and Peter are spoken of as frequent companions in works of faith and in labors of love. When going up to the temple to worship, they cured the lame man in the name of Jesus. They were together preaching when they were arrested and cast into prison. They were together before the council when they refused to promise to preach no more, but boldly said they must obey God rather than man. They also went down from Jerusalem together to comfort and confirm the young converts in Samaria. There they imparted many spiritual gifts to the people of God, and preached the

gospel with great power in the region around. These two men, so unlike in their natural disposition, were great helps to each other; and like Luther and Melancthon amid the struggles of the Reformation, they accomplished that together which, separated, neither could have done so well.

It would seem that John made his chief residence at Jerusalem. Paul speaks of him in his epistle to the Galatians, as a main pillar in the church there. But after some time he removed to Ephesus, and from thence he took long journeys in Asia, to publish the good news of Jesus.

We are told that during the great persecution raised by the Roman emperor Domitian, John was sent to Rome, where he was condemned to die by being cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, from which the Lord brought him forth unhurt. Whether this tradition be true or not, we know that man is immortal till his Lord's time has come to call him, and that this apostle was preserved to a good old age, in spite of all his enemies.

John's gospel was published after all the others, and brings out many things that had been omitted by them. He gives the Divinity of the Lord Jesus a very prominent place in all his writings, and joyfully bears his testimony to not only beholding his glory, but to also receiving of his fullness. He sees in his Lord two things that specially fill his soul with delight, that is, LIGHT and LOVE. Light to illuminate the whole mind, light to walk by in this dark world, light to work by in the Master's service; and love to fill the heart, to give the true motive-power to every duty, and to draw us in our heart-longings to that world where all is love.

This holy apostle lived to see the gospel that he loved extend through the greater part of the then known world. But he lived also to see some deadly errors creep into the church. None of these distressed him more than that which denied the divinity of Jesus. He opposed it with great firmness and earnestness. "This is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now already is it in the world." We have much reason to bless God for his

writings, which have been for the defence of truth, and for the comfort and edification of God's people in every age, since his day. There is great sweetness of expression, joined to great sublimity of thought, in all that we have from his pen.

Although John's epistles breathe a sweet spirit of love, yet when he comes to speak of error he comes out as a true son of thunder. "Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God." And he goes on to tell them not to receive such into their houses, nor bid them God speed. In this age of sham liberality this would no doubt be called bigotry; but love to the souls of men is quite consistent with undying hatred to soul-destroying errors. There is a latitudinarianism that sneers at everything in the form of zeal or doctrine. But this finds no sanction in the book of God. Paul said that if any man preached any other gospel he was to be considered accursed.

At length the hand of persecution fell heavily upon the apostle. He is banished to the island of Patmos, condemned, as he tells us, "For the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." It was while there that that wonderful and sublime book of the Revelations was written by him. In the midst of his solitude, on one particular Lord's day, his soul was greatly refreshed and comforted. Under the sweet influence of the Spirit, his prison became like a paradise to him. Suddenly a voice addressed him in tones distinct and clear; and turning round he saw, to his unspeakable joy, his blessed Lord standing before him. There is He on whose bosom he leaned so lovingly, with whom he walked and talked amid the scenes of Judea, and whose sufferings on the cross he had witnessed; but how changed is his appearance!

Then he was the man of sorrows, in the midst of his humiliation; now he is glorified. He appeared to John clothed in a garment of light and glory, and girt about with a golden girdle. His eyes were like a flame of fire, his feet like brass when it burns and gleams in a furnace, and the majestic tones of his voice were like the sound of many waters. His countenance shone like the sun in its noon day glory; in his hand

were seven stars, signifying the ministers of the churches; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword, no doubt emblematic of the power of his word. At this sight John fell down like one dead, but Jesus laid his hand upon his head saying, "Fear not; I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forevermore."

He was then commanded to write in a book the things that would be revealed to him. The counsels of the Lord in regard to future ages, and the wonderful designs of Providence in the future, were all made known to him in visions hard to be understood. The glories of the heavenly home were made known to him, in views thrilling and delightful. He was permitted to look upon the throne of God, and to hear the lofty swell of the song of praise from angels and saints. He gives us such a view of God, and of the future glorious home of the believer as excite our love and joy. This poor world seems but a dark passage-way through which we are passing to our Father's home, and we long to get out into the light of an eternal day; the society of heaven seems more attractive as we gaze upon their employments, and we long to join the blessed company that move around the eternal throne.

John was privileged with bright views of heaven when on earth, but how much clearer and brighter does he now behold eternal things. Compared with what he now knows, he was formerly seeing dimly through a glass. Let us seek to get ready for that state by being washed in the blood of Jesus, by having the seal of God on our foreheads, and by such a training of love in communion with Jesus here, that it will be easy for us to join in the song of heaven: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

John found in his solitude that his Lord had not forgotten him, nor the churches from which his bodily presence was now removed. More than half a century had gone past since he ascended on high, and he shows that his love to the church is still the same. It is true, that during that time he had appeared

to the dying Stephen, and the persecuting Saul; but now he breaks again the silence of eternity to deliver his last message to the churches, and to complete the canon of Scripture.

This renowned Isle of Patmos where the apostle was so long confined, is often visited by modern travelers. They describe it as rugged, desolate and barren, and in every way unattractive. To this gloomy abode Roman officers conducted the beloved disciple, and left him alone with God and a good conscience, the best of company in trouble. There is a rocky mountain which rises up from the sea, and about half way up is found a natural grotto formed in the rocks. Tradition says that into this John often retired for prayer and meditation, and that this was the place where he saw the Lord Jesus on that memorable Lord's day of which he speaks.

We can imagine that we see this venerable old man, then about ninety years of age, walking around his rocky prison. His countenance beams with love, and as he looks over the past, as old men delight to do, he has the most delightful memories to recall. Unlike the great Emperor of the French when confined to his isle of the sea, he has not to look back upon bloody battle-fields, and desolate homes, and blazing cities with long trains of widows and orphans, made such by his mad ambition. There are few things in history more sad than that great general in his last moments, muttering out his commands to his armies, and in imagination fighting over his bloody conflicts when he was in the grasp of the great conqueror death. John had very different scenes to look back upon.

With what happy emotions would he look back upon the time when the God-man came up to him and said, "Follow me." And with what delight he would call up the many discourses he had heard from the lips of Jesus, and the many mighty miracles he had seen wrought by his hands. That sight on the Mount of Transfiguration; the institution of the supper when he leaned upon the bosom of the Lord; the awful night in Gethsemane, with its prayers and sweat of blood; and the cross with the Divine sufferer upon it, the darkness, the earthquake, the cry, "It is finished;" all would he fondly dwell upon in his solitary

hours. He would recall the joy he felt when the good news broke upon his ears, "The Lord is risen," and his early run to the sepulcher; the happy meeting when Jesus unexpectedly appeared in their midst and said, "Peace be unto you;" and that wonderful walk up the slopes of Olivet, when he breathed upon them his parting blessing and was received up into glory.

Nor could he cease to think of subsequent thrilling scenes, such as the mighty out-pouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, the death of Stephen, the martyrdom of his own dear brother James, the awful destruction of Jerusalem, and many pleasant remembrances of the holy lives and the triumphant deaths of his fellow apostles, all of whom had entered upon their eternal rest. Standing upon that barren rock, he could take a long look over the past and a joyful look into the future, and say, in his own inspired words, "Behold, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

This was the real heaven for which John longed, likeness to Christ. His loftiest conception of happiness was to be *with* Jesus and *like* him at the same time. It is a glorious thing to be a son of God, but to be such a son as Christ had proved himself to be—one who never disobeyed, who regarded it as his meat and drink to do his Father's will, and who pleased the Father in all things perfectly—this is what is implied in our being like him. Yes, likeness to him has been the strongest wish, the most ardent hope of pious souls in all ages. For this their prayers have ascended to heaven by night and by day; and when at last they shall be able to utter sinless songs and adore God with a sinless heart, who can tell their unspeakable blessedness! With sinless souls, intellects strengthened and exalted, and tongues flowing out in an eloquence of song and praise, O what a rapturous eternity is before God's people!

In closing this chapter let us observe, that we have the same reasons for loving Jesus that John had. For us the same precious blood was shed, the same agonizing sufferings endured; for us he intercedes in heaven, and he sends the Holy Spirit

to make intercession within us on earth. For us he has prepared the same home in heaven, and his Providences taking the same tender care of us in our journey on earth. John said, "We love him because he first loved us." That is the gospel in a small compass—in a nutshell, as it were. It is one of those strong, pithy sentences with which his writings abound, and which as Dr. McAll said, contain the very *core* of the gospel. Faith fixes its eye upon his love as manifested to us, and as it gazes, the heart begins to burn, till it cries, "O, the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of the love of Christ, it passeth knowledge!"

"Without, within, is light, is light,
Around, above, is love, is love;
We enter, to go out no more,
We raise the song unsung before,
We doff the sackcloth that we wore;
For all is joy above.

"Ascend, Beloved, to the life;
Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality has done its worst,
The fetters of the tomb are burst,
The last has now become the first,
For ever, evermore.

"Ascend, Beloved, to the feast;
Make haste, thy day is come;
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call,
To share the heavenly festival,
In the new Salem's palace-hall,
Our everlasting home!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAUL, THE APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES.

We are now to consider the Christian character and career of one of the greatest of men. His original name was Saul, and he was born in the city of Tarsus, in Cilicia, which lies on the bank of Cydnus. It was a special favor conferred upon the natives of that city, that they had the freedom and privileges of Roman citizens. His parents were Jews, and it was his boast that he could trace his descent from Abraham, and that all the necessary ritual observances had been attended to in his youth. His own words concerning this are, "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews."

We can conceive of the deep interest with which he would listen to his mother as she told him the wonderful story of God's dealings with her people, and sang to him some of the sweet songs of David. He was taught the trade of a tent-maker, as it was customary with the Jews to give their children the knowledge of some trade, even when in opulent circumstances; so that whatever might happen in after life, they might be able to support themselves. It is much to be regretted that this custom is not universal. That Saul's parents were in easy circumstances, we infer from the fact that they gave him a learned education and sent him to Jerusalem to study under Gamaliel, the great doctor of the age in which he lived.

The first notice we have of Saul in the sacred history, is on the occasion of the martyrdom of Stephen. He was consenting to that vile murder, and took charge of the clothing of those who stoned to death that good man. But it is of the nature of sin that its votaries go from bad to worse, and this young man was no exception. He became furious and savage as a wild beast in his opposition to Christians. He made

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havoc of the church, dragging men and women to prison and to death, as his daily employment. We are told that he "breathed out threatenings and slaughters," as if his very life breath was vengeance and blood. He tells us himself that he was "exceeding mad" against Christ's followers, and not content with a local bloodshed, he even pursued them to strange cities. He got a commission to go to Damascus on this bloody errand, with a number of assistants, and entered upon it with all that relentless determination and fiery zeal which were a part of his nature.

We see that wicked, cruel band on the way to that distant city. Fresh from scenes of carnage and blood, and flushed with the power that has been put into their hands by their superior, they rush on like blood-hounds that have got upon the right scent. The leader, though young in years, is old in the business of persecution; and in this journey he hopes to gratify his vindictive ambition, and acquire fresh laurels as an enemy of Jesus of Nazareth. His strong and active mind is engaged in planning his mode of proceeding. He will hunt the Christians out of every retreat; he will give them no quarter; he will listen to no appeal for mercy; and will not be satisfied till the last follower of Jesus has perished from the earth. With knit brow and flashing eye he presses his way forward, till at last the domes of the city break upon his view.

But what means this! His horse recoils and the young leader falls to the earth. The whole company are thrown into confusion. They are brave and are accustomed to fight with dauntless courage; but this is a case in which swords and bravery are of no use. A light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, has blazed around them; and a voice of thrilling power addresses the leader, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" His followers hear the voice, but do not see the majestic form that appears to him, and kindly reasons with him. What a change has taken place in a few moments! His plans of vengeance are all given up, his bigotry and prejudice against Christians, his hatred to the name of Jesus, all have disappeared; the hands that grasped the sword of

persecution are now lifted to heaven in supplication; and he who was to have proudly entered yonder city as a conqueror, is led into it blind and helpless.

When Saul, from his prostrated position on the earth, asked, "Who art thou, Lord?" and got back the answer, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest," he must have been cut to the heart with deepest contrition. That all this time when he thought that he was doing God's service, he was persecuting the only Savior of the world, and that he was now speaking to him so tenderly when he might have crushed him with the thunderbolts of his power, must have filled him with self-abhorrence. Every blow that he had given the cause of truth was now rebounding upon his own heart. From a lethargy long and death-like, his conscience has sprung up into self-accusing energy; and all that he was so proud of before he is now heartily ashamed of. An entire revolution takes place in his soul. He becomes a new creature in Christ. What he called right before he now hates as a vile wrong. What he before called truth he now sees to be damnable error. He now prays for the first time, though he had been *saying* prayers all his life. The lion has become a lamb, the vulture a dove; it is the Lord's doings and wondrous in our eyes. This was a brand plucked out of the burning, and should teach us never to despair of any sinner, however far he may have gone in sin. God can snatch the prey from the mighty, and make one who seemed helplessly toppling on the brink of hell the mightiest instrument of good to souls that God ever honored.

At this time Paul's soul passed through a deep law work, such as he afterwards describes in his writings. He had been a proud Pharisee before, thinking that he had kept the law of God perfectly, because he had not committed outwardly the acts of sin which it condemns. Now he felt that the law reached to the feelings and emotions of his corrupt heart, and that he had, in that view of the matter, been breaking this holy law every moment of his God-dishonoring life. Thus he tells us that when the commandment came to him in this sense, sin revived and he died. His whole life was now seen to be sin,

and all his former proud hopes of his own goodness died within him. All dependence on himself for salvation failed; he saw himself the chief of sinners; and he was glad to go to Jesus, all lost and guilty as he was, for pardon and righteousness.

It must have been a hard struggle to give up all his own fancied goodness, and to be saved alone by grace. It is always so with these haughty Pharisees. The thief on the cross, and persons of that stamp, who know they have no goodness of their own to depend upon, will come to Jesus at once; while those who have lived a moral life, will keep looking to their good deeds, and balancing their good works against their bad ones, rejecting Christ, and alternating between hope and fear, for months and even years.

A gentleman tells us of a conversation which he had with an old lady, on her death-bed, which throws light on this subject. She acknowledged that she had, notwithstanding her moral life, no knowledge of her acceptance with God, or of the pardon of her sins; but she said that we are sure to get it if we are only earnest enough. The gentleman asked her if she was to go to the bank and ask for twenty pounds very earnestly, would the banker be likely to give it to her? She acknowledged that inasfar as she had no money laid up in the bank, and therefore no right to plead, her earnestness would not help her. The banker was there to do what was right, and would only give money to those who had a right to receive it.

The gentleman then said, "Suppose that you know a kind and wealthy gentleman who has plenty of money in this bank, and who, besides, is interested in you. Well, suppose you go to him and tell him your need, and, after he has heard you out, he smiles and says, 'Now you have done me the greatest favor you could have done me, for I feel it such a pleasure to help you.' And so saying he fills up an order out of his bank-book instructing the banker to pay you twenty pounds on demand, and to charge the same to his account. Now what would you do with that little bit of paper that he gave you?"

"I would take it to the bank and get the money," she said.

"But would you not need to ask for the money very earnestly?"

"No, no," she replied, "the bit of paper would be plenty of itself."

"Yes, certainly, everything depends on that bit of paper, and the *name* that is written on it. If you take the paper with you, you will at once get the money for the sake of him whose name is written at the bottom of it; but if you go without the paper, all your earnest asking will be quite useless, and why? Because it would not be right in the banker to give it to you. The banker, you see, will give you nothing for your own sake, but he will give you any amount your friend pleases, for your friend's sake."

"And now," he continued, "I wish you to attend very carefully to the application of this little parable to the subject we were speaking about. Do you know that you have nothing at all in God's bank, and that it is quite out of the question for you to expect such great blessings as forgiveness of sins, and such like, when you ask them in your name, however earnest you may ask? Ah, my friend, your name has as little weight in God's bank as it has in man's bank. Now, it is a blessed fact that God is willing to give to the sinner—nay, that he delights in giving; but then he will give us only in a way that is just and righteous. In order that there might be such a way for God to forgive our sins, and to bless ourselves, he sent his beloved Son to bear our sins himself, and thus to become the Author of eternal salvation to all who believe in his name. And now, since the Lord Jesus has done all this, God is quite ready to pardon and to bless any sinner at once; but it must be clearly understood, that what he gives us he gives us only for *Jesus' sake* and not for our *own*. Now, you have been all along completely setting aside the name of the Lord Jesus; and when you did go to ask anything from God you have been expecting to get it, not for Christ's sake, but for the sake of your earnest praying."

This simple explanation of the plan of salvation, under the

Divine blessing caused the light to break in upon the mind of the inquirer. It is the same truth that converted Paul, and which alone can save any one, for under heaven or among men, there is no salvation but in the name of Jesus. When the light of God's law is flashing upon the conscience, it is only like the light of day being let in upon a dark and loathsome dungeon; it makes the prisoner feel worse than before, for it lets him see disgusting sights that the darkness hid from him. Light coming to us through the law, only enables us to see our vileness and to read our sentence of death pronounced upon us. But light coming from God to us through the cross, brings comfort and peace and joy; because it tells us of God both as the just Law-giver, and the Savior; and hence Paul said, "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, that we might be justified by faith."

The great obstacle in the way of the sinner coming to God, when his conscience is awakened, is the sight of his sins—formerly he made light of his sins; they were but a trifle—now he cries, "I have sinned beyond the hope of mercy." Before he could not be induced to fear, now ' cannot be persuaded to hope. See Paul sitting in darkness and distress for three days. He cannot sleep, he cannot eat. Oh how vile his past life appears! Only a short time before he thought himself a very pious man; now he feels that he is the worst man in the whole world. But hark! there is a footstep at the door. It is a messenger sent by God to comfort him. He tells him of the blood that cleanses from all sin, restores his sight, and the new convert, being filled with the Holy Spirit, goes forth to begin to work for Jesus, who has done so much for him. He conferred not with flesh and blood. Being baptised and added to the church, and having been called to the work of an apostle, he at once began to preach the faith which once he destroyed. The tongue of him who blasphemed the name of Jesus, is now eloquent in his praise, and glories in no other. How can we account for such a mighty change? It was not the result of delusion or imagination; nor could it be a desire for honor, nor wealth, nor power,

that induced him to make a mere profession of such a change, for he had to give up all these things in becoming a follower of Jesus. No, it was the power of God through the gospel that alone did it. And that same power still goes forth in its transforming energy, subduing the hardest hearts to the love of Christ.

Paul's cry had been, "Lord what wouldst thou have me to do?" When he got an answer to this question, he immediately proceeded to do what was required of him. He did not ask for light only to disobey its requirements. Fast as the Lord said to him, "This is the way," he was ready to walk in it. He did not think that his whole duty was done when he uttered the prayer; but was diligent in finding out the Lord's will, and equally so in doing it. There are many who utter such a prayer who refuse to do what the Lord points out because it is disagreeable to their natural feelings. This is dishonest praying. When we ask any thing of God we must be willing to have him answer it in his own way. He is infinitely wise and good, and his way of answering must be for our best good, in the end. When Paul followed out what the Lord would have him to do, it led him into great and peculiar trials. It led him into prison, and relentless persecutions, and personal sufferings, the mere recital of which causes our souls to shudder within us. So we often ask the Lord to make us holy and heavenly minded, and he answers us in a way that fills us with alarm, and looks more like judgments than loving answers to our supplications. By the death of friends, by the loss of property, by sickness and pain, and by other unexpected ways, God seeks to loose us from the world and draw us nearer to himself. "Be still and know that I am God.'

After his conversion, Paul lost no time in preaching Christ to the souls around him. He began in Damascus, where he continued for three years, excepting a short time spent in retirement in Arabia. He felt a strong solicitude for the souls of his own countrymen, the Jews, and poured out his prayers for their salvation with intense earnestness. With unremitting zeal, and untiring fidelity, he presents to their minds the gos-

pel of the grace of God in their synagogues and other places of public resort. In season and out of season, in public and in private, whether they would hear or forbear, he fails not, night and day with tears, to warn them of coming wrath if they continued in unbelief, and with all the tenderness of love to invite them to Jesus.

This love to souls is a common characteristic of converts to Jesus. So much is this the case, that if a man or woman professes to have come to the Savior, and yet does not at once begin to pray and to labor for the salvation of souls, especially for that of their own kindred, it is a sure sign that such a person is deceived or deceiving. It is true there are degrees in this love to souls according to the faith of the person converted. When it rises to a high degree of fervor, so as to become a ruling passion of the mind, it indicates a high state of piety. This was the case with Paul; with him it swayed and controlled his whole nature. He had a passion for souls. Most persons have a wish to obtain money because of what it can obtain, or of the good that can be done with it; but the miser has a controlling passion for it. His whole soul is given up to it. He loves to look at it, to count it over and to add to his heap day by day. So, in like manner, all Christians wish to see souls saved; for this they pray and labor to some extent. But there has always been a few choice spirits—a few elect souls of our race, whose love to souls has been so great as to cast all the common feelings and efforts of their fellow disciples far into the shade. Such was Paul. He had great sorrow and heaviness of heart for those yet in their sins. A whole city given over to idolatry stirred his soul to its very depth and brought forth from him an appeal so eloquent in its earnestness that it has moved the souls of men all the way down through the ages till the present hour.

The love of such men to the souls of the perishing gives us a very touching proof of the love of God. It is a little of his Spirit that produced such love for souls in the hearts of Paul, Luther, Calvin, Whitfield, Wesley, Carey, Judson, and hundreds of others; and if a little of God's Spirit produces such

love for sinners, O how great must be the love that dwells in the Divine bosom from whence that little flows forth. It is but a very little of God's spirit that the human heart can contain. One to whom God imparted much of himself, cried out, "Lord, stay thy hand; thy frail vessel can hold no more." More would have consumed the body of clay. How great then, is Infinite Love! God only knows the love of God." Only an infinite mind can fathom the infinite; well, therefore, might it be said of the Divine Love, that it "passeth knowledge." Still, we can know enough of it to change the heart from its natural enmity, to fill it with the confidence of faith, and to impart the peace that passeth all understanding.

Before leaving the subject of Paul's change of heart we must notice the full assurance of his faith. From the first moment of his receiving the Lord Jesus, till that moment when he laid his head on the block, he never seems to have had a doubt of his acceptance with God. He feels deeply his inward corruption of heart—the remains of sin yet unsubdued; he speaks strongly of his former sinful course, calling himself the chief of sinners, the least of all saints, and not worthy to be called an apostle; but never does he doubt the love of the Savior who called him by his grace. His language is always that of the confidence of faith. "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." "I *know* in whom I have believed." He does not live under a cloud of doubt, groping about amid clouds of uncertainty, writing bitter things against himself, and uttering a whine of fear for his future, instead of a strong, joyous shout of gospel gladness. Such is dishonoring to God and to our holy religion; and more likely to send men into the gloom of monks' cells or hermits' caves, than out into the world with the glowing, healthy love of a true Christian philanthropy.

The love of Christ was the grand constraining power that governed him, and all his movements among men were made that he "might save some." This gives a certain unity and purpose to all he does and says, that delights and charms us as we study his history. Whether we see him making tents, or standing before kings and making them tremble before his

manly appeals and impassioned eloquence, he is always the same.

Into whatever company he is thrown, he shows himself a master spirit. In circumstances that would depress others his brave heart is cheerful, and always rises to the necessities of the occasion. Whether standing on the deck of a ship swept by a tempest and drifting on a lee shore, or standing on Mars Hill surrounded by the philosophers and critics of the age, he is equally calm and self-possessed. There is a noble independence about him that makes him stand up before the profligate Agrippa and persecuting Roman officers as their judge rather than one put upon trial; shaking his chains proudly as badges of honor, and making wickedness and oppression shrink and tremble before the glance of his eye. And there was nothing either cynical or stoic in his nature. A more tender heart, and one more susceptible to the warm glow of friendship never beat in human bosom. A cold nature may be respected or feared, but seldom loved; but Paul drew warm hearts around him wherever he went—hearts that would have shed their blood for his welfare. We see the proof of this in the many scenes of parting tenderness recorded in the history of his missionary journeys and in his own words to his weeping friends, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?"

The labors of this great missionary of the Cross were brought to a close in Damascus, by a conspiracy among the Jews to take his life. He was no fanatic; he did not court danger nor unnecessarily expose his life to peril. He remembered the precept of our Lord, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another." Let down over the wall of the city in a basket, in the darkness of the night, he escaped from his enimies, and went to Jerusalem to form the acquaintance and enjoy the fellowship of the Christians in that city. The brethren there were somewhat shy in receiving him. They well remembered his former mad career of blood-thirsty vengeance; and perhaps not having received any satisfactory account of his conversion they were disposed to look coldly on his professions. We often pray for the conversion of great

sinners, and when God hears our prayers in this respect we find it hard to believe that he has really done so. Barnabas related to the brethren what the Lord had done for Paul, when he was cordially received by the church as a brother beloved.

His intercourse with them was of short duration. Persecution drove him from their improving society to Tarsus, his native city. Here he labored diligently in preaching the gospel, but with what success we are not told. At length Barnabas took him to Antioch, the capital of Syria, where they labored together for a year with great success. A large church was here gathered, and here it was that the word so dear to our hearts was first used to designate the people of God. The disciples of Jesus were first called, by way of reproach, Christians by the people of this city. Little did the man think who first used it, that it would become the most honored name on earth; and that in the great day of account, when all worldly titles shall be of no avail, this name properly applied to any one, will be a passport to immortal glory.

From this place Paul and Barnabas went forth upon a long missionary tour, after being set apart to the work by solemn prayer and fasting by the whole church. They arrived at another Antioch, a large city in Pisidia, where was a Jewish Synagogue, in which Paul delivered one of his most notable discourses.

As this is the first of his addresses of which we have any extended report, let us dwell for a moment on its chief points. And first we are struck with its appropriateness. Spoken to a Jewish audience, it at once secured their attention by recounting the dealings of God with their fathers; and sought their spiritual profit by a most skillful application of these historical facts to their present condition. With an affectionate manner, and in a way least likely to give offence, he introduces the saving doctrines of the cross. Then comes a direct personal appeal, and that faithful application of the truth to the conscience, without which the most eloquent sermon is only like flourishing a sword, without edge or point. He tells them that salvation by Jesus, is now brought very near to them: "Unto

you is the word of this salvation sent." The forgiveness of sin is offered them by faith in the blood shed on Calvary; and they are told of the utter impossibility of being justified by the deeds of the law. In closing up he tells them that the blessings of the gospel are for all, without distinction, whether Jews or Gentiles. (See Acts XIII: 38, 39.) In this discourse the apostle shows not only the skill of the orator but the faithfulness to souls and the whole hearted earnestness of the true minister of Jesus Christ. There is nothing unnecessary said, and nothing left out essential to the salvation of his hearers.

This discourse, of which we have only an out-line, was intended to be introductory to others, in which the truth as it is in Jesus would be more fully set forth. Earnest inquiry was awakened and a desire expressed for more instruction on the great gospel themes. It is worthy of notice, that this request came chiefly from the heathen portion of the hearers. The Jews who had been greatly favored of heaven, to whom the oracles of truth had been committed, and to whom in the first place the Savior had come, organized a strong opposition against the truth; so that next Sabbath, when the people came together in great numbers to hear Paul, these Jews "contradicted and blasphemed," and got up a furious persecution. The apostles met this emergency with great boldness and promptitude, and turning to the Jews, said, "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo! we turn to the Gentiles." And shaking off the dust of their feet as a testimony against them, they departed from the place. Paul swung loose from all the prejudices that might bind him to any one people or nation, and felt that the whole world was his parish; and that obligation was laid upon him to preach the gospel to the whole human race, as opportunity offered.

We cannot follow the great apostle through all his labors. We have seen him last among his own countrymen; let us now see him among the heathen. We see him enter Lystra as one earnestly desiring the good, both temporal and spiritual, of

the whole family of man. He felt himself as acting under the commission of Jehovah, as laid under obligations to preach the gospel to every creature; and hence he ignored all lines of distinction between tribes and nations and races of people; and in his own emphatic words, he felt himself "a debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise."

In Lystra, Paul's first act awoke the attention, nay, the enthusiasm of the whole population. In the name and by the power of the Lord Jesus, he caused a man to walk who had been lame from his birth. This ignorant and benighted people gazed in wonder upon the apostles, and thought that the gods, according to their heathen notions, had come down in the form of men. Under this impression they were proceeding to offer them worship, the priest of Jupiter bringing forth victims to be sacrificed; when the apostles, filled with horror, rushed out among the people, exclaiming against the wickedness about to be done and assuring the people that they were only men, with all the common passions and imperfections of other men.

The remarks here made were adapted to the people. He does not begin by appealing to the sacred Scriptures, as he did when addressing the Jews; for of these they knew nothing. He bade them look at the book of creation, and to the great law of conscience written within them by the finger of God. He sought to lead them to God as the bountiful provider of all the blessings they enjoyed, and to turn them from their lying vanities to the Lord of heaven and of earth. We see how it was that this apostle became "all things unto all men," in order that he might save their souls.

Alas! how uncertain is the breath of human applause. Some persecuting Jews got among the people, and so poisoned their minds against Paul, that the very multitude that were going to worship him but a little before, now began to stone him; and dragging him out of their city, left him for dead. Dead he was not, however, for God had more work for him to do; and while some of the disciples stood sorroufully around him, his consciousness returned, and he went back with them

into the city. In a short time we again find him in his Master's service,—work from which no terrors of earth or hell could turn him aside.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PAUL, THE APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES. [CONTINUED.]

Passing by many events of interest in the labors and travels of the great apostle, let us see him in Philippi, laboring in word and doctrine with great zeal. Under his labors many souls had been saved, churches planted and built up in the faith of the gospel. Guided by the Holy Spirit he had traversed a large part of Asia, till by means of a very solemn call he was led to cross into Europe and proclaim the good news in Macedonia.

At Philippi some remarkable events occurred. At a certain place set apart for prayer, and where many women were assembled, Paul preached the Gospel, and one of his hearers was brought to Jesus, proving the beginning of a large and flourishing church. The Lord opened Lydia's heart so that she attended to the things spoken by the messenger of heaven. She first became an eager hearer, and then a true believer; for "faith cometh by hearing." Others heard the same words spoken, but they let them pass as the idle wind, while she received the truth into an honest heart, and became an inheritor of eternal life. And, not only was she personally blessed, but a most precious blessing was brought through her to the members of her household. We do not know their numbers nor their ages; we only know that they were old enough to believe in Jesus, and to make an intelligent profession of that faith by being baptized, according to the Lord's command.

There was here a damsel who was possessed of a demon. She professed to have the power of divination, and, being a slave, brought her owners great gain. She followed Paul and his fellow-laborers with words of high approval, declaring publicly that they were the true servants of the living God. This was a cunning trick of the devil. He wished to make it appear

to the multitude, that the apostles were in league with this impostor, so that discredit might be brought upon the gospel. Paul defeated this design by commanding the evil spirit to come out of her. This was an unexpected blow to those who had reaped large pecuniary profits from her deceptions; and filled with rage, they stirred up the populace against the heralds of the gospel. For a mob to act unreasonably and unjustly does not surprise us; it is what we expect. But in this case the magistrates treated them basely. They condemned them without a fair trial, they caused them to be severely scourged, and with their bodies bleeding, casting them into a loathsome prison, had their feet made fast in the stocks. We might expect that under these circumstances the servants of the Lord would have been much depressed; but instead of that, they make the prison ring with their songs of praise to God and the Lamb. Our Lord told his followers that when persecuted for his sake, they should "rejoice and be exceeding glad;" and here was an illustration of this truth. All was discomfort without them, but all was peace within. Into that prison they carried two blessings that never fail to make their possessors happy—a good conscience, and the favor of God. With these, if it were possible for a man to go to hell itself, it would be a heaven to him.

The apostles sang praises and the prisoners heard them. The God of heaven also heard them, and appeared for their deliverance. An earthquake comes rumbling through the deep foundations of nature, shakes the prison to its foundation, while the jailor, aroused suddenly out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, drew his sword and was about to kill himself, because he supposed the prisoners had all escaped. But Paul arrested his wicked design by crying with a loud voice, "Do thyself no harm; for we are all here." Then, after procuring a light, he came trembling, before them, with the words, which have broken from many a heart pierced by the sword of the Spirit, "What must I do to be saved?" Truly the most important question ever uttered by human lips; and he has come to the right quarter for an answer. He might

have gone to all the most brilliant orators and philosophers of Greece and Rome, and none of them could have given a reply, that would at once satisfy the deep spiritual wants of the soul, and at the same time be pleasing to God. But the answer given was beautiful in its heavenly simplicity: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

This man became a true convert. He brought the apostles out of their confined and painful condition, washed their bleeding bodies, and set before them needed refreshment. He also obeyed the Lord in the ordinance of baptism, in which he was joined by the members of his household, they also having joyfully received the truth.

And here we cannot but admire the wonderful simplicity of the gospel. Here is a man but a few moments before a hardened sinner, now a child of God. He felt himself a sinner, he wanted to be saved, and wanted to know how this could be done. He is sent upon no long pilgrimage; no severe penances are appointed him to endure; no methods of making himself better are spoken of; no long course of deep convictions and terrors, a kind of mental purgatory, are said to be necessary to fit him for Christ. No. Just as he is, without one moment's delay, he is told to believe in Christ as his Savior. The result was that there and then he obtained the pardon of his sins, and was received for Jesus' sake into the favor of God. He was not merely hoping to be saved when he came to die, but he knew that he *was* a saved man now. "He that believeth on the Son of God *hath* life;" and that life is eternal. It can never be taken from him. "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish."

If Jesus has revealed himself as a Savior, that implies the eternal safety of every one who commits his soul to him. Here the soul can rest with unshaken confidence. Christ's work is perfect, and he who rests upon that work is perfectly saved. A man may know systems of theology, and preach them and contend for their truth, and yet, be lost forever; but to take Jesus by faith as his surety before God, is to have eternal life. Trust in Christ lies at the foundation of all true religion. This

only is the Divine plan of saving. It stands forth in the Bible as above all things in eternal importance. We can clearly see God's *hand* in creation, but if we would see his *heart*, and know how he feels towards us, we must see him in Christ. There we see a Father that can love us in all our misery and guilt; who has loved us with a love so vast as to astonish all heaven, and would astonish all earth, were it not for the unbelief of men.

On the cross we see Christ dying for the whole world, not for a particular class, or nation, or caste. Being love, God is the same to all. Love is his very nature, and goes towards the most unworthy. Whatever men may think, whatever they may say, whatever they may feel of fear and doubt, and almost despair, under a sense of their own unworthiness, yet, if they are ever to have peace here or hereafter, it must be by faith in God's love to them, as shown through Christ. Here only is peace and rest for the guilty sinner; a salvation full, free, boundless, and not depending upon the good that may be found in the sinner, but upon the perfect worthiness that may be found in Christ.

This love of God can never fail the trusting soul, for it reigns through righteousness. The law had said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Christ came forth to die in our stead. He condemned sin, honored the demands of the law by satisfying its every claim, and saves the sinner. This love is a holy love.

"On Jesus' cross this record's graved,
Let sin be damned, and sinners saved."

It is a love that acts in harmony with holiness and justice. And these attributes of God's nature are satisfied by the atonement that satisfies the conscience of the sinner. Ah! what can we say, as we look at this wonderful plan of mercy? We are at a loss for words, and can only use those of the world's Redeemer, "God *so* loved the world."

We must now proceed with our narrative of Paul's works of faith and labors of love. Passing over his visit to Thessalonica and Berea, let us see him at Athens. We associate with the name of Washington all that is great and noble in patriotism; and so to the mind of a learned heathen, the very men-

tion of Athens called up all that was great in the arts and the sciences. Thoughtful men and ardent minds from all the surrounding country resorted to that city, and in gardens and olive-shaded walks, as well as in its halls of learning, they discussed their various mental speculations, and listened to the teachings of the great philosophers of the age, with profound admiration. It was into this place that Paul came, bringing with him that which could alone make the people wise unto salvation. As a scholar and as a man of a highly cultivated mind, there was much in that proud city to interest him. Its splendid buildings, its beautiful temples, its sages, its poets, and orators, with its lofty fame and historic remembrances, were all calculated to attract the attention of a man of culture, like the apostle. But his heart was so filled with sorrow at the sight of a whole city given over to sin, that he could pay but little attention to mere sight-seeing. He looked upon them as probationers for eternity, not as the mere creatures of a day; and when he considered how rapidly that probation was coming to a close, he felt there was not a moment to lose. Hence he began to preach to them the blessed gospel of the grace of God.

Paul takes his stand upon Mars Hill, and around him gathers a mixed assembly. There are the philosophers of the opposing schools, the Cynic, the Stoic, and the Epicurian; some with a look of contempt upon their faces, and others giving expression to a bitter sneer, as they draw near to listen to the apostle. There stands that plain, earnest man, calm and self-possessed, and reposing, in that exciting hour of solemn responsibility, upon his Lord's promise, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And he soon showed them that he was no ignorant pretender who wanted to obtain a little brief notoriety. In the use of the closest logic and the dialectic art, he showed that he was perfectly at home. He quotes from their poets, and shows such a familiarity with their own literature as must have astonished them. He showed them that with all their intelligence and general knowledge in regard to the character of the true God, they were as ignorant as the

rudest barbarians. Their idol worship did not satisfy the strong longings and cravings of their souls after the Infinite; and in their blind groping about after the knowledge of something better, they erected a notable altar, inscribing upon it, "To THE UNKNOWN GOD." It was a bold step which Paul took when he exposed their superstitions, and presented to them the great truths of the gospel. He was there single-handed and alone. There were no friends to protect him, should his bold attack upon their ancestral religion, cause them to rush upon him with the fury of sudden passion. But he had faced too many mobs and been too often delivered to be afraid now; and even had he known that his last hour had come, he would not have shunned to declare unto them the whole truth.

Of the apostle's discourse on this occasion but a mere outline is reported. He sets forth the character and perfections of the true and living God, for such a knowledge must lie at the foundation of all acceptable worship. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them who diligently seek him." He showed them, also, that the great Creator presided, by an overruling and minute providence, over all the works of his hands. That all things, great or small, the affairs of an obscure individual or of vast communities, are all under his governmental sway; for in God we live, and move, and have our being. He taught them that this great Being was not far from any of them, striking thus at the very root of their false philosophy and idolatrous worship, and making them feel personally responsible for every act of their lives.

But he did not leave them here, else had they been little better than before. To know that God is ever near us, and that he holds us responsible for all the actions of our lives, can bring no peace to a sinner. We want to know if He loves us, and if He will pardon our sins. But Paul was not the man to leave out the gospel of Christ on such an important occasion. He was not preaching for the applause of his hearers, but for their profit. He was trying to win their souls, not their favor. In what he had said he was only clearing the way for the all-

important message of salvation. He preached to them a salvation already perfect; a plan of mercy existing in the Divine mind from all eternity, and now revealed to a guilty world by the death of Jesus upon the cross. This Jesus, of whom they were now hearing for the first time, died for them; his salvation was offered to them; it was in every way adapted to their wants, and without it they must perish.

What success attended this sermon? It is the old story that must be told in regard to that. Some mocked; some hesitated, wavered, were almost convinced, but delayed; and some promptly took Christ as their Savior. There is nothing that shows more clearly the awful depravity of the human heart, than the reception they give to the gospel, who hear it under the most favorable circumstances. The preacher may be the most able and earnest—a Paul, or even the Lord Jesus himself; the truths spoken may be as well adapted to the case of the hearer as Divine inspiration can make them; the evidence for the truth of the statements made may be invulnerable—the logic perfect in every shining link; the understanding of the hearer may be convinced, and even his conscience enlightened, so that he approves the truth to which he listens; and yet, so great is the opposition of the natural heart to the humbling plan of salvation, that not one soul would ever receive it, were it not for the power of the Holy Spirit, in applying the truth. This comforts the hearts of those who preach. No words that they can use, no arguments that they can advance, no power of human eloquence can convert souls; but there is a Divine Agent present who can apply the truth to the sinner's heart with mighty power. To the soul unenlightened by the Spirit, the gospel is treated as foolishness; but to those to whom it is brought with power, it is the wisdom of God.

That so few received the gospel in Athens, compared to some other places, is a solemn lesson as to the effect of pride of intellect in leading men to reject the Savior. Our Lord rejoiced in spirit, that the things which men wise in the estimation of the world despised, were clearly apprehended and loved, by those who might be called babes in knowledge; and

Paul said, "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" A man must become as a little child in humility and simplicity of spirit, before he can enter Christ's holy kingdom. Many great and distinguished men have come to the adorable Savior, but they did not come as such, but as poor, lost sinners. And to all who come in that way the arms of his mercy are ever open. He will in no wise cast out.

We next find the apostles in Corinth. This was a large and populous city, abounding in wealth, and remarkable for the magnificence of many of its buildings. In regard to morality, its people were proverbial for their wickedness. As it was the mart of the world, luxury and dissipation abounded. It has been called the Paris of antiquity, because of its gayety and corruption. Its very religion was debasing, the principal deity which they worshiped being Venus, the goddess of licentiousness. Here Paul began to preach Christ crucified, first among the Jews, and when they rejected the truth, he turned to the Gentiles. He had at this time great distress and depression of mind. He says he was with them in much weakness, and in fear and trembling. No doubt the sight of the wickedness around him, the contempt and insult with which the name of his divine Master had been treated, and the slight prospect of doing any good there, tended to produce this effect upon his mind. He had evidently thought of leaving the place before his work was done; for the Lord appeared to him in a vision of the night, saying, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this place."

Encouraged and emboldened by this promise, Paul continued to preach in this city for a year and six months; and with cheering success. A large church was gathered, to whom he afterwards addressed two epistles. Some of those who were converted had been among the lowest and most abandoned of the people of that wicked city, and thus became monuments of God's mercy, and of the efficacy of the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all sin. Some persons of rank and influence

were also among the converts; such as Chrispus, a ruler of the synagogue. It was at this place that he wrote his epistles to the Thessalonians; and in the opinion of many, the epistle to the Galatians was also written in this city.

It was while in this place that he met with two persons of eminent piety, and well instructed in the Scriptures. These were Aquila and his wife, Priscilla. They had been banished from Rome on account of their love to the blessed gospel, and with them the apostle took up his abode, and supported himself, for a time, by working at his trade. This devoted Christian couple were truly patterns of all that is excellent in the walks of private life. In a quiet, unostentatious way they did good to all as they had opportunity, and their names find honorable mention in the sacred record, on several occasions. When Apollos, a man of great eloquence, but imperfectly informed as to the doctrines of Christ, began to preach where they lived, they took him to their quiet home and explained to him the way of the Lord clearly. They could not preach themselves, but they could make the plan of salvation plainer to one who had the gift of eloquence, and who could sway and interest the listening crowd. They could not reason and write like Paul, but they could give him the comforts of a home, cheer and comfort him by the warmth of a true Christian friendship, and hold up his hands by believing prayer. None need be idle in Christ's vineyard if they are only willing to do the work, however humble, that is laid to their hands

We next find the apostle in labors more abundant in the city of Ephesus. What a glorious sight is a powerful intellect, a strong will, and a persuasive eloquence, all devoted to the glory of God—the whole soul, body and spirit, given up to the Lord's service, as the great business of life. Such was Paul. No sooner does he see the cause of Christ established in one place, than he pushes on to enter another field of untouched heathenism. He does not pause to enjoy rest and the delights of fellowship with his Christian brethren, for which he had the highest relish; but presses forward to work while it is called to-day, and waiting for the long rest of heaven.

Ephesus was at one time regarded as the most splendid city in Asia Minor. There stood the Temple of Diana, said to have been four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and two hundred and twenty feet in breadth. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each of which was sixty feet in height. It will be seen, then, that this city was one of the strong-holds of idolatry; and Paul remained longer here than at any other one place, as if determined to do what he could to establish a strong church of Christ there. In preaching the word of God it was evidently his plan to first plant strong churches in the large cities, as great centers of influence and power, from which the gospel would sound forth. Those places, especially where the most splendid temples were built to the gods, were the fields of moral labor where he most earnestly and perseveringly toiled. This accounts for his spending three whole years of his active life in Ephesus; and it was doubtless for the same reason that John spent so many years as pastor of the church there.

The apostle began his work of faith and love in this city by preaching in the synagogues of the Jews; and for three months, by powerful arguments and touching appeals, sought to bring them to Christ. But they were so filled with prejudices and enmity against the gospel that he left them, and in a public school in the city, preached to all who came in, the unsearchable riches of Christ. To arrest public attention and to confirm the truth, he was permitted to perform many miracles; such as healing all kinds of diseases, and casting out demons, in the name of the Lord Jesus.

In connection with this latter act a remarkable circumstance occurred. Some Jews who pretended to the power of casting out demons began to imitate Paul, and in their adjurations used the Savior's blessed name. The seven sons of a Jewish priest while doing this, were confounded by the evil spirit saying, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?" And the possessed flew upon them with great fury, so that they had to flee from the house naked and wounded. This created a great sensation, both among the Jews and the Greeks, and a

solemn dread fell upon the minds of men. Great numbers were converted, and gave striking evidence of the reality of the change, by bringing forth their bad books and publicly committing them to the flames. As in this case the pecuniary sacrifice was very great, their sincerity could not be doubted.

I once saw a case of this kind occur in a powerful revival. A man had been converted, who was engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks. Next morning he went into his bar room, after having had prayer with his family for the first time. He saw one after another of his bloated customers come in to get their accustomed morning potion; and as he thought of their present and future misery, the guilt of his business burst upon his mind in all its horror. He had his barrels of liquor rolled out into the street and their contents poured forth; and as the stream ran down the street, a dark torrent of death, many a prayer went up for the wretched victims of intemperance. Yes, in modern as well as in ancient times, the gospel is "mighty to the pulling down of strong holds."

Great good was being done in Ephesus; and, of course, Satan began to rage. The apostle described the state of things very aptly in the words, "A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." Demetrius was a man, who made great profits by the worship of Diana, and fearing that if Paul was allowed to go on preaching his gains would be at an end, he gathered together a furious mob, who thirsted for the apostle's blood. We can nowhere get a better picture of an unreasoning mob than is here presented. There they are, filling the streets, heaving to and fro like the waves of the ocean, a sea of upturned faces inflamed with deadly hate, and shouting for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." No wonder that the apostle said he "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

When the time came that he must leave this place, it was evidently with feelings of deep sorrow that he parted from his dear Christian friends. His parting address to the elders of the church is most touching and affecting. He appealed to them as to the purity of his conduct while among them, and as to

the earnestness with which he had sought *them* not *theirs*. He told them that in his purposed journey, he knew only one thing, namely that bonds and affliction would be his portion; and then comes that noble and heroic statement, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

He then tells them that they should see his face no more; and warned them against the designs of evil men, who would seek to divide them, and lead them astray from the faith of the gospel. Then kneeling down he prayed with them, and they parted, to see each other no more on earth. The whole scene is most tender and affecting. They loved him and felt as if they could not give him up. They wept bitterly, fell upon his neck and kissed him, and felt as if their hearts would break, as they thought that they should see him no more on the shores of time. What a beautiful character we see in Paul! Firm as a rock where firmness is needed, and yet gentle and loving as a woman among his friends. His loving and affectionate spirit won the hearts of the people every where; and his terrible rebukes made the enemies of the truth to tremble. A warmer heart never beat in human bosom; and yet, where duty required, he could be severely stern, even to his friends.

Among all men he so lived and spoke as to be clear of their blood, in the great day of account.

Paul sailed from Miletus and landed at Tyre. Here he spent several days, comforting and edifying the church. One of his friends, who had the prophetic power, told him that he would be imprisoned and delivered over to the Roman power. He was urged by his brethren to give up his intended visit to Jerusalem; but he was not to be turned aside by the tears of friends or the threats of foes, when duty called him. Arrived at Jerusalem he took up his abode with an aged disciple named Mnason. He visited the apostle James, and in the presence of the elders told what a great work of grace God wrought, by his means, among the Gentiles. The church gave him a cor-

dial greeting and glorified God for the great good done by his ministry. The Jews were strongly prejudiced against him, and on his first public appearance raised a mob against him, beat him, and would have taken his life had not Lysias, a Roman officer, with armed men, come and rescued him out of their hands, and conducted him to the castle as a prisoner. Meantime the mob followed, shouting with great fury, as they did with his divine Master, "Away with him."

Paul got permission from the captain to speak to the people; and when they heard him address them in Hebrew, they were silent. We cannot dwell on this speech. He related his conversion, and referred to his past life as a zealous persecutor of the faith of Christ; but when he came to speak of his mission to the Gentiles, they broke out, crying, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!"

The Roman officer, wanting to know more of this prisoner, commanded him to be examined by scourging. Preparatory to that being done, the soldiers were binding him with thongs, when he turned to the centurion and quietly said, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?" What a sudden change the words produce! They are startled as if a bolt of lightning had fallen in their midst. Hands drop and eyes stare; and fear, at what they had already done in binding him, showed itself in their countenances. In great haste a superior officer came in to ask Paul if it was indeed true, that he was a Roman citizen. He assured him that it was, and that he was free born. Thus Paul always stood up for his civil rights as a citizen, and on one occasion when these rights were trampled upon, he would not go out of prison, till the magistrates came in person and made an apology to him.

Next day the apostle was called before the Jewish Sanhedrim. The night before the Lord appeared before him, telling him to be of good cheer, and that he was to bear testimony for his name at Rome. No sooner had he begun to address the council, than Ananias, the high priest, commanded him to be struck upon the mouth. This was so manifestly unjust and insolent, that Paul turned to him and indignantly exclaimed,

"God shall smite thee, thou whited wall! for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?" This was a well deserved rebuke; and we can imagine the glowing countenance and flashing eye with which the words were spoken. When told the official position of the man he rebuked, he partially apologized for his words; for it is often proper to show that respect to the office which we cannot feel for the man that holds it.

With a quick eye, Paul saw that the council was composed of Pharisees and Sadducees; and with great readiness he remarked that for his belief in the resurrection of the dead, he had been accused by his countrymen. As the Sadducees did not believe that there was any resurrection, nor any spiritual existence, there was a division and strife among them; the result of which was, that the prisoner was still left in the hands of the Roman governor. Finding that the Jews had formed a conspiracy to kill his wonderful prisoner, to protect whom he felt in honor bound, he sent him down, under a large military escort, to the Roman Castle at Cesarea.

The Jews still pursued him with relentless hatred. When Festus became governor of Judea, on his first visit to Jerusalem they brought great charges against Paul, and petitioned that he might be sent to that city, intending to murder him on the way. This plan was defeated, for Festus requested his accusers to appear at Cesarea. And when they did make their appearance, Festus, in order to please the Jews, wanted to send him to Jerusalem; but the apostle, seeing through the design, claimed the privilege, as a Roman citizen, to be tried before the emperor, and therefore boldly appealed unto Cæsar.

But before following him to Rome, let us notice his two public appearances—that before Felix and before King Agrippa. In regard to Felix, the Roman governor, Tacitus gives him this character: "In the practice of all kinds of lust and cruelty he exercised the power of a King with the temper of a slave." And certainly all that history tells us of him, fully justifies this description. The woman that he called his wife, he had seduced from her own lawful husband. This was the man before whom

Paul was called to make his defence. The high priest, together with leading men among the Jews and a celebrated and eloquent lawyer, named Tertullus, were there as his accusers. The speech of this paid advocate against the apostle shows a good deal of ability, and in a very cunning way he mixes his charges, so as to make it appear that the prisoner had broken both the law of the Romans, and also the ecclesiastical law of the Jews. He spoke of him in the most contemptuous terms, as a pestilent fellow; and one in ignorance of the facts, might have supposed that Paul was the ring-leader of the mob, instead of being the innocent victim of its senseless rage and cruelty.

But Paul is upon his feet, and with all the tact and dignity of the perfect orator, begins his defense. By a clear and simple statement of facts, he exposes the falsehoods that had been uttered against him; till the tide of feeling turns in his favor, and his vindication is complete. Felix sent for Paul, some days after this, to hear more from him concerning the faith of Christ. The man of God, is not afraid of the vile libertine; nor has he any favors to ask of him. He no longer pleads his own case, but seeks to save the souls before him. What he said is not fully reported; but we are told that he reasoned so powerfully, and spoke so faithfully, on the matters of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, that Felix trembled before the majesty of the truth. Like all convicted sinners, when they are not honest in resolving to give up their sins, he delayed the matter to some more convenient time, as he called it, which time, alas! never came.

Before going to Rome, Paul had another opportunity of pleading the Savior's cause, before those whom the world calls great. King Agrippa and his wife Bernice paid a visit to Felix, at Cesarea, and having heard much of Paul, desired to see him for themselves. An appointment was made, the court was called together, the principal officers of the army and the leading men of the city were there, and in all the glory of official dignity appeared Agrippa and his court. Before this great and brilliant assembly the apostle was to make his defense. It was a great occasion, but he was equal to it. It is

the proof of true genius, that it rises, without much seeming effort, to meet the calls that are made upon it, even when unexpected. How great and Christ-like the apostle seemed on that day! His manner is so dignified and respectful, and yet so manly and independent. He felt tenderly for the precious souls before him, and made strong efforts to carry their convictions of mind and heart for Christ. We cannot dwell upon the address. We have but an outline of it, yet fragmentary as it is, we love to read it over and over. He relates his conversion, and the solemn and miraculous events connected with it. As the stream of his eloquence rushes on, his hearers are much impressed. It is too much for the conscience of Festus—he can keep still no longer, but with a loud voice exclaims, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." An old trick of mad sinners is, to call those mad who seek to save them from the ruin upon which they are rushing. To this rude interruption Paul makes a graceful reply, assuring them that he spoke only the words of truth and soberness. Agrippa was a Jew, and therefore he makes to him the bold appeal, "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." The King was much moved, and said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Nothing could be more apt and beautiful than the apostle's response: "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

On Paul's voyage to Rome, I need not dwell. It was stormy and tedious. The ship was crowded and unfit to put to sea; but Paul, though a prisoner, showed the power of a great master mind. In storm or in calm, in danger or in safety, he was always the same brave, joyful, self-denying spirit. When he was delivered over to the military commander at Rome, he was allowed the privilege of living in his own hired house, and he soon turned it into a place of prayer, and a place where Christians were confirmed in the faith and sinners converted. God did a great work by his servant in that city, so that the gospel found an entrance into the palace of Nero himself. How

wonderful are God's ways! He overrules the very wickedness of man to accomplish his designs of love. The fury of that mob at Jerusalem, and all the wrath of the Jews, only resulted in giving Paul opportunities of preaching Christ, in places and to persons, that he would not otherwise have had; and results in the conversion of some in the household of Cesar. After two years, he had his trial before the emperor and was set at liberty.

Paul then traveled, as before, for some years. He visited Spain, and some think France and Britain. He returned again to Rome, and, on some pretence, was cast into prison. During this imprisonment he wrote his Second Epistle to Timothy, evidently expecting soon to die for the cause of Christ. Chrysostum says, that one of Nero's concubines was converted under the apostle's preaching; which so enraged the tyrant that he first sent him to prison, and soon after had him put to death. That he met the last enemy with triumph, we may know from the words he addressed to Timothy; "I am-now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." He has long been with Christ; that Savior that he loved so dearly and served so faithfully on earth, has wiped all tears from his eyes; and in the joy of his presence, he forgets all the pains and the toils of the way. Let us follow him as he followed the adorable Redeemer. Such men are God's heroes.

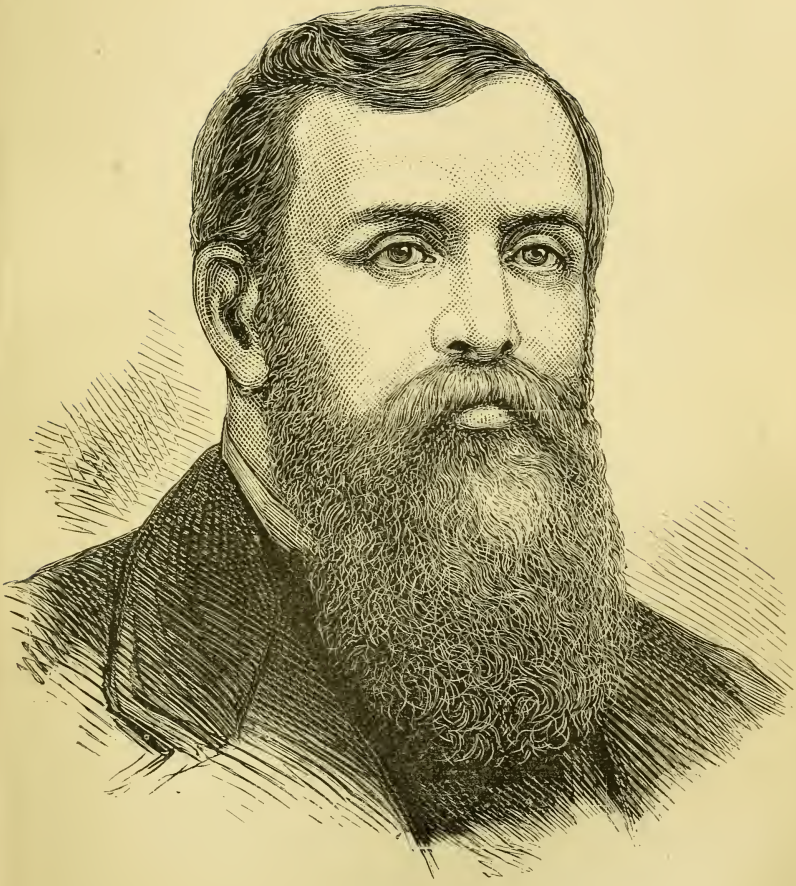
"Not on the gory fields of fame
Their noble deeds were done;
Not in the sounds of earth's acclaim
Their fadeless crowns were won.
Not from the palaces of Kings,
Came the great souls, whose life-work flings
Luster o'er earth and time.

"For truth with tireless zeal they sought;
In joyless paths they trod;
Heedless of praise or blame they wrought,
And left the rest with God.
The lowest sphere was not disdained;
Where love could soothe or save
They went, by fearless faith sustained,
Nor knew their deeds were brave."

PART II.

MOODY AND SANKEY:

HISTORY OF THEIR EARLY LIFE.



D. L. MOODY.

CHAPTER XXV.

HISTORY OF THEIR EARLY LIFE.

In seeking to satisfy a natural curiosity respecting the men who have accomplished the grandest evangelistic work of modern times, and who seem but to have entered upon their wonderful career of Christian conquest, we also unfold a stranger page of Divine Providence than we usually encounter, and see how God trains His servants for the peculiar service to which He invites them. Where so much has been written on this part of our subject, it is easy to gather materials for a much fuller sketch than is necessary to open the topic to the intelligent apprehension of our readers. It is true that whatever truly represents a human life must be interesting, however lowly that existence and humble its surroundings. We could wish for more information concerning our blessed Lord and His early life, but enough has been given to verify Him to us as a real personage, and to show that all was in keeping with the unique character He possessed and the double office He performed. The same is true respecting the apostles and evangelists. We have no burdensome minutiæ of description, but only general outlines and occasional facts of characteristic interest and historic importance.

In reference to these new candidates for honor as great harvesters in the field of souls, one of whom is a personal friend, we find the ample materials scattered in books and periodicals, and gather them into such form as will best meet the wants of our readers, being careful to exercise judgment in

the selection and grouping, that we may portray truthfully the ways of Providence in their course of education and training for their present mighty success.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, February 5th, 1837. He received but little education, being naturally averse to study and more fond of work and play. His people were of the Unitarian faith, and he tells a story of himself that shows how natural it is for even a wild, wicked boy to pray when in trouble.

He was not a praying lad, though on one occasion when a fence fell on him and he could not throw it off, he first exhausted all his powers in calling for help, and then, finding that nobody came, he "happened to think that maybe God would help him, and so asked Him. And after that he could lift off the rails just as easy!" How true it is that God is not far from every one of us.

Mr. Moody often tells the story of the departure of the elder brother from home, and his return after years of absence, his whereabouts being all the time unknown to the widowed mother and sorrowing family. He came back after he grew to manhood, and waiting at the door till his mother should recognize and forgive him, he melted under her tender words and entered the house forgiven, a restored son. "And that," says the evangelist, "is just the way God forgives all the prodigal sons who come back to Him. Do you think mother kept her long-lost boy out there in the porch till he had gone through with a long string of apologies, and done a list of penances, and said ever so many prayers? Not at all! She took him to her heart at once. She made him come right in. She forgave him *all*, and rejoiced over his coming more than over all the other children. He had been lost and now he was found!" He has a nature so strong in its domestic attachments that such an event appeals to him most deeply, and enables him to use it with tremendous power when he wishes to illustrate, to great congregations, God's forgiving mercy.

He was not naturally a religious but rather averse to all the

forms and restraints of religion. His mother, whom he loved with rare tenderness, could alone control the strong-willed boy. His native energy made him restless, and gave him a certain commanding influence which amounted among his youthful companions to leadership. They naturally followed him in all the sports and pranks which boys delight in, and he was their guiding and master-spirit. The boy was father of the man, for Mr. Moody's genius for taking the lead has contributed materially to his marvelous usefulness. There is something amusing at times in the readiness with which the most eminent men of the clergy and laity circle round the little blunt man, and do his bidding with meekness and alacrity. All this he does so unassumingly and naturally, and with such excellent judgment and purpose, that all seem cheerfully to acknowledge his control and mastery in the prosecution of the Lord's work.

Much has been said of his great physical stamina, which serves like a solid foundation for the weight and working of a massive engine. He can endure gigantic labors, such as ordinary men would quickly break down under, and be as fresh as a vigorous boy. This firm constitution was established among the hills of old Massachusetts, by the hard labors incident to the life of a farmer's boy who toils all summer to gather scanty nourishment from the rugged bosom of nature, and plows his way among the snowdrifts to pick up the elements of an education in the drill of the school-house. This is severe training, but it gives physical vigor, and makes great achievements possible to the hardy men whose ambition pushes them out into enterprises of pith and moment. These early hardships go against the grain, and boys deplore them, and wish they could have the easy times that many others enjoy, not knowing that if they accept their lot, and work up through and out of it to something higher and better, they will have no regrets for their harsh discipline and manly training. Any less thorough grounding in the flesh, in the body, the muscular and nervous forces, would be so much taken from their power to do and to enjoy in after years.

Moody's success in his spiritual work is largely due to his

corporal manhood, which grew while his mind was comparatively asleep, and no dissipation enervated his nerves.

The boy's high spirits and destiny led him to dash out from the quiet home in the country; and, as he had an uncle in Boston, he went there to enter upon a business life. After several ineffectual attempts to find a place for himself, he ventured to consult his uncle, who kindly took him into his employ under certain restrictions and conditions, one of which was that he should attend the Mt. Vernon Church where his religious training was certain to be carefully and wisely directed. Here the noble pastor was Rev. E. N. Kirk, of evangelistic tendencies and earnest piety. What can be wiser for young men thus thrown into the turmoil of city life, than to seek the influence of a Christian Church with its intellectual pastor and devoted membership? It is a splendid school for mind and morals, as well as a source of benefit in a spiritual sense. Mr. Moody was connected with Edward Kimball's Bible class, where he found abundant suggestions for thought and inquiry. His ignorance of the Scriptures was only equalled by his general want of intelligence. He had wasted his few opportunities of improvement, and appeared at great disadvantage among the well educated youth of this popular church. Yet such impressions were made on his uncultured mind and sensitive heart, that he soon found salvation through the blood of Christ. But the account he gave of himself was not sufficiently clear to warrant experienced Christians in admitting him to the communion of the church. He kept on his way, and made constant endeavors to let his light shine, though sometimes rebuked for his forwardness. So poorly was he prepared to speak in meetings of intelligent people, that his pastor kindly advised him not to attempt it till he had learned more. The irrepressible ardor of his soul burned to deliver its message, and drove him away from Boston. Turning his eyes toward the Great West, he resolved to go to Chicago, the future scene of his noblest triumphs and severest trials. He arrived there in September, 1856. It was easy for him to obtain a situation, with his Eastern recommendations, where he could earn a living; and

once fixed in that, his habits and industry won the confidence of his employers.

While Mr. Moody was obliged to enter into secular business in Chicago, he did not secularize himself and become worldly. Many young men lose their balance, and fall, by submitting to the love of money; whereas, if they would instantly offset the worldliness of the weekday work, by earnest Sabbath devotion and religious toil, they would neutralize the evil of business and climb up the golden ladder that raises the soul to Heaven. That such was young Moody's plan the following record of one of his biographers will show:

"On Sunday he sought out a Mission Sunday-school, and offered his services as a teacher. He was informed that the school had a full supply of teachers, but if he would gather a class, he might occupy a seat in the school-room. The next Sabbath he appeared with *eighteen boys*, and a place was assigned him for his new and rough recruits. This was the beginning of his mission to 'the masses.' On that day he unfolded his theory of how 'to reach the masses'—'Go for them.'

"Soon after, he commenced the 'North Market Hall Mission-school.' The old market-hall was used on Saturday nights for dancing; and after the motley crowd had dispersed, Mr. Moody and his associates spent the late hours of Saturday night and the early hours of Sunday morning in removing the sawdust and filth, cleansing the floor, and putting the room in order for their Christian work. The repetition of this kind of labor week after week was obviously not very agreeable; but it was cheerfully rendered by a young man who lived for one object—the salvation of souls. In this hall the school was held for six years, and increased to over one thousand members. Many were brought to Jesus; and the work was carried forward amidst marked encouragements and discouragements.

"Finding it extremely difficult to hold prayer-meetings or Sabbath-evening services in this hall, Mr. Moody rented a saloon that would accommodate about two hundred persons. He boarded up the side windows, and furnished it with unpainted pine-board seats. It was a dismal, unventilated place,

and during service it was necessary to have policemen to guard the door and building. Here he collected the poor and the vicious; and sought, by melting appeals and fervent prayers, to lead hardened sinners to abandon their evil courses, and accept the offers of salvation."

Says another: "The man who may be called, *par excellence*, the Lightning Christian of the Lightning City is Mr. Moody, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a man whose name is a household word in connection with missionary work. I went to one of his mission schools, and have rarely beheld such a scene of high-pressure evangelization. It made me think irresistibly of those breathing steamboats on the Mississippi, that must either go fast or burst. Mr. Moody himself moved energetically about the school most of the time, seeing that every body was at work, throwing in a word where he thought it necessary, and inspiring every one with his own enthusiasm.

"As soon as the classes had been going on for a specific number of minutes, he mounted a platform, rang a bell, and addressed the children. He is a keen, dark-eyed man, with a somewhat shrill voice, but with thorough earnestness of manner and delivery. His remarks were few, but pointed and full of interrogation, keeping the children on their mettle. It is one of his first principles, never, in any of the religious exercises, to allow the interest or attention of the audience to flag for an instant. At a great religious convention held at Chicago to which five hundred delegates came from all parts of the United States, he got a resolution passed that no one should be allowed more than three minutes for his speech. The result was that an immense number got an opportunity for speaking, and an admirable check was put on the American tendency to copious flowery oratory. Every man had to dash in *medias res*, at once, say what he had to say without loss of words, and leave out all minor points to get time for the points of most importance. One or two of Moody's remarks were, 'Services are not made interesting enough, so as to get unconverted people to come. They are not expected to come, and people would

be mortified if they did come. Don't get into a rut. I abominate ruts. There are few things that I dread more.'

"Though earnest in his piety, and full of religious conversation, Moody has no patience with mere cant, and wants every body to prove his sincerity by his acts. At a meeting in behalf of a struggling charity, a wealthy layman, loud in his religious professions, offered up a prayer that the Lord would move the hearts of the people to contribute the sum required. Mr. Moody rose, and said that all the charity wanted was only two thousand dollars, and that he considered it absurd for a man with half a million to get up and ask the Lord to do any thing in the matter, when he could himself, with a mere stroke of his pen, do all that was needed, and ten times more, and never feel the difference.

"The first thing Mr. Moody does with those whom he succeeds in bringing under Christian influences is, to turn them to account in pushing on the good work. He considers no place too bad, no class too hardened, to be despaired of. He sometimes takes a choir of young people, well trained in singing, to the low drinking saloons, to help him in wooing the drunkards and gamblers away to the meetings. On one such occasion, which was described to me, he entered one of these dens with his choir, and said, 'Would you like to have a song, gentlemen?" No objection was offered, and the children sung a patriotic song in fine style, eliciting great applause. Mr. Moody then had a hymn sung by them, and meanwhile went round giving tracts to those present. When the hymn was over he said, 'We shall now have a word of prayer.' 'No, no,' cried several in alarm, 'no prayer here.' 'Oh yes, we'll have a few words of prayer. Quiet for a minute, gentlemen,' he said, and proceeded to offer up a few earnest petitions. Some of the men were touched; and when he invited them to go with him to his meeting and hear more about salvation, half of them rose and went. It is believed that if Pandemonium were accessible, Mr. Moody would have a mission started there within a week."

Mr. Reynolds of Peoria said recently, as if in illustration of this last remark:

"The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory, it will astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent: I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him; and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland.

"The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that God will keep me humble.'"

"I shall always remember Mr. Moody," says one; "for he was the means of leading me to Christ. I was in a railway train one day, when a stout, cheery-looking stranger came in and sat down in the seat beside me. We were passing through a beautiful country, to which he called my attention, saying,—

"'Did you ever think what a good Heavenly Father we have, to give us such a pleasant world to live in?'

"I made some indifferent answer; upon which he earnestly inquired,—

"'Are you a Christian?'

"I answered, 'No.'

"'Then,' said he, 'you ought to be one at once. I am to get off at the next station, but if you will kneel down, right here, I will pray to the Lord to make you a Christian.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down beside him

there, in the car filled with passengers, and he prayed for me with all his heart. Just then the train drew up at the station, and he had only time to get off before it started again.

"Suddenly coming to myself out of what seemed more like a dream than a reality, I rushed out on the car platform, and shouted after him, 'Tell me who you are!'

"He replied, 'My name is Moody.'

"I never could shake off the conviction which then took hold upon me, until the strange man was answered, and I had become a Christian man."

Thus he wrought with men wherever he could find open ears to hear the message of salvation, whether in the saloon, the railway car, the mission building or the sanctuary.

His soul being intent on saving men, he knew that by joining others in his Christian enterprises he would thus vastly multiply his usefulness. He accordingly made himself a recruiting agent for his school, and brought the neglected multitudes of the North side into classes taught by such helpers as he could yoke up with himself. The population of his district was largely made up of Germans and other foreigners, who are accustomed to a Sabbath not of the Puritanic but rather the Satanic sort.

Sunday is the day devoted by many to concerts, balls, and pleasure generally. Mr. Moody saw that to succeed in such a population, a school must be exceedingly lively and attractive, and as he observed that the Germans made constant use of music in their meetings, he was led to consider whether music might not be employed somewhat prominently in the service of Christ. Not being himself a singer, he got a friend who could sing to help him, and for the first few evenings the time was spent between singing hymns and telling stories to the children, so as to awaken their interest and induce them to return. A hold having in this way been established, the school was divided into classes, and conducted more in the usual way.

This school became the basis of wider operations. After a time a lively interest in divine things began to appear among the children. This led to the holding of meetings every night, and to the offering of prayers and delivery of addresses suitable to

the circumstances of the children. These meetings began to be attended also by the parents, some of whom shared the blessing. It may be stated here that some of those young persons who were converted at this time, remain to the present day the most valuable and active coadjutors in the work with which Mr. Moody is associated in Chicago.

In most cases neither the children nor their parents had hitherto been connected with any Christian church. Mr. Moody began to find himself constrained to supply them with spiritual food. At first he encouraged them to connect themselves with other congregations. But it was found that in these they were next to lost or swallowed up: they felt themselves strangers, sometimes unwelcome strangers, while they lost all the benefit of neighborhood, mutual interest, and combination in the worship of God. Gradually, therefore, Mr. Moody felt shut up to taking charge of them, and supplying them with Christian instruction. Both school and church continued to increase, the school amounting to about a thousand, and suitable buildings were erected through the liberality of friends. Mr. Moody had by this time given up business, so that he might be free to give his whole time and attention to the work. As he felt himself called by the Lord to this step, he resolved to decline all salary or allowance from any quarter, and trust for his maintenance solely to what it might be put into the hearts of God's people to contribute. Being quite destitute of private means, this resolution showed that his faith in a divine call to give himself to Christian work was capable of bearing a great strain. At the same time, while adopting this course for himself, he has never pressed it upon others, unless they should clearly see it to be their duty. And while believing himself called to a kind of supplementary work in the ministry, he is very far from prescribing the same *rule* to others. On the contrary, he is the steady friend of a regular ministry, being fully persuaded that in "ordaining elders in every city," the apostles meant to set up the permanent platform of the Christian Church.

Mr. Moody had acquired a position of much influence in

the United States in connection with Sunday-schools and mission work when the war broke out between North and South. This led to a new turn being given to his labors. There was a large camp in the neighborhood of Chicago, to which he gave much attention, going there night after night and striving to bring the soldiers under the influence of divine grace. When the Christian Commission was organized, under the presidency of his friend, George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, Mr. Moody became one of his most energetic coadjutors. He did not go into the army as an agent of the Commission, but he was President of the Executive branch for Chicago, and nine different times he went to one or other of the scenes of warfare, remaining some weeks and working with all his might. These services with the army were of no little use, not only in producing direct fruit, but also in developing that prompt and urgent method of dealing with men, that strenuous endeavor to get them to accept immediate salvation, which is still so conspicuous a feature of his mode of address. With wounded men hovering between life and death, or with men in march, resting for an evening in some place which they were to leave to-morrow, it was plainly, so far at least as he was concerned, the alternative of "now or never;" and as he could not allow himself nor allow them to be satisfied with the "never," he bent his whole energies to the "now."

In all this work Mr. Moody bore an important and honorable part. His frequent excursions to battle-fields and camps made him, more than any other man, the medium of communication between the work in the army and the work at home. He was on the field after the battles of Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, and Murfreesboro', with the army at Cleveland and Chattanooga, and was one of the first to enter Richmond, where he ministered alike to friend and foe.

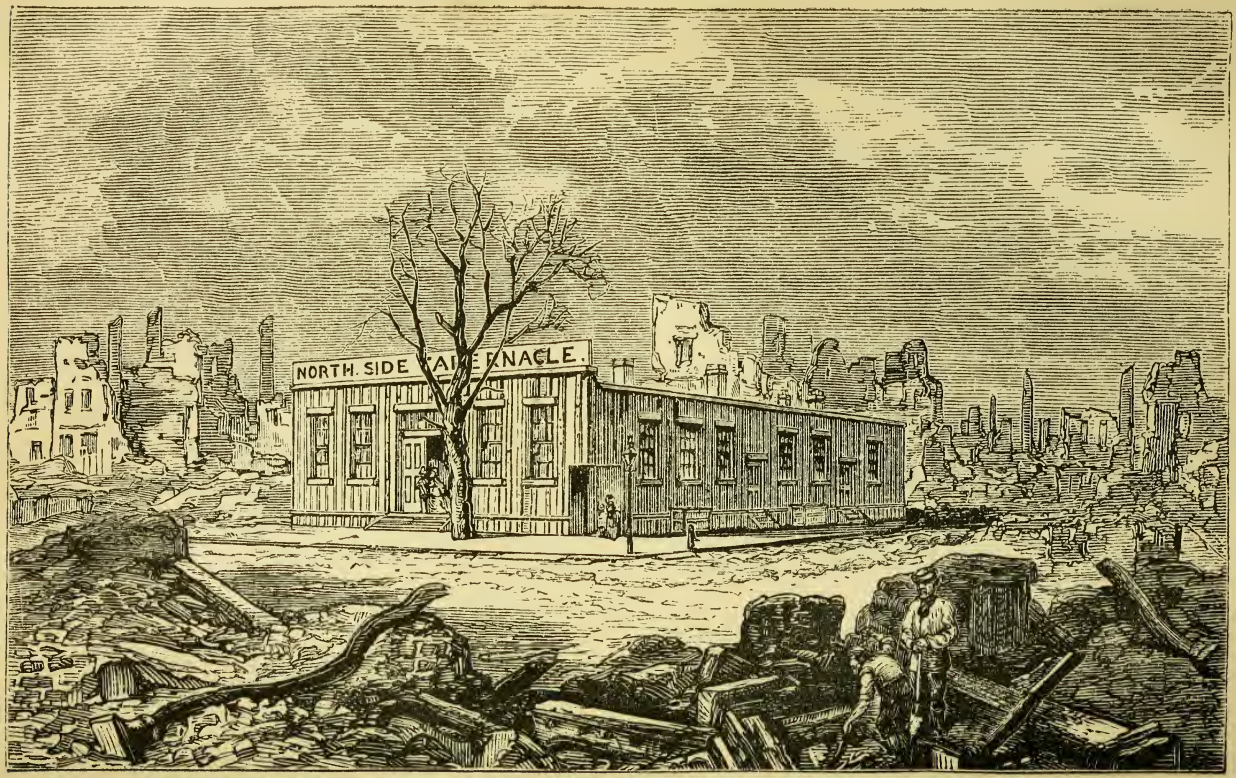
The war being ended, Mr. Moody had more time to develop his work in Chicago.

To set others to work in the vineyard had long been one of his chief aims, and by means of the Young Men's Christian Association, in which he took a great interest, he was highly

successful. Mr. Moody strove to inspire the Chicago Association with his own spirit, and to send them to work in the vineyard. The hall of the association became one of the stated scenes of his own labors. The association was very unfortunate in the matter of fires—its first building having been burnt down in 1867, and its second in the great fire of Chicago in 1871. According to Mr. David Macrae, "the lightning city" showed such activity of movement that the money for the second building was all subscribed before the fire had completed the destruction of the first. This, we believe, is somewhat hyperbolical; but in sober truth, the arrangements for the restoration of the building after the first fire were made with wonderful rapidity. The new building contained a hall of enormous size. Mr. Moody was accustomed to preach to his own people in the morning, to superintend a Sunday-school of about a thousand in the afternoon, and to preach again in the evening in the hall of the Young Men's Association.

In October, 1871, occurred the terrible fire which destroyed a great part of Chicago. Mr. Moody, with his wife and two children, was roused in the middle of the night to find the fierce fire approaching their dwelling, and leaving his house and household gear to their fate (all the property he possessed), had to hurry along to seek shelter in the houses of friends. Mr. Moody's school and church, as well as the buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association, perished likewise in the conflagration. The feelings of himself and his fellow-citizens, on going to see the ruins, can hardly be conceived. But after the first stunning sensation was over, faith and hope revived. In one month after the fire, a temporary erection was completed! No small energy must have been required to accomplish this, amid the confusion, the bustle, and the infinity of things that had to be attended to. But reared the wooden building was, and it has served the purpose of church and school, till a new and substantial building has been erected.

When things had settled down after the Chicago fire, Mr. Moody began to think of permanent premises for his school and church. A suitable site was secured, and it was resolved to



"THE TABERNACLE" ERECTED BY MR. MOODY AFTER THE CHICAGO FIRE.

proceed with the erection of a large and commodious building, which, besides accommodation for the schools, will have a hall or church, containing sittings for 2,500. The cost of the whole will be about $100,000. Mr. Moody, by his disinterested labors, has made so many friends all over his country that the contributions have flowed freely from all parts. Among the most interesting was a colossal subscription from 500,000 Sabbath-school children, of five cents each, all anxious to have a brick in Mr. Moody's tabernacle. From Pekin he received a contribution of $300 from an unknown friend. A few converted Chinamen collected a few dollars even from their Pagan countrymen.

Mr. Moody was now so well known that invitations to hold or address meetings poured in upon him from all parts of the country, and his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association gave him prominence, and won him hosts of influential friends. He saw that he could be more useful in widening his sphere of labor, and this also induced him to cross the sea, and catch the inspiration from earnest hearts in England, where piety runs deeper than it usually does in our active communities. A large number of his congregation in Chicago were also Britons, and this circumstance gave him an introduction to the scenes where he has won his splendid triumphs.

Twice has Mr. Moody visited England, and become known by his preaching and by organizing a daily prayer-meeting in London. His heart was won by young Harry Morehouse, who gave him many beautiful lessons in preaching by his example, and also encouraged him in those Bible readings which have made him a power for good in many cities and communities at home and abroad. Morehouse and Varley were chosen friends of the American Evangelist, and they welcomed him to their own country with hearty enthusiasm. Mr. Varley relates that :

" On visiting at a friend's house with Mr. Moody in England some years ago, I said to him, ' It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ. Mr. Moody soon returned to America, but those words clung

to him with such power that he was induced to return to England, and commenced that wonderful series of labors in Scotland and England in which he is still engaged. Mr. Moody said to me on returning to England, 'Those were the words of the Lord, through your lips, to my soul.'"

Mr. Moody also passed through some marvellous religious experiences that roused him to attempt great things for God, so that when asked why he was going to England a third time, he answered, "to win ten thousand souls for Christ." He had no means to go with, but having felt called of God to enter upon his tour, he prepared for it as if the money was already in hand. And up to the very eve of his departure he knew not where the money was coming from to pay his passage. Then a gentleman came to him, and said he thought he might need funds after he got to England, and placed in his hands five hundred dollars.

Mr. Moody's financial condition after the Great Fire was well shown by an incident that occurred the following Sunday night. He had been invited by Dr. Goodspeed, the pastor of the Second Baptist church, to preach for him. This invitation was conveyed to him by his brother-in-law W. H. Holden Esq., Superintendent of the S. S. of the Second church, and accepted. After sermon, the pastor offered him ten dollars with the remark, "this is all I have." "Then," said Mr. M., "I won't take but half of it, though I have not one cent." An immense congregation greeted the preacher, and Dr. Robert Patterson, who was present, remarked that there was more Gospel in that sermon than in half a dozen ordinary ones. His Bible which he had snatched from the flames, he left on the desk, and the pastor finding it there examined it with care, and observed with wonder how thoroughly and faithfully it had been studied, as was shown by the ink marks it bore on almost every page. He had been wont to rise before day, and give himself with absolute devotion to the prayerful conscientious study of that Divine Manual of instruction for the preacher's work. Going forth clad in the panoply of God, he has filled the world with his fame as a herald of Christ, who

has honored him with power over men for salvation such as few of the world's heroes and saints have ever had.

What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? He is not a man of much education or culture; his manner is abrupt and blunt; his speech bristles with Americanisms; his voice is sharp, rapid, and colloquial; and he never attempts anything like finished or elaborate composition. But he is in downright earnest. He believes what he says; he says it as if he believed it, and he expects his audience to believe it. He gets wonderfully near to his hearers, without any apparent effort. Whatever size the audience may be, he is at home with them at once, and he makes them feel that they are at home with him. He is gifted with a rare sagacity, an insight into the human heart, a knowledge of what is stirring in it, and of what is fitted to impress it. He has in his possession a large number of incidents and experiences well fitted to throw light on the points he employs them to elucidate, and to clench the appeals which he uses them to enforce. In addition to all this, he has a deeply pathetic vein, which enables him to plead very earnestly at the very citadel of the heart. At first his tone may seem to be hard. He will take for his text, "There is no difference," and press the doctrine of universal condemnation as if the worst and the best were precisely alike. Possibly the antagonism of his audience is somewhat roused. But by and by he will take them with him to some affecting death-bed, and his tone will show how profoundly his own heart is stirred by what is happening there. The vein of pathos comes out tenderly and beautifully. He seems as if he were lying on the ground pleading in tears with his hearers to come to Christ. But, most important of all, he seems to rely for effect absolutely on divine power. Of course, every true preacher does, but in very different degrees of conscious trust and expectation. Mr. Moody goes to his meetings, fully expecting the divine presence, because he has asked it. He speaks with the fearlessness, the boldness, and the directness of one delivering a message from the King of kings and Lord of lords. And he takes pains to have his own heart in the spirit of the message. He tries to go to his

audience loving them, and actively and fervently longing for their salvation. He says that if he does not try to stir up this spirit of love beforehand, he cannot get hold of an audience ; if he does, he never fails. He endeavors to address them with a soul steeped in the corresponding emotion. He seems to try, like Baxter, never to speak of weighty soul concerns without his whole soul being drenched therein.

With all this, there is in Mr. Moody a remarkable naturalness, a want of all approach to affectation or sanctimoniousness, and even a play of humor which spurts out sometimes in his most serious addresses. Doubtless he gets the tone of his system restored by letting out the humor of him after a long day's hard and earnest work. For children he has obviously a great affection, and they draw to him freely and pleasantly. We should fancy him a famous man to lead a Sunday-school excursion party to the country, and set them agoing with all manner of joyous and laughing games. We are sure he himself would be the happiest of the party, enjoying the fun himself as well as pleased at their enjoyment of it. The repression of human nature, or the running of it into artificial moulds, is no part of his policy. We are sure he must agree with the late Dr. Guthrie, that there is nothing bad in human nature except its corruptions, and that our aim should be not to destroy it or any part of it, but to get it restored, as God at first made it. His instincts of sagacity make him recoil from all one-sidedness, and desire that men and women, under God's grace, should hide no true accomplishment, and lose no real charm.

Speaking of his preparation for Christ's service, one tells us of a prayer-meeting where he and others offered themselves to Him with a new spirit of consecration. "We have reason to believe that at that time Mr. Moody received a fresh and full baptism of the Spirit, and that this was the divine preparation in his soul for the great work upon which all Christendom looks to-day with wonder and with thanksgiving to God.

Among Mr. Moody's gifts is the rare one of bearing rebuke with Christian meekness. Some time before the period just

referred to, a person met him and said, "I fear, Brother Moody, that you may be losing some of your humility and religious devotion, and with these your power in Christ's service." He replied, in substance, "Perhaps I am; I will look into my heart, and endeavor to humble myself before God."

The question is often asked, What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? They are certainly not his natural gifts. They flow directly from Christ. Filled with the Spirit, he seems to lose sight of every thing but the message of his Master to perishing sinners; and he cannot rest until they are rescued from peril. His Heavenly Father is around him and within him, pressing him every moment to serve him, and to think of nothing else. The love of the Saviour pervades and quickens all his sensibilities, and is the atmosphere through which he sees his fellow-men. He can say with the apostle Paul, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Dr. Van Doren, of Chicago, says: "An incident, some twelve years ago, occurred at the city of ——, where the pastors and friends of a revival sought were assembled. Mr. Moody, as his manner *then* was, laid the blame of spiritual coldness on the church, and of course the several ministers present felt the strokes.

"One arose and brought down the lash on what he called the Pharisaic display, etc., and repelled the charge. Poor Marsyas did not come out of the hands of Apollo more thoroughly flayed alive than did Brother Moody from the hands of that trenchant speaker. Instead of resenting it, he arose, and trembling with emotion, said, 'I, from my heart, thank that brother. I deserved it;' and then asked that brother who held the rod "*to pray for him.*' Every heart was melted; and when that prayer was ended, not one, we believe, in that vast audience but was willing to embrace and welcome Brother Moody from that moment to this.

"Secondly: Our Brother Moody is a man of inextinguishable zeal. In our city of 400,000 people all the boys of this wicked city know him, and respect him too. A short time

since, while distributing tracts, I rebuked some boys kindly for profanity. 'Say, mister, do you belong to Brother Moody?' At one time, walking in the crowded South Water street with a friend, he met a knot of worldly acquaintances. Pausing a moment—'Friends, we may never meet again. Here is an alcove. Let us have a prayer.' Love like that drew them aside, and he led, all standing. Waving his hand, and with an eye beaming with tears, he passed on in silence.

"Brother Moody is a firm believer in God's word. It is a marvel to all our ministers, that while so many educated clergymen in the Evangelical Church treat the Bible as Homer or Plato, he practically writes over every verse, '*Thus saith the Lord.*' Hence he has avoided all those *crotchets* that weaken and deform the influence of many good preachers. His profound, adoring love of the Scriptures has led some to think that he reads nothing else. But, like Dr. Johnson, who was said 'to take the heart out of a book,' he grasps an author's plan and illustrations with an intuitive glance.

"Thirdly: He is a man of prayer. This, I hold, includes faith. We know that Luther spent half the night in prayer, at times.

"When President Edwards preached that memorable sermon, 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,' at Enfield, New England, and a glorious revival began, it was discovered, by chance, that the elders of the church had *spent the whole previous night in prayer* for a descent of the Holy Ghost.

"What is remarkable with Brother Moody is that the Holy Ghost seems actually to *precede* him, as the cloudy pillar did Israel; and when he comes, his announcement of the terms of mercy falls on open ears and hearts."

Before we accompany this beloved brother to England, we must give some account of his famous coadjutor the sweet singer,

Ira D. Sankey.

His father's family were English, and his mother's Scotch-Irish, so that he has good blood in him. He was born in Edinburgh, Pa., in the year 1840. The influences of his home were

IRA D. SANKEY.

spiritual, and there was an earnest Scotchman to whose kindly offices he was much indebted. In a speech at a children's meeting, Mr. Sankey says of this good man, Fraser, "The very first recollections I have of anything pertaining to a religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand along with his own boys to the S. S.,—that old place which I will remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young, from that man." He was seventeen when he joined the M. E. church, and at twenty he was a S. S. superintendent, and then began to sing, as an attraction to the children, the bright melodies they love. He developed an early taste for the Word of God, and as a class-leader encouraged his brethren to use Bible language in their remarks. He was a soldier in the war for the Union, and retained his faith and zeal amidst the temptations of army life. He was President of the Y. M. C. A. of his town of Newcastle, and thus came into contact with Mr. Moody, who at first sight fell in love with his style of singing, and felt drawn toward him as a dear brother. He also made overtures to him to join him in evangelizing labors at Chicago and elsewhere. After solemn deliberation, he resolved to cast off all worldly business, and devote his life to the service of song. He united himself with Mr. Moody and they began operations, with Chicago as a centre. This was only a short time before the city was burned; the church of Mr. Moody's gathering was likely to be broken up. But this calamity was averted and Mr. Sankey ministered to the flock, while Mr. M. was absent. He related an incident in Dundee that is illustrative of the blessing God early gave his labors.

"I want to speak a word about singing, not only to the little folks, but to grown people. During the winter after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me one day to come and see her little child, who was one of our Sabbath-

school scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of these poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hopes of recovery, and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. 'How is it with you to-day?' I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, 'It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and mother.' 'But,' said I, 'are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'When did you become one?' 'Do you remember last Thursday, in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing-meeting, and you sung 'Jesus Loves even Me?' 'Yes.' 'It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day.' That testimony from that little child, in that neglected quarter of Chicago, has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country, than all that the papers or any persons might say. I remember the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her, from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedsides of these bedridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they can not enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own soul."

These testimonies have been frequent since those humble beginnings, and Mr. Sankey has proved himself only less gifted in speech than in song. He was sought by others as a companion in evangelizing towns, but providentially clung to Mr. Moody and together they set sail for the old world. How admirably he was adapted to meet the tastes of the British, the following testimonies, and a multitude of others may serve to show.

"As a vocalist, Mr. Sankey has not many equals. Possessed of a voice of great volume and richness, he expresses with exquisite skill and pathos the Gospel message, in words very simple, but 'replete with love and tenderness,' and always with marked effect upon his audience. It is however, altogether a mistake to suppose that the blessing which attends

Mr. Sankey's efforts is attributable only or chiefly to his fine voice and artistic expression. These, no doubt, are very attractive, and go far to move the affections and gratify a taste for music; but the secret of Mr. Sankey's power lies, not in his gift of song, but in the spirit of which the song is only the expression. He, too, is a man in earnest, and sings in the full confidence that God is working by him. Like his colleague, he likewise has a message to lost men from God the Father; and the Spirit of God in him finds a willing and effective instrument in his gift of song, to proclaim in stirring notes the 'mighty love' of God in Christ Jesus. 'It was a few evenings ago,' said a youth in the Young Men's Meeting in Roby Chapel, 'when Mr. Sankey was singing in the Free Trade Hall "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," that I was made to feel my need of a Saviour; and when he came to these words, "Too late, too late," I said to myself it must not be too late for me, and I took him to my heart there and then.' 'I was in great darkness and trouble for some days,' said a poor woman, rejoicing and yet weeping; 'and just a little time ago, when Mr. Sankey was singing these words' (pointing to them with her finger), '"And Jesus bids me come," my bonds were broken in a moment, and now I am safe in his arms.'

"Who ever heard of a fine voice and sweet music yielding such results as these? It is mere scoffing to say that Mr. Moody's touching stories and Mr. Sankey's sweet singing are the secret of the power exercised by these men. The work is of God, and they are his instruments, each earnestly using, to the best of his ability, the gift that God has given him, in the full confidence that the blessing will and must follow."

"Not a few have been, not unnaturally, offended by the phrase, 'Singing the Gospel,' which was at first used in advertisements; and some have, unfortunately, never taken the trouble to inquire what was meant. But every one who has heard Mr. Sankey sing is well aware that his hymns are more than the mere accessory to speeches, as they have too often been among us. He has taught by example how great is the power of song when a man with gifts of music loves the truth

of which he sings; and the hymns which we have heard him sing, with his wonderful distinctness of articulation, unaffected feeling, and magnificent voice, will linger in our ears and hearts till our dying day. A few weeks have made his favorite hymns as familiar to every rank and to every age as those older hymns which we have known best and longest. Poor sufferers in the wards of the infirmary, lone old men and women in dark rooms of our high houses and back streets, are now cheered in a way no one dreamed of before Mr. Sankey came, by visits from those who do not attempt to preach to them, but only to sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The consoling power of song has been tested and proved at many a sick-bed, and many a death-bed. And that is not all; for we have been led to see that it is a mistake to confine song to utterances of praise or prayer in Christian meetings. We have learned to value more highly its power in instruction. The use of song for instruction and for the application of the truth is not new. It is as old as David, as old as Moses, but it has received a new impetus among us; and we who are called to 'teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,' may well be glad to have been reminded how this may be done."

"The admiration of Mr. Sankey's music is enthusiastic. When he sings a solo a death-like silence reigns, or, as the *Irish Times* describes it, 'It seems that he only is present in the vast building.' When he ceases there is a rustling like the leaves of a forest when stirred by the wind. We might apply to him the language of Scripture: 'Lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one who hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.' No one can estimate the service he has rendered to the Church of Christ by the compilation of his book of 'Sacred Songs' and their sweet tunes. They are the delight of all ages. I have heard in Scotland that already they are sung in our most distant colonies. Ere long I believe that they will be sung wherever the English language is spoken over the earth. Nor will they be confined to that language, for a lady is at present engaged in translating them into German.

He was a wise man who said, 'Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who make its laws.'"

Mrs. Barbour says: "Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and the next. The stillness is overawing; some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awakening, none more than 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' When you hear the 'Ninety and Nine' sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the singer's face from the listener, the hand of Jesus has been finding this and that and yonder lost one, to place them in his fold. A certain class of hearers come to the services solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the song throws the Lord's net around them.

"We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said, 'I'll not know till I hear how Mr. Moody is closing. Again, we were driving to the Canongate Parish Church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I'm thinking of singing "I am so Glad" to-night.' 'Oh!' said the young man, 'please do rather sing "Jesus of Nazareth." An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, "It just went through me like an electric shock."'

"A gentleman in Edinburgh was in distress of soul, and happened to linger in a pew after the noon-meeting. The choir had remained to practice, and begin 'Free from the Law, O happy Condition,' etc. Quickly the Spirit of God carried that truth home to the awakened conscience, and he was at rest in the finished work of Jesus.

"It is interesting to know that there are scarcely two of those hymns which Mr. Sankey sings by the same author. They have been collected during an eight years' experience of the Lord's use of them among believers, inquirers, and the careless. In the singing of them he seems to become unconscious of every thing but the desire that the truth should sink deep into the souls of the listeners, and that the people who sit in darkness should see a great light shining for them from the cross of him who hung upon the tree.

"In a Highland parish, a young man who had lived far from God, and seemed to his minister inaccessible to the truth, was found one day last summer deeply awakened. When asked to what this was owing, he said it was in consequence of hearing his little sister sing,

'When he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels.'

"Perhaps not a week has passed during the last year in which we have not had evidence that the Lord had directly used a line of one of these hymns, in the salvation of some soul. A young man who had been deeply impressed, and was yet unwilling to stay to the inquirers' meeting, and about to leave a church, was arrested at the door by hearing the choir sing, 'Yet there is Room.' He felt there was room for him, went back to the pew, and after having the truth clearly laid before him, received Christ.

The wave of sacred song has spread over Ireland, and is now sweeping through England. But, indeed, it is not being confined to the United Kingdom alone, for away off on the shores of India, and in many other lands, these sweet songs of a Saviour's love are being sung. Mr. Sankey's collection of sacred songs has been translated into five or six languages, and are winging their way into tens of thousands of hearts and homes, and the blessing of the Lord seems to accompany them wherever sung.

'We may forget the singer,
But will ne'er forget the song.'"

"Mrs. Sankey is an earnest Christian woman, and fully sympathizes with her husband in his blessed work. Both are members of the Methodist Church; while his sweet songs float over and inspire multitudes in all Christian denominations.' The Harp of David was the prototype of the Harmonium of Sankey.

PART III.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN

GREAT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BEGINNINGS ABROAD.

In the spring of 1873, Messrs. Moody and Sankey left Chicago for England. They had been invited by three gentlemen to hold meetings in that country. No one else had joined in the invitation, and no one else was interested in their visit. They had no appointments. No arrangements were made for them. No compensation was promised. No one knew of their intention to come. They were persuaded that God sent them, and therefore they went. Mr. Moody carried his Bible, Mr. Sankey his organ and singing book. In June they landed in Liverpool, sought a place to preach and sing the Gospel, and held a few services. No attention was attracted and nothing accomplished, and after a few days they proceeded toward York to find the friends who had invited them over. Two of the men were dead. But with a confidence that resembled audacity, they found a place to preach and went to work. One preached the Gospel; the other sang it. They held their meetings, conversed with sinners, prayed to God; and men and women began to ask what they must do to be saved. They labored in York a month, and it is believed that two hundred persons were converted to Christ.

On Sunday, July 27th, they went to Sunderland, a considerable town near York, on the invitation of a Baptist minister, Rev. Arthur Rees. The other ministers generally hesitated, or opposed the work. "We can never go on in this way" was Moody's characteristic remark; "it is easier fighting the devil than fighting the ministers." At length a delegation of young men from the Y. M. C. A. of Sunderland, waited upon the evangelists at their lodgings, and one of them tells the story of their reception in the following fashion:

"They had already been a week in Sunderland; but, as

yet, I had not seen either of them. Ah! thought I, what a lift heavenward shall I get from these holy men! We were shown into a back parlor by the servant. and very soon the two evangelists sauntered in in a style neither ecclesiastical nor dignified. Turning to me, Mr. Moody asked, in true Yankee fashion, What was our business with him? He did not show us a seat; he did not offer us his hand: altogether an auctioneer-like reception.

"'We represent the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Moody, and have come to ask if you will give us an address in Victoria Hall, on Sunday afternoon.'

"'Preach for you? Oh yes! I'll preach for you,' replied Mr. Moody.

"'We don't want you to preach for us; we want you to preach for Christ.'

"'Oh yes—yes! All right! I'll preach for you.'

"'Our committee,' continued I, 'hope you will not misunderstand the reason of their not joining you earlier in your work. It is not for want of sympathy; but because you came to us in a sectarian connection, and have allied yourself with Mr. Rees; and if we were to join you, on sectarian grounds, we should injure our Institution, which has enemies enough already.'

"After explaining his position, and that his connection with Brother Rees and his congregation had no sectarian significance, he said,—

"'I go where I can do most good: that is what I am after.' And when we left, he followed us out to the gate, saying, 'It is souls I want: it is souls I want.'

"Alas! I had mistaken the man; and whether he spoke of souls or anything else, it is all the same to me now.

"'Well, Frank, what did you think of it?' asked my companion, as we walked off from this strange interview.

"'Think! It is money: that is what it is, James.'

"However, I went to the meeting, being careful to keep out of sight; but when Sankey began singing, I felt it draw me, and very little more of it would have pulled me on to the platform."

"That was not a good afternoon for Mr. Moody. His eye blazed with mournful earnestness, as it ranged that crowd, looking for anxious faces: and its strange light lives in my memory yet, while all my prejudices and misconceptions are dead and rotten.

"On the following Sunday night, when I got to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, I found the meeting on fire. The young men were speaking with tongues, propnesying. What on earth did it all mean? Only that Moody had been addressing them that afternoon. 'What manner of man is this?' thought I; but still I did not give him my hand. . . Many of the clergy were so opposed to the movement that they turned their backs upon our poor innocent Young Men's Christian Association, for the part we took in the work; but afterward when the floodgates of Divine grace were opened, Sunderland was taken by storm.

"I cannot describe Moody's great meeting; I can only say that the people of Sunderland warmly supported the movement, in spite of their spiritual advisers; that there was a tremendous work of grace, when measured by its immediate effects, but far greater in its consequences, after the evangelists were away. All honor to these two brother-soldiers of the cross, who, like Jonathan and his armor-bearer, stormed this fortress of British unbelief alone!"

The second Sunday evening, three thousand people crowded Victoria Hall, and after the sermon, many followed them to a neighboring church, for an inquiry meeting. Among the inquirers, a young man came up the aisle, and threw his arms about his father's neck and kissed him, asking his forgiveness with many tears; then kissing his mother and asking her forgiveness, afterward tenderly embracing and kissing his younger brother.

The little fire kindled in York flamed so high in Sunderland, that Newcastle on the Tyne saw it. The ministers came over, and their hearts were warmed. The evangelists were invited to go back with them, and went. Their fame had preceded them, and ministers and people were ready to welcome them.

The meetings were so multiplied that as many as thirty-four were held in a single week. They continued through two months, the attendance and interest increasing to the close. Crowds came from all the surrounding towns, caught the fire, and kindled it through all the neighboring counties.

Mr. Moody said :

"We have not done much in York and Sunderland, because the ministers opposed us ; but we are going to stay in Newcastle till we make an impression, and live down the prejudices of good people who do not understand us.

"I am always glad to see a minister come to our meetings, for he always brings a large reinforcement with him."

Among the ministers prominent in connection with these services have been several of the Protestant Episcopal pastors, most of them of the Low Church party. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of St. Clement's Church, a leading High Churchman has, however, given utterance to the following sentiments from his pulpit, which will be read with a good deal of interest :

"It is probably well that I should say something respecting the work of certain evangelists who commenced their labors in this city to-day. I have heard that they are regarded with unkindly feelings by several ministers ; how far this extends I know not, but it certainly does not reach the clergy of this parish. The right and duty of every layman is by precept and example to bring erring souls to Christ, and in the exercise of this plain right I bid these evangelists God-speed in their good work of awakening souls who, when awakened, will seek the church and its sacraments. These men do not come to make proselytes, but Christians, and should be aided rather than hindered in the effort to bring lost souls to their Saviour."

From the interesting narratives of the glorious dealings of God with his people we compile such as will most graphically portray them to our readers. After three weeks at Newcastle, great blessings were poured out on their work, which began at the Rye Hill Baptist chapel and thence overflowed on every side.

Every morning at twelve o'clock, in the Music-hall, there was a meeting for prayer, praise, and exhortation, at which were

gathered from two to three hundred people, all earnestly desiring the revival of God's work in that irreligious town, and daily bearing before God numerous written requests from believers, for their unconverted relatives and friends. These prayer-meetings have been felt by all to be true means of grace to the hearts of God's children, and numerous and striking have been the answers to prayer for the unconverted. Every evening, in the Music-hall and Rye-hill Chapel, Gospel services were held, Mr. Moody and Mr. Moorhouse preaching the Gospel, and Mr. Sankey singing his sweet spiritual songs. At the commencement of this glorious work, Rye-hill Chapel, which will accommodate from sixteen to seventeen hundred people, was used; but, as many had to go away, not being able to get in, it was thought advisable to have two services on the same evening; hence the Music-hall, where Mr. Hoyle was carrying on a noble work for Jesus, was opened each night, and hundreds attended there to hear the preaching of the word; and many were born again by the regenerating power of the Spirit of God.

In connection with these services, Mr. Moody, with that indefatigable zeal and fervor which so eminently characterize him, announced that he intended to have an 'all-day' meeting on Wednesday, September 10th, and earnestly invited all who could possibly come to attend. An all-day meeting was something so novel in the history of religious people in Newcastle, that much wonder was excited as to what would be the result of so bold an undertaking. Many anticipated a failure, others thought that it *might* be a success; but those who felt the reviving power of God's love, and had made this meeting a matter of earnest prayer, knew that it would not, could not fail. According to their faith it was done unto them. Wednesday morning broke clear and beautiful. It was a day when all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the glad sunshine of the great Father's beneficence.

At ten o'clock, the hour for the service to commence, the wide area of Rye-hill Chapel was about half filled, and the people coming in quickly. By eleven o'clock the friends from Sunderland, Shields, Jarrow, and neighboring towns, had come

in by train, and had occupied nearly the whole of the area. At twelve o'clock the message came, "No more room in the area; we must throw the galleries open." By two o'clock the galleries were well filled, and before the closing hour came round the spacious and beautiful chapel was filled with those who had left business, home cares and work, pleasure and idleness, to come and worship God and hear his word. Never was the faith of God's people more abundantly satisfied. They asked and it was given, they sought and found, they knocked and the door was opened unto them.

According to the programme which Mr. Moody had distributed largely over the town, the first hour of the services was to be devoted entirely to prayer and Bible-reading.

After the singing of that beautiful hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," Mr. Moody led the devotions of God's people at the throne of grace, and then read and commented on Nehemiah viii., 1–12, where it is stated that "all the people gathered themselves together as one man. . . . and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded Israel." Mr. Moody clearly brought out the appropriateness of this Scripture to the services of that day, and concluded by unfolding and pressing home to the hearts of the people the joyous truth contained in the tenth verse, where Ezra said to the people, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Swinburne, and several of the brethren spoke from the Word of God on the subject of Christian joy, and the hour of prayer and Bible-reading was gone before we had well begun to open the Scriptures. This hour was felt to be exceedingly precious, and was received by all as an earnest of what was to come.

The second hour was devoted to the promises, Mr. Moody being the leader. He said he wished the friends that day to try to see how rich they were. He thought that very few of us had ever fully considered how much our loving Father really

had promised to us. These promises, like precious gems, were to be found in every book of the Bible, and that day we might get into the company of all God's great men who had passed away, and hear what things they had to tell us about our Father's love. We could summon the patriarchs—the prophets—the kings; we could listen to the historians—the biographers—the poets of the Bible; and they would all give to us some of the precious promises spoken by God, through their lives to the ears of the whole world. The meeting was to be quite open and free; not for speeches about promises, but for the reading forth of these good words of God to our souls. The audience at once seemed to catch up the spirit and intention of these words, and from every part of the chapel—from young and old, from male and female—came passage after passage of the Holy Word, declarative of what in the boundless fullness of his love the Father has promised to all.

The interest of the meeting had been steadily rising, as one Scriptural topic after another had been most delightfully unfolded, when the last hour was reached, and appropriately given to the subject of Heaven.

The address was given by Mr. Moody. Having selected numerous passages of Scripture to prove his points, Mr. Moody asked some of the brethren present to read them out as he called for them. This was a delightful picture—a crowded chapel—hundreds of open Bibles ready to be marked when the passage should be announced, and the subject uppermost in each mind *heaven*. The first thought which the speaker called attention to was the *locality* of heaven. He said that his mind had once been much distressed by an infidel asking him "why he always looked *upward* when he was addressing God? God was everywhere, and his home was just as likely to be below as above." This set Mr. Moody back to his Bible to see what it had to say about the matter. He was soon quite satisfied that God's home was above. The Word said that God, when communing with Abraham, came *down* to see whether the people living in the cities of the plain had done altogether according to the cry that had come to him; the angels asked the disciples

on the morning of the ascension why they stood gazing *up* into heaven; the same Jesus that had been taken *up* from them into heaven would come again in like manner. These and similar passages were sufficient proof to his mind that the home of God was above, and that we obeyed a divine instinct when we "lifted up" our hearts to him there.

The locality having been spoken of, the next thought was the *company* gathered together there. Whom have we there that heaven should be so dear to us?

(1) *The Father is there.* Heaven is the home, the dwelling-place of God. No home is complete without the father; and no family is complete unless they can include the father among them. Our Father is in heaven. How delightful the thought of one day being with him amidst all the joy and splendor of home! Then (2) *Jesus is there.* He about whom we have read, whose Spirit has created us anew in him, whose blood bought us, and whose love saved us; Jesus is there; and we look to our home in heaven with longing eyes, because there, if not before, we shall see him who is crowned with glory and honor. Then (3) *the angels are there.* The pure and spotless creations of God, who have known nothing of sin and sorrow and travail, who have ever lived their life of bright intelligence and holy service in the sunshine of God's presence. These are there, and we shall meet them, and tell them of something they have never felt—the compassion and love of Jesus for sinful men. Then (4) there will be *the saints*, the spirits of just men made perfect. All the old heroes of God, the warriors and the kings, the prophets and the poets, the apostles and the early martyrs, all will be there, and we shall be able to hold sweet communion with them all; and our own loved ones, the father and mother, sisters and brothers, the babes, and the young and old, they will be among this shining band, who swell the ranks of the redeemed before the throne of God. O what a company is there! Father, Jesus, angels, saints—all who have fallen asleep in Jesus—all there! Waiting for us to come.

Another point to which Mr. Moody called attention was that it is our *treasure-house*. The only things we have or can

have, as saints, will be found there. All else must be left. Death strips of everything but heavenly treasure. How this should lead us more and more to obey the Master's injunction, and seek "to lay up treasure in heaven." It will be there all safe when we want it; for there neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal. Not only is heaven our treasure-house—it is our *reward*. There we meet with the full fruition of all our labor; there we receive every man his own reward for his own work. No mixing up, no confusion; to each is given his full due. The Christian need not expect full compensation below; he will not get it. *Heaven*—and in heaven he will receive all that he expects. Mr. Moody next spoke very beautifully about heaven being the place where our names are written. The disciples of Christ came back to him from one of their journeys flushed with victory, because even the devils had been subject unto them; but the Master said they had to rejoice because their names were written in heaven. Our names have gone on before us. Just as a man sends his goods often before him when he is traveling, and he himself follows after, just so our names have gone on before, and we are journeying after them. We are known in heaven before we get there. The name of each saint is in the book of life, and it cannot be blotted out. Then, again, heaven is to be our *rest*. The time to toil and suffer is *now*. We ought not to want to rest here. Mr. Moody, on this point, quoted the example which the life of Paul gives us of a man who conceived of the present being a life of service, and not of rest. The speaker's soul seemed to be set on fire with the thought of Paul's labors and consecrated ambition to serve the Master; with words of true eloquence he described the sacred passion which Paul had for his Master's work, and wound up a splendid panegyric on Paul's character, by wishing that modern Christianity could be imbued with some of Paul's fervor.

The last point of this noble address was, "How to get to heaven." And here Mr. Moody found an opportunity for doing that which is so dear to his heart, namely, preaching the Gospel

of Christ to sinful men. The address which throughout had been interspersed with touching and beautiful illustrations, and now and again by Mr. Sankey singing, was brought to a close with an earnest appeal to all "to become as little children, and so enter the kingdom of heaven." Once more, as it had been many times that day, was our dear brother Sankey's voice heard giv ing his beautiful rendering of one of his choice solos, and when the benediction had been pronounced, and the six hours' service had come to a close, all present felt that the time had gone too quickly. The place of meeting had been none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. Thus ended the "all-day" meeting, but, thank God, not thus ended the memory of it; that will live till the last year of our lives, and many a soul traveling home to God will think of it as one of the deep pools by the way dug by the hand of a loving God for the refreshment of his children.

In the evening a Gospel service was held, Messrs. Moody and Moorhouse speaking; the chapel was filled to overflowing, and many souls went away having found peace in Jesus.

Let the following incident, reported by Henry Moorhouse, illustrate the feeling among the poor and needy:

A gentleman passing down a street in Gateshead heard some one knocking at the window of a cottage. He stopped and a respectable woman came to the door, and said: "Come in!" He said he could not then, as he was going to a meeting.

"Oh, sir, for God's sake come in, and tell me something about Jesus, for I am wretched."

"What is the matter?" said my friend.

She said, "I am lost; oh tell me what I must do to be saved. I have been standing at my window all the day to see if a Christian would come along, and if it had been a beggar who loved the Saviour, I would have called him in."

She had been at a meeting a week before, and had been in a miserable state ever since. A Christian lady called to see her and told her about the love of Jesus. She trusted, and was saved. "I saw her to-day," said the speaker, "as happy and bright as possible."

The Rev. Thomas Boyd, Presbyterian minister of the place, after describing the meetings in the Wesleyan Chapel, says, after the evangelists had gone:

"Such has been the number of cases, and such many of the parties, that had it been told to any Christian friend a fortnight ago, he would not have believed it. Even with all this before us, so wonderful is it, that we almost feel as if we dreamt. God's Spirit still works powerfully. Every night souls are aroused, and, under the guidance of Christian friends, led to Jesus."

At Stockton-on-Tees, in which the early part of November was spent, the result is thus described by an intelligent observer on the spot; and once for all we call attention to the union of prayer and Catholic feeling before and in the work:

"This work has been very great; and in examining, for our own future guidance and the guidance of others, into the apparent causes of success, we are struck with the following: First, *the preparation of united, believing prayer*. Mr. Moody said, that on coming into the first meeting, he and Mr. Sankey felt that they were among a praying people; and to this and the next cause, viz.: *the united action of the ministers of the town*, he mainly attributed the fact, that in no place which they had visited had they witnessed such evident results in so short a time. It was very delightful to see, at each of the services, eight or ten of these devoted pastors, most of them in the vigor of young manhood, strong-souled, intelligent men, representing various shades of denominational belief, but merging all differences in mutual affection, and the common desire to aid in the glorious work; and many hearts were constrained by the sight to give thanks for such a ministry in Stockton. Another very important feature was the *absence of noise* in the meetings. The experience of the past few days will, we think, have convinced them that the best and most successful prayer-meetings ever held in Stockton have been the quietest, reminding us of the old lady's description, 'God Almighty was so near that nobody had to shout to Him.'

"Nothing is so remarkable in this revival as the utter

demolishing of the old-fashioned prayer-meeting. Enter solemn minister and solemn people, scattered—six,—eight,—ten,—over a great area. A long slow hymn. Long portion of the Word. Two elders pray two long prayers, in which they go from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, and a great deal farther.

"Now we have crammed meetings. All sit close together. The singing is lively—new songs, new tunes. A few words from the minister give the key-note. Prayers are short. A few texts from the Word of God are frequently interspersed. Brief exhortations. . . . All this comes from our brethren from America. Why have we not found out how to conduct a prayer-meeting before? We in this country have been bound hand and foot by traditions. In the far West of America, at Chicago, for instance, there were no traditions. The only people that had traditions there, were the Indians. The brethren have thoroughly solved this question of prayer-meetings for us. We thank them.

"The border-town of Carlisle was next approached. The evangelists are nearing Scotland. The place where, in former days Englishman and Scotsman used to meet in desperate feud, becomes the scene of victories of another kind. The truth is the weapon, and the Victor is Jesus Christ. This none would more readily own than the instruments He employed.

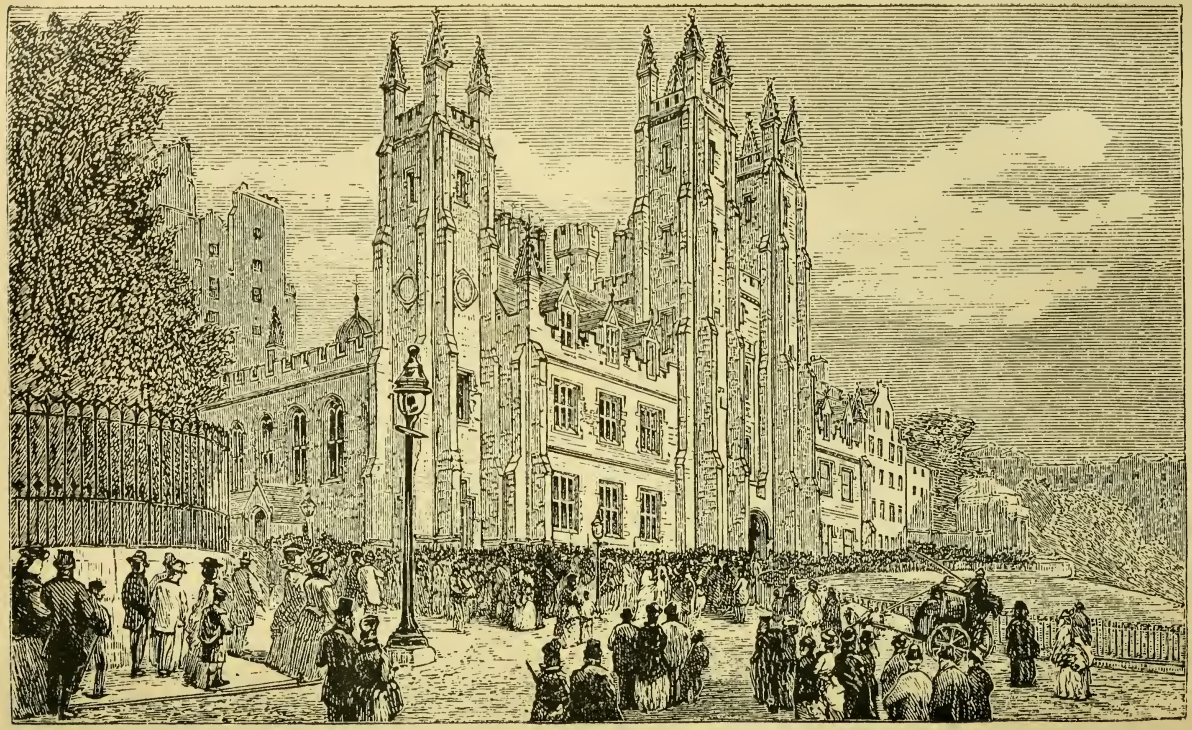
"This is the Lord's doings: it is marvellous in our eyes. As in other places, the meetings have been crowded to excess; the United Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Christie is the pastor, proved altogether inadequate to accommodate the throngs, and the large Wesleyan Chapel close at hand was also thrown open, both buildings being completely filled. The power of God was present in a most marked degree; the solemn and magnificent songs, seeming now to bring Jesus of Nazareth right down into the streets of our own city, or, again, to take us right up to the gates of heaven, prepared the way for the word of life from the lips of Mr. Moody; that word was with power, and many were the anxious souls pressing forward to know the way of life. Jesus has become precious to many;

souls have been born of God, and tears of contrition have given place to tears of joy.

"This much as to the blessing bestowed on the unconverted; but what shall be said as to that which has rested upon the Christians? It has been a time of drawing together such as we have not known anything of before. Ministers of the different denominations have thrown themselves heart and soul into the work, and the close of the week finds us recognizing, not in theory but in fact, that we are all one in Christ Jesus, and banded together, that by our union in Him we may honor His blessed name.

"Never shall we forget Mr. Moody's farewell address. He would not say 'Good-bye!' No! 'Good-night' rather, and meet them all in the morning, in the dawn of eternal day. Then strong men bowed and wept out their manly sorrow like children, blessed children as they were of the same great Father; and one of our brothers lifted our American friends up in the arms of love in prayer to our heavenly Father, the Jubilee Singers singing thereupon, 'Shall we meet beyond the River?' Then came the benediction. The business was over, and the grand occasion past, the memory thereof to die no more.

"Although our friends took leave thus of the country brethren, they tarried with us, the people of Newcastle, yet a while. On that Wednesday night, Thursday night, and Friday, were immense meetings, attended by thousands, overflowing into neighboring churches, although Brunswick Place Chapel would itself hold two thousand. At these Messrs. Moody and Sankey were present. Scores were converted. They were present at the noonday meetings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at the last of which between two and three thousand people met from eleven to half-past one o'clock. On Friday there was a midnight meeting, and four were rescued from sin and shame. The Saturday meeting was the last attended by Mr. Moody. Hundreds had private conversation with him afterward, and crowds went with him to the station, *en route* for Carlisle."



THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WORD IN EDINBURGH.

REPORTS of the wonderful interest reached Scotland, and Edinburgh heard the story. "Rev. Mr. Kelman went twice to Newcastle to see if the reports of what they heard were true. He returned overflowing with joy, and full of glowing expectations for Scotland." He spread the tidings; his report was believed, and ministers and laymen united in inviting the evangelists to Edinburgh.

On Sunday, the 23d of November, they began their work in the Music Hall, with two thousand present, and other thousands seeking admission in vain. The next day five hundred met at noon to pray, and soon the attendance at the daily prayer-meeting exceeded a thousand. An all-day meeting was held. A meeting for students was announced in the Free Assembly Hall. So great was the eagerness to obtain admittance, that the doors were besieged by an immense crowd after it had become apparent that the hall was full. Mr. Moody went out and addressed the thousands in the open air, and returned and spoke to two thousand within, the most eminent professors in Scotland sitting around him on the platform. A service was advertised for the lower classes, and three thousand attended. Every evening there were around the pulpit ministers of all denominations, from all parts of the country, while among the audience there were members of the nobility, professors from the University, and distinguished lawyers from the Parliament House.

At this time many abusive pamphlets were put forth against the methods and the men, and reports were circulated representing that Mr. Moody had not the confidence of his brethren at home. Measures were taken to sift this evil rumor to the

bottom. Accordingly in response to inquiries from abroad, the following endorsement was proposed and sent to Scotland :

CHICAGO, *May 21st*, 1874.

WE, the undersigned, Pastors of the City of Chicago, learning that the Christian character of D. L. MOODY has been attacked, for the purpose of destroying his influence as an Evangelist in Scotland, hereby certify that his labors in the Young Men's Christian Association, and as an Evangelist in this City and elsewhere, according to the best information we can get, have been Evangelical and Christian in the highest sense of those terms ; and we do not hesitate to commend him as an earnest Christian worker, worthy of the confidence of our Scotch and English brethren, with whom he is now laboring ; believing that the Master will be honored by them in so receiving him among them as a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

A. J. Jutkins, Presiding Elder of Chicago Dist.

C. H. Fowler, President North-western University.

Arthur Edwards, Editor *North-western Christian Advocate* (Methodist organ), Chicago.

M. C. Briggs.

S. McChesney, Pastor of the Trinity M. E. Church.

W. H. Daniels, Pastor Park Avenue M. E. Church.

Sanford Washburn, Pastor Halsted St. Ch., Methodist Episc.

C. G. Trusdell, Gen. Supt. Chicago Relief and Aid Society.

Wm. F. Stewart, Sec. Preachers' Aid Society.

G. L. S. Stuff, Pastor Fulton St. M. E. Church.

T. P. Marsh, Pastor Austin M. E. Church.

Lewis Meredith, Pastor Oakland M. E. Church.

Arthur Mitchell, Pastor First Presb. Ch.

Glen Wood, Western Sec. American Tract Society.

C. D. Helmer, Pastor Union Park Congregational Church.

Arthur Swazey, Pastor Ashland Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Rev. N. F. Ravlin, Pastor Temple Ch.

A. G. Eberhart, Asst. Pastor.

David J. Burrel, Pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church.
David Swing, Fourth Presbyterian Church.
Edward P. Goodwin, Pastor of First Cong. Church.
L. T. Chamberlain, Pastor of New England Cong. Church.
Edward F. Williams; Edward N. Packard; John Kimball; W. A. Lloyd; C. A. Sowle; John Bradshaw; C. F. Reed; S. F. Dickinson; A. Wesley Bill; Albert Bushnell, Congregational Ministers.
T. W. Goodspeed, Second Baptist Ch.
W. A. Bartlett, Plymouth Cong. Ch.
R. W. Patterson, Second Presbyterian Ch.
W. W. Everts, First Baptist Ch.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, Cook County, } ss.
City of Chicago. }

W. W. VANARSDALE, being first duly sworn upon oath, says that he is the Superintendent of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of Chicago, Illinois, and that he knows the foregoing signatures to be genuine.

W. W. VANARSDALE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 26th day of May, 1874.

ISAAC H. PEDRICK, *Notary Public.*

Thus the temporary aspersion was removed, and he was nobly vindicated as a true, honest, earnest man of God.

THE TIDE RISING.

We are having a very good time here just now, under the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey.

We are all delighted with them; ministers of all denominations are joining cordially in the work, and God is indeed working graciously. About 2,000 are out every night hearing; many more come and cannot get into the church. Two churches are to be opened simultaneously each night next week.

The singing of Mr Sankey lays the gospel message and invitation very distinctly and powerfully on the consciences of

the people ; and Mr. Moody's gospel is clear, earnest, distinct, and well illustrated—telling of death and resurrection—the "Gospel of God." He is a first-rate workman, and very practical, and God has been blessing his preaching.

Every evening there have been a number of souls coming into the inquiry rooms ; but last night, when preaching on "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost," the *Spirit* seemed to be working in special power, and old *Formality* got his neck broken, and the wounded and weeping souls came into the inquiry meeting in droves. I had to speak at one time to seven all at once, because there was more corn than reapers ; and others were similarly circumstanced. I saw Mr. Moody all the evening with generally more than one. Three rooms were open for inquirers, and I don't know what they had in the others, but we had about forty names on the paper at the close, of those we conversed with in our room. Mr. Moody keeps with us in the elders' vestry. Others, who are less susceptible and can stand at doors, do so, and lay hold of the people as they retire. About one hundred, I should think, were spoken with privately last night, and numbers of them decided for Christ. About ten did so (or professed to do so), in conversation with myself. May the Divine Spirit make it a grand reality to their souls that Christ is theirs! On Tuesday night I had seven who professed conversion.

On Wednesday I fought away with two only, both chronic cases, deep in the mire of their own thoughts, and feelings, and reasonings, and I left them very much the same as I found them. (One of them has been saved.) This was, I suppose, to teach me this lesson, that it is altogether God's work to save, and man is powerless.

This experience made me go out next night with Jesus' word on my lips, "This kind goeth not out but by *prayer* and *fasting;*" *prayer* is the symbol of our dependence upon God, and fasting is the symbol of "no confidence in the flesh"—or self-renunciation. No devil has so powerful a hold of an anxious soul but that *prayer* and *fasting* will cast him out in the name of Jesus.

Our noon prayer-meeting is well attended; about 700 are out daily, and there is a remarkable quickening and earnestness among ministers and Christians generally. I know Edinburgh well, and I am safe to say that I never knew a time when there was a greater appearance of harmony among Christians; unity among the Lord's workers; and humble, prayerful waiting upon God for blessing.

On Friday there was much blessing to Christians, and numbers of souls were also brought in. On that evening we had delightful work in the inquiry meeting, and, I think, I had about half-a-dozen I had good hope of. One was specially interesting, a stranger from beyond Stirling. She was passing through, came to the meeting, heard, was awakened, came into the inquiry meeting, and into my hands, along with a girl of twelve, and both professed to see the way of salvation. This woman was astonished to hear that she had just to believe what she read there to be saved. She said, "Is that all? have I only to believe?" "Just to believe that forgiveness is yours as a gift from God." "Then I do believe." "Then God says you are justified from all things."

Large numbers were out again last night, and we had a meeting for inquirers at the Free Assembly Hall. About forty confessed that they were new converts, and about forty stood up as anxious to be saved, and were asked to go to the other side of the hall, where they were conversed with.

I got down beside a young lady whom I saw anxious in the inquiry meeting, but did not have the opportunity of speaking to her, and kept at work for an hour with her over the Word of God. I could not tell you at length the deep interest of this case; but at the close I had some hope that she has divine life and will yet get liberty.

A beautiful incident happened as I was speaking to her. A young girl bounded up to us and said, with an overflowing joy, "I am the girl you spoke to at the Barclay Church and gave the book to; now I am just going, but could not leave without coming to tell you that *I have found Jesus.*"

We had a very sweet meeting at noon to-day. Mr. Moody

gave us the prayers that God does not answer—Moses, Elijah, Paul. I pointed out to him afterward, to his great delight, that Moses' prayer was answered, to see the land 1483 years afterward, but not as in the midst of Israel, but in better company, with Jesus in the midst, on the mount of transfiguration ; and he saw the land in the light of the glory of Christ. And when he returned he did not care a bit for the land. He was all taken up with Christ, and instead of speaking of it or the goodly mountain and Lebanon, he and Elias spake to Him of His decease that he should accomplish at Jerusalem, the thing nearest his heart. That is the sight we, too, shall get of it (if we do not see it now) when He comes in his glory, and all his saints with Him.

We have had a most impressive address from Mr. Moody this evening on the text, "*Where art thou?*" He spoke very solemnly to Christians, and said if they were to wake up, Edinburgh would be filled with awakening from one end to the other, inside of forty-eight hours. Then he spoke to sinners, and it was most alarming. The three steps to hell, he said, were—

1. *Neglect;* 2. *Refuse;* 3. *Despise.*

He told them, even weeping, of their danger, and besought them to get the question settled now. Ah, it is that tender, weeping power in dear Mr. Moody, that is so overwhelming to sinners. He is now preaching in one of the best and largest churches of the New Town, and yet he has been quite as faithful as when among the poor last week in the Old Town ; and there have been some marked cases of awakening. Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth" had a fine effect upon them. I saw it striking in upon the hearts of many ; and many weeping eyes told of its power. A widow in front of me, with her little boy by her side, was moved deeply, and publicly addressed by Mr. Moody, listened with very wistful eyes ; and both of them came to the second meeting. I was anxious about the result of the inquiry meeting in that church, and they were rather long in coming in, but it turned out nearly as good as before. About fifty were conversed with this first night, and there seemed to be quite a number that believed.

The first I got hold of was a working man ; and after showing him in the Word the way of life and peace, and getting him to decide, he said :

"My wife's here."

"Where ?"

"Sitting there by herself."

"Please bring her here."

She, too, professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they went home together believing.

Then I got a youth about eighteen in a terrible state of anxiety, and wrought with him a long time, and though hopeful, I do not know that he sees clearly ; but he lives near me, and I hope to see him again to-morrow. The life is in, I believe, but he wants liberty.

Then I got a word with about a dozen besides, and gave them books.

I saw three all at once profess Christ in Mr. Moody's hands.

But there were chronic cases that baffled the whole of us, and after ten o'clock there was a man in a corner to whom Mr. Gall had spoken all night, who was all but desperate with conviction, Mr. Moody prayed with him, and he was bowed down and weeping, but he had to leave him still in bondage, showing now entirely it is God's work to set a soul free.

Mr. Sankey sang "*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*" There was a power in it ; many wept. At the close I had three or four anxious sinners, and about as many anxious saints. Mr. Moody had a goodly number professing faith in his hands. Others also were busy. I had some interesting cases of saints in darkness who again got light. Just as I was leaving, Mr. Moody put into my hands a young lady who had been conversed with by one and another all the evening ; and just as I spoke the *very last word I intended to speak to her*, her face was lighted up with joy, and she said, "I now trust in the Lord Jesus." Dr. Thomson remarked as we were coming out, that he thought it had been a night of more solid work than any we have yet had. One good thing in being in one of the New Town churches is, that "the poor rich," as a noble worker calls them,

have got a chance for their souls. The most respectable men and women have been plentiful in the meeting, and not absent from the inquiry rooms. The poor have far more privileges and opportunities of being saved than the better classes. But they, too, are getting a chance now; and we have seen some marked instances of salvation among them. We returned home, praising God for his grace and blessing.

I have observed that Mr. Moody speaks to inquirers with an open Bible in his hands, fixing them down to the Word of God, and anchoring their souls on the living rock of the Holy Scriptures. He also gets them to their knees in prayer; and I have seen them rising from his side by twos and threes, wiping their eyes, and smiling through their tears, confessing Christ.

Dr. Thomson said, "I think there could not have been fewer than one hundred inquirers here to-night, and I think more have professed faith in Christ than any night." It was very cheering to see the great heartiness with which Dr. Thomson entered into the work of the inquirers' meeting; and also to see other ministers there, in considerable force, from his own church and other churches engaged in pointing sinners to Christ. Having been every night at work for an hour and a half in the inquiry meeting, and judging of the work from seeing about forty come to Christ in my own hands, I judge that the Lord is doing marvellous things among us, whereof we are glad.

Seven professed faith in Christ all at one time in one company, and we had a conviction that it was reality in at least four of them. On Friday night, after Mr. Moody's solemn word, there seemed to be a great smashing up of souls (as Mr. Radcliffe used to call it), and among others, a lady came into my hands from San Francisco, California, here for the healing of her body; and her trouble was that the Spirit, she thought, had left her. We showed that her anxiety to be saved and her clinging to Christ were evidences to the contrary; and she left after ten minutes' conversation in a state of blessed emancipation and comfort. She was brought to me by one who got out of bondage the night before; and I said, "Perhaps you will be bringing two each on Sunday night."

The last case we dealt with on Friday night was the most solemn we have seen, except that man who was specially prayed for in the noon-day meeting the other day, and saved that night. This was a young woman weeping floods of tears. She complained of a hard heart, and feared the scorn of the ungodly when she went home; she faintly professed faith in Christ.

I felt such an interest in this girl that I could not sleep without sending her a line by post, inviting her to come next day that my wife might read the Scriptures with her, and tell her more about the Lord Jesus. She came: I was at a meeting I have on Saturday evening. We made special prayer for her, and the person who led us seemed to get near to God, and we had a conviction that we were heard. It was so; for on my return home, I was met with the cheering intelligence, "The girl has been here: I have read with her for nearly two hours; and she has just left, saved and happy. She said she faintly believed last night, as you said, but she is now at liberty, and says she never saw the fullness and freeness of salvation as she sees it now. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping last night; but she was looking bright and smiling; and the only tears she wept were tears of expressed gratitude that Jesus had received her, and that we had been so interested in her as to care for her for Jesus' sake as we had done." We have seen her since, and she is looking unto Jesus; but her demeanor is quiet and subdued, and she looks as one would do who had just escaped from drowning, or from a terrible railway collision.

We have had a meeting to-day for parents and children. It assembled—about 2,000 were present; the parents got a good word. Our dear brother Sankey's singing happily gave the Gospel to the children in a number of gospel hymns.

Mr. Moody addressed parents from Deut. iv. 5–11; v. 29; vi. 7. Some young people think they hear too much about Christ and salvation from their parents, but here they have authority from God to speak of them, morning, noon, and night; when lying down and rising up; when sitting in the house and walking by the way. There should be the most

diligent instruction of the young by parents, storing their minds with the Word of God.

Then from Mark x. 13–17 he addressed the children, and said that this is the only time when Christ was said to be much displeased. He told of the daughter of an infidel dying in peace, after being only five weeks at the Sunday school. Also, of a boy of twelve, who heard Dr. Chalmers preach, and came, at the close of the service, and said he had nothing to give, but he would give himself to Christ. He did so, and has been the means in our country of establishing many Sabbath-schools, with tens of thousands of scholars, and out of them have grown as many as thirty-eight churches, in which are many precious souls saved and happy, all through this boy coming to Christ and giving himself to Him.

Dr. Thomson said: I should consider it a very superfluous work to say anything of the trustworthiness of these excellent men. They have come among us not as unknown adventurers without "letters of commendation," but as long-tried and honored laborers in the fields of evangelism in their own country, and more recently in Newcastle and other towns in the north of England, where there appears to have been a pentecostal blessing in which every denomination of Christians has shared. And the ministers, and elders, and deacons of our different churches that have gathered around them every evening, and shared with them in their blessed work, prove the confidence in which they are held by those in whom the Christian people of Edinburgh are accustomed to place confidence.

The service of song conducted by Mr. Sankey, in which music is used as the handmaid of a Gospel ministry, has already been described in your columns. I have never found it objected to except by those who have not witnessed it. Those who have come and heard, have departed with their prejudices vanquished and their hearts impressed. We might quote, in commendation of this somewhat novel manner of preaching the Gospel, the words of good George Herbert:

> "A verse may win him who the Gospel flies,
> And turn delight into a sacrifice."

There is nothing of novelty in the doctrine which Mr. Moody proclaims. It is the old Gospel—old, yet always fresh and young, too, as the living fountain or the morning sun—in which the substitution of Christ is placed in the centre and presented with admirable distinctness and decision. It is spoken with impressive directness, not as by a man half convinced and who seems always to feel that a skeptic is looking over his shoulder, but with a deep conviction of the truth of what he says, as if, like our own Andrew Fuller, he could "venture his eternity on it," and with a tremendous earnestness, as if he felt that "if he did not speak the very stones would cry out." The illustrations and anecdotes, drawn principally from his strangely-varied life, are so wisely chosen, so graphically told, and so well applied as never to fail in hitting the mark.

I wish once more to call attention to one essential feature in the action of these good men—the daily noon-day meeting for prayer. It began some weeks ago in an upper room in Queen Street Hall. That was filled after a few days. Next it was transferred to Queen Street Hall, which is capable of holding 1,200 persons. It was not long ere this became overcrowded, and now there are full meetings every day in the Free Assembly Hall, which is capable of holding some hundreds more. It is a fact with a meaning in it, that simultaneously with the increase in the noon-day meeting for prayer has been the increase in attendance in Broughton Place Church at the evening addresses, and also in the number of inquirers afterwards. Before the end of last week every inch of standing-ground in our large place of worship was occupied with eager listeners, and hundreds were obliged to depart without being able to obtain so much as a sight of the speaker. The number of inquirers gradually rose from fifty to a hundred per night, and on Monday evening this week, when the awakened and those who professed to have undergone the "great change" were gathered together in our church hall, to be addressed by Mr. Moody, no other persons being admitted, there were nearly three hundred present, and even these were only a part of the fruits of one week. I wish to give prominence to the state-

ment that the persons who conversed with the perplexed and inquiring were ministers, elders, and deacons, and qualified private members of our various churches; and also Christian matrons and Bible-women, as far as their valuable services could be secured.

And now, at the close of the week of special services in Broughton Place Church, I wish to repeat the statement in your paper which I made on Monday in the Assembly Hall, that there is no week in my lengthened ministry upon which I look back with such grateful joy. I would not for the wealth of a world have the recollection of what I have seen and heard during the past week blotted out from my memory. When Howe was Chaplain to Cromwell at Whitehall, he became weary of the turmoil and pomp of the palace, and wrote to his "dear and honored brother," Richard Baxter, telling him how much he longed to be back again to his beloved work at Torrington. "I have devoted myself," he said, "to serve God in the work of the ministry, and how can I want the pleasure of hearing their cryings and complaints who have come to me under convictions." I have shared with many beloved brethren during the past week in this sacred pleasure, and it is like eating of angels' bread, first to hear the cry of conviction, and yet more to hear at length the utterance of the joy of reconciliation and peace!

I was much struck by the variety among the inquirers. There were present from the old man of seventy-five to the youth of eleven, soldiers from the Castle, students from the University, the backsliding, the intemperate, the skeptical, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated; and in how many instances were the wounded healed and the burdened released!

It may be encouraging to Christian parents and teachers to be told that very much of this marvellous blessing, when once begun in a house, has spread through the whole family, and those who already had the knowledge of divine truth in their minds by early Christian education, formed by far the largest proportion of the converts. The seed was there sleeping in the soil, which the influence from above quickened into life.

There was a considerable number of skeptics among the inquirers, but their speculative doubts and difficulties very soon became of no account when they came to have a proper view of their sins. Some have already come to tell me of their renunciation of unbelief, and their discipleship to Christ. One has publicly announced that he can no longer live in the ice-house of cold negations, and has asked Mr. Moody to publish the address which brought light to his heart, and to circulate it far and wide over the land.

I witnessed no excesses in the inquiry rooms, but there was often deep and melting solemnity, sometimes the sob of sorrow, and the whispered prayer of contrition or gratitude. There must, however, occur at times imprudent things and excesses in connection with even the best works that have imperfect though good men employed about them. But cold criticism that is in search of faults, or ultra-prudence that attempts nothing from fear of making mistakes, is not the temper in which to regard such events. I would not dare to take either of these positions, "lest haply I should be found to be fighting against God."

I have already expressed my high appreciation of Mr. Moody's manner of addressing. If some think that it wants the polished elegance of certain of our home orators, it has qualities that are far more valuable ; and even were it otherwise, the great thing is to have the gospel of the grace of God clearly and earnestly preached to the multitudes who are crowding every night to listen to him. When the year of jubilee came in ancient times among the Jews, I suspect the weary bond-slave or the poor debtor cared little whether it was proclaimed to him with silver trumpets or rams' horns, if he could only be assured that he was free.

The following paper was issued, and sent to every denomination in Scotland :

"Edinburgh is now enjoying signal manifestations of grace. Many of the Lord's people are not surprised at this. In October and November last, they met from time to time to pray for it. They hoped that they might have a visit from

Messrs. Moody and Sankey of America, but they very earnestly besought the Lord that He would deliver them from depending upon them, or on any instrumentality, and that He himself would come with them, or come before them. He has graciously answered that prayer, and His own presence is now wonderfully manifested, and is felt to be among them. God is so affecting the hearts of men, that the Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest public building in Edinburgh, is crowded every day at noon with a meeting for prayer; and that building, along with the Established Church Assembly Hall, overflows every evening when the Gospel is preached. But the numbers that attend are not the most remarkable feature. It is the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ,—their hungering and thirsting after holiness. The hall of the Tolbooth Church, and the Free High Church are nightly attended by anxious inquirers. All denominational and social distinctions are entirely merged. All this is of the God of Grace.

"Another proof of the Holy Spirit's presence is, that a desire has been felt and expressed in these meetings, that all Scotland should share the blessing that the capital is now enjoying.

"It is impossible that our beloved friends from America should visit every place, or even all those to which they have been urged to go. But this is not necessary. The Lord is willing Himself to go wherever He is truly invited. He is waiting. The Lord's people in Edinburgh, therefore, would affectionately entreat all their brethren throughout the land to be importunate in invoking Him to come to them, and dismiss all doubt as to His being willing to do so.

"The week of prayer, from 4th to 11th January next, affords a favorable opportunity for combined action. In every town and hamlet let there be a daily meeting for prayer during that week, and also as often as may be before it. In Edinburgh the hour is from 12 to 1, and where the same hour suits other places, it would be pleasing to meet together in faith at the

throne of grace. But let the prayers not be formal, unbelieving, unexpecting, but short, fervent, earnest entreaties, mingled with abounding praise and frequent short exhortations; and let them embrace the whole world, that God's way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations. If the country will thus fall on their knees, the God who has filled our national history with the wonders of His love, will come again and surprise even the strongest believers by the unprecedented tokens of His grace. 'Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.'"

This was signed by thirty-eight ministers of all denominations.

Mr. Moody addressed some special meetings in Free Assembly Hall.

On Sabbath morning, December 14, he addressed the young men of the Sabbath-morning Fellowship Union.

On Friday, December 19, he preached to young men on being born again.

On Sabbath morning, December 21, he addressed Sabbath-school teachers.

The same evening he preached to the students of Edinburgh University and the New College, on "There is no difference." This was one of the most magnificent sights I have ever witnessed. On the platform with him were numbers of professors of both colleges, and I believe, the majority of the students. The hall was densely crowded, and I question whether he ever addressed a more intelligent audience, or one that gave him more profound and riveted attention. Had they not had confidence in him, and felt his power, and, we trust, the higher power of God's Spirit and truth, they would not have sat for more than two hours with such quietness. He commanded that immense meeting of about two thousand men, as no man on that platform, save Dr. Duff, could have done. The living power of God's Holy Spirit was felt giving the word, and laying conviction on the conscience. The Gospel given at the end was most touchingly illustrated, and the very appropriate hymn sung by Mr. Sankey, "I am sweeping through the gates,' gave a spirit-

ual finish to the whole that had been spoken. It was an opportunity such as no man ever before enjoyed here ; and we cannot doubt but that God has given and used it for the conversion of souls and the glory of Christ.

At half-past eight o'clock, December 29, there was a meeting held in the Corn Exchange, Grassmarket, which was attended by about 3,000 persons belonging to the poorer classes. The Rev. Mr. Morgan opened this meeting with prayer.

Mr. Moody began his address by telling the well-known story about Rowland Hill and Lady Erskine. Her ladyship was driving past a crowd of people to whom Hill was preaching. She asked who the preacher was, and, on being informed, told her coachman to drive nearer. Rowland Hill, seeing her approach, asked who she was, and when he was told, he said there was a soul there for sale. Who would bid, he asked, for Lady Erskine's soul? There was Satan's offer. He would give pleasure, honor, position, and, in fact, the whole world. There was also, he said, the offer of the Lord Jesus, who would give pardon, peace, joy, rest, and at last heaven and glory. He then asked Lady Erskine which of these bids she would accept. Ordering her coachman to open her carriage-door, she pressed her way through the crowd to where the preacher was, and said, "Lord Jesus, I give my soul to Thee ; accept of it."

Mr. Moody went on to urge on his hearers to give themselves there and then to the same Saviour who was that day preached in the hearing of Lady Erskine, and accepted by her. He brought out the freeness of the gospel offer, and the importance of immediately closing with it. He mentioned several instances of conversion—one of them concerning a soldier, who had been at the meeting of the previous night in that same hall, and who had afterward gone up to the Assembly Hall, had received Christ there, and was now professing himself a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey sang several of his hymns—"The Lifeboat," "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "The Prodigal Child," being among them.

The meeting on Sunday night, Dec. 28, seems to have been

the most extraordinary of all these meetings. Though there were about 5,000 persons present, the most perfect order was observed, and the deepest interest manifested in the proceedings. After this meeting was over, hundreds pressed up to the Free Assembly Hall, and when the question was put if there were any there anxious about their souls and desiring to be saved, the whole body rose to their feet in answer to the question. The interest shown was such as many of those present had never before seen in the course of a long ministry among the people. Mr. Moody expressed himself as more impressed by it than he had been by anything he had ever before seen.

Mr. Moody preached on Sabbath forenoon in Free St. George's Church, his subject being, "What Christ has done for man." This he treated very generally. In the afternoon Messrs. Moody and Sankey conducted evangelistic services in the Free Assembly Hall and the Free High Church at five o'clock, and in the Established Assembly Hall and Free St. John's Church at six o'clock—these meetings being for females only. The Jubilee Singers sang at each of these meetings. There was an immense meeting in the Corn Exchange, Grass-market, at seven o'clock. The great hall was filled with people, who stood closely packed together in every part of it. There must have been between 6,000 and 7,000 persons present. Short addresses were delivered by several ministers and laymen, frequent prayer engaged in, and a great number of hymns sung by Mr. Sankey and the Jubilee Singers. These hymns had each of them a bearing on the thoughts or sentiments that formed the themes of the addresses by which they were preceded. There was the most perfect quiet observed by the vast assemblage, and both addresses and hymns were listened to with the utmost attention.

In his address Mr. Moody pointed out that though it was because of Adam's sin man was condemned, it was not because of it that any one would be lost, but because they neglected to lay hold of the remedy.

Mr. Moody preached to about *fifteen thousand* this first Lord's-day of 1874, at seven different times. His passion for

saving souls is self-consuming. Let all Christians pray that he may be upheld by God, in body and soul, and blessed more and more.

Tens of thousands of men, women, and children of all classes of the community have crowded the halls and churches where they have preached and sung of Christ and the Gospel.

Multitudes of men assembled in the Corn Exchange, and multitudes of women in the Assembly Halls and adjoining churches on the Lord's day to hear words whereby they might be saved; and on the week days the daily prayer-meeting, noon, and night, was crowded with eager anxious throngs of Christians or anxious ones; while in the Newington U. P. Church and the Canongate Parish Church, fully three thousand came together nightly to listen to the singing and preaching of the glorious Gospel of Christ.

Bible lectures have been held in the Free Assembly Hall, Viewforth Church, West Coates Church, and Free St. Mary's, and thereby have received clearer light on the Gospel, more stable standing on the sure foundation, and blessed freedom from bondage.

Mr. Moody's excellent plan of making the Bible speak for itself by quoting text after text and commenting on them, and enforcing them by striking illustrations, has been of eminent use among Christians who had life but no liberty. Christ has said through him to many a young and groaning one, "Loose him, and let him go."

Mr. Moody's clear preaching of grace reigning through righteousness and salvation by grace without the works of the law, and the believer's place in Christ where there is now no condemnation, and sin shall not have dominion over us, because we are not under law, but under grace, is fitted to give immediate relief to burdened, unclear, and legal Christians, of whom we have crowds.

His mind has evidently been in contact with clear Scripture teachings, such as one seldom meets with in our day: for he has learned to draw his words of grace and truth from the clear crystal river of divine Revelation, and not from the

muddy streams of human theology ; and if we, ministers of Christ, are still to get a hearing from the people who have hung as if spell-bound on the ministry of Mr. Moody, we must preach in the same simple, scriptural, loving, and direct manner. He has lifted up a crucified and glorified Christ, honored the Holy Ghost by believing in His constant presence and grace, and his Gospel has been made the power of God unto salvation to unnumbered souls. We calculate that as many as 30,000 have listened to his beseeching voice.

The work of grace is no doubt deep, wide-spread, and extraordinary, as compared with the state of things spiritually previous to the coming of those earnest men ; but it is only the ordinary and normal result of prayer and preaching, which the model of the Acts of the Apostles warrants us in expecting when all the disciples of Christ are continuing with one accord in prayer and supplications, and in dependence in the Holy Ghost are bending all their energies to the one work of getting the Christ of God magnified by the conversion of perishing souls. When we consider that the great bulk of the ministers and Christian people of Edinburgh have been doing almost nothing else for nearly two months but giving themselves to receive blessing, and to co-operate with our excellent friends to make the Gospel triumphant in the city ; and when we consider that there has been this concerted, continued, and concentrated effort towards this one thing, we have hardly seen so much fruit as we might reasonably have expected ; and we are very sure if there had not been much grieving and quenching of the Holy Spirit of God among us in connection with this work, both secretly and openly, He would have wrought with mightier power, and the harvest of souls would have been much more abundant.

There has never been, as in other days, thousands pentecostally smitten simultaneously : whole meetings arrested as in the years of the right hand of the Most High in times past, and made to stand still and see the salvation of God. Might the Lord not have given such power as would have left hundreds, instead of tens, anxiously inquiring what must we do, if there had been an entire exclusion of "the flesh" and a total self-

surrender on the part of Christians, more regard for the glory of Christ, less grieving and quenching and more honoring of the Holy Ghost?

We do not quite sympathize with some things which have been said about Mr. Moody's preaching, and especially that he is not eloquent. What, we would ask, makes the meetings flat when he is absent but the want of a quality he possesses? and what makes them full of life and spiritual emotion when he is present, but just the superior divine eloquence which flows in his burning words, as if an electric current were passing through every heart?

He is the most powerful speaker—the most eloquent preacher—who most fully carries an audience with him and produces the greatest results; and if Mr. Moody is judged by such a rule, he is one of the most eloquent of living men, for none of us here who are ministers feel the least desire to speak if he is present, for with all our university training we acknowledge his superior power as a heaven-commissioned evangelist. He has the all-powerful eloquence of a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and fired with indomitable zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. He may be devoid of rhetoric (and that, we suppose, is meant), and he may use his freedom in extemporizing grammar to suit himself, but withal Moody is the most eloquent, as he is the most successful preacher among us. The Lord be praised for giving such gifts to men, and for the thousands of souls He has converted by him in this city, or set into the liberty of grace by a fuller knowledge of Christ and His finished work.

What masses of young people from the schools crowded the meetings during the holidays! And so great has been the attraction of the singing of the one and the eloquence of the other, that hundreds of young persons, especially of the higher classes, who were formerly accustomed to go to the theatre, opera, and pantomime, gave them up deliberately, and from choice and the force of conviction attended the gospel and prayer-meetings. Men who can draw away our educated children by the hundred in this city that boasts of its education, from

these haunts of pleasure and amusement, to hear of Christ in preaching and songs, and embrace Him as their Saviour, and cling to them as their friends, have that spiritual education which ennobles the character, implants delicate feelings, generous sentiments, tender emotions, and gracious affections, which the young very quickly discover and reciprocate.

But we have no doubt that a very great part of Mr. Moody's superiority over most ministers as a preacher of the gospel, arises from his superior knowledge and grasp of the Holy Scriptures.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's principle for gospel work is the recognition of the divine unity of the one body of Christ; and accordingly wherever they go they say, in effect, A truce to all sectarianism that the Lord alone may be exalted: let all denominations for the time being be obliterated and forgotten, and let us bring our united Christian effort to bear upon the one great work of saving perishing souls. It is a charming sight to look back over the past eight weeks and think of men who, it appeared, were for all time to come in religious antagonism because of their controversial differences on the Union question, sitting side by side on the same platform lovingly co-operating with those American brethren and with one another for the conversion of souls. All old things seemed to have passed away, and all things had become new, and all rejoiced together in the blessing which has been so richly vouchsafed by the God of all grace.

There has been such a commingling of ministers and Christians of all the churches—all sectarian thoughts and feelings being buried—as has never been witnessed in this city since the first breaking up of the Church of Scotland, more than 140 years ago. What all the ministers and people of Scotland were unable to achieve—a union of Christians on a doctrinal basis—God has effected, as it were at once, on the basis of the inner life by the singing of a few simple hymns and the simple preaching of the gospel:—for as the unity of the nation was secured by the one purpose to make David king over all Israel: "All these men of war that could keep rank came with a perfect

heart to Hebron, to make David king over all Israel ; and all the rest also of Israel were of one heart to make David king, and there was great joy in Israel "(1 Chron. xii. 38) ; so the one purpose to have the Lord Jesus exalted and made supreme, and His glory in the triumph of His gospel and the salvation of sinners made manifest, has united the ministers and Christian people of every name in the metropolis of Scotland : " and there was great joy in that city" (Acts viii. 8). " Be it known unto you all, that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him " hath been " shed forth this which ye now see and hear." " This was the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the Head of the Corner. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 10–12). "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE. We will be glad and rejoice in it" (Ps. viii. 23, 24).

Mr. Moody is overpoweringly in earnest, and he brings in the direct, straightforward, decided methods of a thorough-going, energetic man of business into his addresses, in conducting meetings, and his dealing with souls, and, as a preacher generally stamps his own image upon his converts, we may hope to see a brood of decided Christian witnesses and testifiers arising out of this time of awakening, that will let it be known that the glory of the Lord Jesus is the uppermost purpose in their hearts.

This witness-bearing has already begun in colleges and schools, in families and work-rooms, in drawing-rooms and kitchens. There are discussions going on everywhere regarding both the men and the movement. In ladies' schools there are young converts testifying for Jesus, and boldly confessing Him as their Saviour ; evening parties, through the influence of the young believers in the household, are being converted into Christian assemblies to talk over the preaching of Mr. Moody, and to sing in concerted worship the hymns and solos which have been introduced by the inimitable singing of Mr. Sankey.

These two quiet and humble Americans have all but turned society in Edinburgh upside down, and by the grace of God, have given its citizens the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year that they have ever enjoyed, by gathering them around the Lord Jesus. It seems as if a voice from heaven had been saying, "O clap your hands, all ye people: shout unto God with the voice of triumph. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises to our King, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding."

WHAT GOOD HAVE MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY DONE IN EDINBURGH?

This is a question which, in its inward aspect, can be answered only by Him who knows the hearts of men; but that which is visible and apparent can be set down in writing.

For one thing, Mr. Moody has given the Bible its due place of prominence, and has made it to be looked upon as the most interesting book in the world. This is honoring the Holy Ghost more than all the prayers for His outpouring that have been offered; for it is getting into the mind of God as the Psalmist got, when he said, "Thou hast magnified Thy WORD above all Thy name." His addresses on such themes as "How to study the Holy Scriptures," and "The Scriptures cannot be broken;" his own Bible lectures, which were so full of Scripture, and helpful to hundreds of Christians; his constant reference to the Bible, and quotations from it in his preaching; his moving about among the anxious with the open Bible in his hands, that he might get them to rest their souls on the "true sayings of God;" and his earnest exhortations to young Christians to read the Word, and to older and well-taught Christians to get up "Bible readings," and invite young Christians to come to them, that they might be made acquainted with the mind of Christ, all showed how much in earnest he is to give due prominence to the Holy Scriptures.

Mr. Moody has also given us a thorough specimen of good

Gospel preaching, both as to matter and manner of communication. It is not a mixture of law and Gospel: his Gospel is "the Gospel of the grace of God," "without the works of the law," the "Gospel of God" coming in righteously and saving the lost, not by a mere judicial manipulation and theoretically, but by grace, power, and life coming in when men were dead, so that we have not only sins blotted out by the blood of Christ, but deliverance from sin in the nature by death and resurrection, and life beyond death, so that a risen Christ is before us, and we in Him, when it is said, "There is therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." There is "justification *of life*" in his preaching, immediately that we are "justified *by His blood*."

He has also distinguished with much decision and precision between the Adam nature and the new creation in Christ, and made it as clear as noon-day that salvation is not the mere setting right of man's existing faculties, but the impartation of new life in Christ, a new nature, a new creation, so that there exist two utterly opposed natures in the one responsible Christian man, and that "these are contrary the one to the other:" and the knowledge of this gives young Christians immense relief, and a solid foundation for holiness at the very commencement of their Christian course. New creation in Christ—not the mending of the old creation—is Mr. Moody's idea of Christianity: and it is the divine reality which many are now enjoying.

This also leads to the Pauline theory of holiness, as preached by him. He has imbibed very fully the theology of the Epistle to the Romans on this point, and insisted with much earnestness that Scripture has it that Christians are not under the law in any shape or form, and that this is essential to holiness:—"For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under law, but under grace" (Rom. vi. 14); "But now we are delivered from the law, that we should serve in newness of spirit" (Rom. vii.). His doctrine is that the law never made a bad man good or a good man better, and that we are under grace for sanctification as well as for justification; and yet the

righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh (that is, under law) "but after the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 4). His clearness in distinguishing between law and grace has been the lever of life to many souls.

Our American brethren have also been of great use in showing us what may be accomplished in the conversion of souls, if the heart is only fully set upon it, and there is a determination to have it. They came to us with that distinct aim and object in view; and the Lord gave them the desires of their hearts; and as the result hundreds of souls have professed salvation. They gave themselves to "this one thing," and they stuck to it, brushing aside all other things: even the conventional courtesies of life were made short work of by Mr. Moody if he spied an anxious soul likely to escape. His friends might introduce some notable stranger at the close of a meeting, and feel rather annoyed that, instead of conversing with him or her, he darted off in a moment to awakened souls; but he made that his work, and everything else had to be subordinate to it. "This one thing I do," seems to be his life-motto; and in sticking to this all-absorbing object, he has read us a noble lesson of holy resoluteness and decision. If we who are ministers have similar faith and expectancy, and work like our American friends for the conversion of souls, the conversion of souls we shall have. Our Lord said to those who were to be the first preachers of His Gospel, "I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain" (John xv. 16); and when they were endued with the Holy Ghost and with power, they did "bring forth fruit" in the conversion of souls (Acts ii. 41; iv. 4); and their fruit remained (Acts ii. 42), and has done so, in the millions of souls saved in all ages down to the present day.

Our friends have been the means of rescuing hundreds of souls in this city from impending and everlasting damnation. Their labors have been especially fruitful in the conversion of young women and girls, who in course of time will be in the important position of wives and mothers; and if the thousand of them that appear at the young converts' meeting, to receive

Mr. Moody's farewell address, should all hold out, it will be an unspeakable blessing that has been conferred by God on this community through their instrumentality.

Persons at a distance have wondered at us having so many ladies among the anxious, and the question has repeatedly come to us, "Where are the men? Your anxious inquirers are nearly all women, as we read of them in your reports." If such persons had been present on Friday, Jan. 16, and run their eyes over the young converts in the Free Assembly Hall, between eight and nine o'clock, and counted, as was done, the 1,150 that were present, and failed to find 150 of them men, they would no longer have been at a loss to see why the greater proportion of the cases of awakening mentioned are women.

But we believe also that any one who would affirm, from the excessive preponderance of women over men on Friday at the young converts' meeting, that the movement had only laid hold of women, would be very wide of the truth; for although the meetings went on for three weeks almost without men, towards the close there were many young men who were brought under the power of the truth. It is however, well known that most young Scotsmen, from a variety of influences and motives, even though converted, would rather be excluded from the meeting than face the ordeal through which those had to pass who received tickets; and had there been a converts' meeting for men to come to without any examination or receiving of tickets, hundreds would have attended it.

In a time of awakening it is also well known that women who are religiously impressed will go through fire and water to comply with the wishes of those who have been made useful to their souls. They will do anything they are asked to do; hence the mass-meeting of women on Friday, the 16th. But not so with men—especially Scotsmen—hence the absence, notwithstanding that many are known to have been converted.

Before that meeting was held, we had given it as our calculation, based on the facts that had come under our own observation daily in the inquiry-meeting, that there might be 1,500 souls converted, or who had professed to be converted, believ-

ing themselves to be so. We are still of the same judgment, and that very many more of them are men than that converts' farewell meeting revealed. Twelve hundred women and three hundred men and boys seem to be the proportion and sum total who have professed conversion. Hundreds of them may go on flourishingly, and bring forth thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Hundreds may go back, die out, or be choked with the world, and many who have divine life in their souls may collapse, and the work may have to be done over again, and they revived and set at liberty, because of the lack of teaching. This has been our observation of the results of past revivals, having been in nearly all that have taken place in this country for the last six-and-twenty years. But we see no necessity for this sad outcome of a blessed work of grace, if the professed converts were fully taught in all the precious truth of God with regard to their place in a risen and glorified Christ, as Romans, Ephesians, and Colossians, spiritually and competently expounded, would teach them. Good milk, and plenty of it, makes an infant thrive and grow. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby. Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The only way not to fall is to grow, and growth and strength are by the truth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON TO GLASGOW.

FIVE meetings in one day, at Berwick-on-Tweed, drew thousands together, and the arrows from God's quiver pierced hundreds of hearts.

A few days in Dundee awakened such interest that the evangelists returned five months later, when the enthusiasm far exceeded that of the previous visit. Every evening for a week from 10,000 to 16,000 people assembled in the open air to listen to the Gospel. Hundreds yielded to Christ, and a mighty impulse was given to religion.

On their leaving Dundee, evangelistic services were held in various churches, with many tokens of blessing. The number of inquirers was very considerable. Many cases were characterized by deep conviction of sin, and there were several remarkable conversions. Of the many hundreds, doubtless some were only slightly impressed, while others are bearing about their trouble to this day. For, whatever may be the explanation, there are always some who very gradually arrive at settled trust and peace in Christ. As the result of the awakening, there have been large additions to the membership of the churches—in some congregations as many as one hundred and upward. Great care has been taken in watching over the young Christians, *and we do not know of any who have gone back.*

On the occasion of the second visit of the evangelists to Dundee, in June, when great open-air meetings were held in the Barrack Park, Mr. Moody organized and set going special means and efforts for reaching young men. With the aid of a large staff of earnest Christian men, who volunteered their services at the call of Mr. Moody, the Young Men's Association carried out the scheme with energy and success. In the course of two

weeks, upward of one hundred and thirty young men were individually conversed with, almost the whole of whom ultimately professed faith in Christ. The work has been carried on throughout the year by the Association, as well as by the direct instrumentality of the churches, with much prayer and pains, and many have been added to the Lord. In the *Post* and *Telegraph* offices alone there are some twenty young men and lads who have come over to the Lord's side, and are zealous in his service. As Andrew found his brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus, so in many a pleasing instance, brothers have been bringing brothers, and young men have been bringing their companions, to the Saviour. The seal of God's blessing has been clearly stamped on the efforts of the Christian young men. And although, to the eye of an observer looking only on the surface, nothing may be apparent save the ordinary ripple of Christian work, to those who look more closely, a powerful under-current of spiritual influence is plainly seen to be at work among the youth of our town. In many quarters the tide is fairly turned and is setting in steadily in the right direction; and we expect still greater and better things.

In regard to the work among the children, we have never before seen so much precious fruit in the same space of time. All the year round there has been great joy in many a family, and in many a Sabbath-school. Nor has this joy proved to be evanescent or fruitless. To this fact parents and teachers bear decided testimony. Running parallel with the work of the Holy Ghost, there has been a remarkable dispensation of Providence in the removal of many little ones to the spirit-world. Beautiful and instructive in many instances have been the last solemn scenes of life. To the clear eye of a child's faith there is almost no darkness in the valley. To the ear of the little Christian, quick to catch the voices from above, the solemn sound of Jordan's waters has no terrors. With marvellous wisdom and force, these dying children gave forth their testimony to Jesus and his grace.

While the immediate results of the work are exceedingly precious, the value of its full outcome can scarcely be over-

estimated: believers are refreshed and lifted higher---Christian workers of every class having renewed their strength, and are filled with fresh hope and zeal. The whole body of the living Church has made an advance; her forces are increased, her methods are improved. So mighty an impulse cannot fail of great and lasting results. But there remains much land to be possessed, and from the recent movement there comes to us a loud and stirring call to go forward. Thanking God for the past, and taking courage, we look into the future with heart of good cheer; for we feel assured, "'Tis better on before!"

But the great meeting in Scotland was in Glasgow. On Sunday morning, February 8, 1874, at nine o'clock, Mr. Moody addressed 3000 Sabbath school teachers and Christian workers in the City Hall. At half-past five in the evening, an hour before the time for services to begin, the hall was crowded in every corner. The crowds became so great that it was necessary to hold separate meetings for men and women, and even then no building in Glasgow could be found large enough to hold the congregations. The interest among the impenitent was beyond precedent. It was another Pentecost. Again and again 1000 inquirers remained after the sermon to be pointed to Christ.

During the six days beginning with Tuesday of last week, the suburb of Hillhead was nine times flooded with crowds hurrying to the Crystal Palace. This unique glass house is the largest place of public assembly in Scotland, and can seat about four thousand, while a thousand or two more may be crowded into it. Tuesday evening was for the young women. Hundreds appealed in vain for tickets after seven thousand five hundred had been distributed, and hundreds who had them struggled in vain for admission. The building was crowded up to the fainting point, and the meeting was partly spoiled by its numerical success. On Wednesday the young men who were ticket-holders darkened the Great Western road more than an hour before the time of meeting. All comers were welcome on Thursday, so long as there was any room. In spite of the rain the Palace was filled by seven o'clock, and about one-half

of the audience seemed to be young men of the middle classes. On Friday the noon prayer-meeting was transferred to the Palace, which was comfortably filled with the better, or better-off, classes. Friday evening's meeting was the most significant of the series. Tickets for it were given only to those who, on applying for them in person, declared that they believed themselves to have been converted since January 1st, and gave their names, addresses, and church connection, which information, we are told, is to be forwarded to their several pastors. It was publicly stated that about three thousand five hundred had received tickets on these conditions. As the Americans did not arrive till six weeks after New Years, and as the tickets were not exclusively for the frequenters of their meetings, it was hardly fair in one of our contemporaries to insinuate that the object was to number and ticket Moody's converts. The children had their turn on Saturday at noon, and the working-people at night. On Sunday morning the young women were admitted by ticket, and at six o'clock P. M. the Palace was filled both inside and outside, as an Irishman would say. While several ministers, along with Mr. Sankey, conducted the service inside, Mr. Moody addressed a crowd in the open air that filled the whole space between the Palace and the gate of the Botanic Gardens. Many hundreds did not even get the length of the garden gate. The estimates of the vast throng—mere guess-work, of course—range from fifteen to thirty thousand. A month ago, in the same place and under the same auspices, another meeting was held for six and a half hours. We refer to the "Christian Convention," which Dr. Cairns declared to be "unparalleled in the history of the Scotch, perhaps of British Christianity." It was reported that about five thousand were present, of whom some two thousand were ministers and office-bearers from Scotland and the North of England.

Now these are conspicuous facts, and challenge the respectful attention and sympathy of all, whatever their religious views may be, were it on no higher principle than that of the ancient poet, "I am a man, and deem nothing human uninteresting to me." Some have already photographed the humorous side of

these religious assemblies, and proved what we dare say nobody will deny, that some blemishes cleave to them. We are persuaded, however, that many of our readers will not be disinclined to look at the higher aspects of "these wondrous gatherings day by day;" for we are not aware that so many large and representative meetings have been drawn together in Glasgow by any cause or interest whatever during the past century. Here is a novel addition to the "May meetings"—a new General Assembly, with representatives of almost every class of society and every Protestant Church in the land.

The religious movement, of which these meetings are the most outstanding manifestation, dates, so far as it met the public eye from "the week of prayer" in the beginning of January. The ministers and office-bearers of almost all the churches then met, and formed a committee to arrange for united prayer-meetings, and also for the expected visit of the American Evangelists. The record of what was going on in the North of England, and especially in Edinburgh, had previously inflamed, as well as informed, many of the more receptive and sympathetic souls. Tokens of growing interest had also been appearing in many quarters; and evangelistic services, such as those conducted by Mr. Brownlow North and others, had indicated that the spiritual thermometer was steadily rising. During the first week of January St. George's Church was crowded at noon, while the overflow was accommodated in Hope Street Free Gaelic Church. After the first fortnight Wellington Street United Presbyterian Church was made the centre, where, on an average, about a thousand met daily for prayer. In the second week of February, Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their work among us; and for the last three months they have conducted meetings every day, with a few exceptions. The mind experiences a sense of fatigue in detailing their efforts. They certainly have not spared themselves. Here is something like an average week-day's work: twelve to one o'clock, prayer-meeting; one to two o'clock, conversation with individuals; four to five o'clock, Bible lecture, attended by some twelve or fifteen hundred; seven to half-past eight o'clock, evangelistic

meeting, with inquiry meeting at close; nine to ten o'clock, young men's meeting. The tale of some Sabbath-day's work is even heavier: nine to ten o'clock, City Hall; eleven to half-past twelve o'clock, a church service; five to seven o'clock, women's; seven to nine o'clock, men's meetings in City Hall. Very few men possess, or at least exercise, such powers of service; though in addition to the aid from the realm beyond on which true workers rely, we doubt not that congenial and successful Christian work may sustain a man beyond any other form of human effort. Admission to these meetings was usually by ticket, a necessary precaution against perilous overcrowding. The animated scenes of last week in the Botanic Gardens prove that the interest has not waned, even after three months' use and wont had worn off the edge of novelty.

Accepting this as a genuine Christian work, it may be worth while to fix attention on some of its leading characteristics and results. We would say here, in passing, that we cannot well understand why some educated minds, without granting a hearing, condemn religious revivals out-and-out on philosophical grounds. Viewed on the human side, the philosophy of revivals, as they term it, is just a department of the philosophy of history. In no region has progress been uniformly steady and gradual; but it has been now and then by great strides, by fits and starts, and such events as the Germans call epoch-making. In all the affairs of men there have been tides with full floods. Every channel along which human energies pour themselves has had its "freshet." We are familiar with revivals in trade, science, literature, arts, and politics. Times of refreshing and visitation are not much more frequent in sacred than in secular history; and they indicate the most interesting and fruitful periods in both.

To say that the work betrays some imperfections, and that there have been many objectors, is only to say what has been justly said of every great enterprise, civil and religious. But this revival seems to be distinguished from all previous revivals by the circumstance that it has been indorsed by something like the catholic consent of the churches. From the outset, nearly

all our leading ministers, and not a few of our foremost laymen, identified themselves with it. They sat and sang together on the pulpit stairs and platform at the daily prayer-meeting. A Highland member of the Free Church Presbytery lately protested against some of the accompaniments; and in a court that numbers about one hundred and fifty members, there was not one to second his lament. One of our most conservative churches—the Reformed Presbyterian—gave its unanimous and cordial approval the other day at its Synod.

The unfriendly letter-writers fall into two classes. Some sign themselves clergymen, and are much exercised about their clerical status. If any in these days will make it their chief concern to stand upon their official dignity, they shall find by-and-by that they have not much ground to stand upon. No evangelists, however, have come among us who have more respected the position and influence of the ministers. Mr. Moody's first statement at his first meeting in the City Hall was, that he met with the Sabbath-school teachers first, because he knew that no class would welcome him more heartily, with the single exception of the ministers, and that it would be presumption in him to lecture them. The other class of unfriendly critics write in the interest of intellectualism and culture in its "broadest" sense. We suspect that the "sages," whose profession is, as one of themselves has said, that they are neither great sinners nor great saints, are the enemies of revivals only because they are the enemies of the things revived. Would they object, for instance, to a revival that gave body and popular attractions to the worn-out ideas which they commend as the *ne plus ultra* of attainable truth? At all events, it will not do for them to say that only the women and the children have been attracted, for there has been nightly a most imposing muster of the vigorous manhood of our city, and the City Hall has been often found too small to accommodate the men who flocked to some of the special services.

Mr. Moody is very fortunate in having such a colleague as Mr. Sankey. He has enriched evangelistic work by something approaching the discovery of a new power. He spoils the

Egyptians of their finest music, and consecrates it to the service of the tabernacle. Music in his hands is, more than it has yet been, the handmaid of the Gospel, and the voice of the heart. We have seen many stirred and melted by his singing before a word had been spoken. Indeed, his singing is just a powerful, distinct, and heart-toned way of speaking, that seems often to reach the heart by a short cut, when mere speaking might lose the road. Most people admit that the work has been conducted in a very calm and sober-minded fashion. Mr. Moody is credited with a large share of shrewdness and common sense. He has not yielded to the temptations that powerfully assail his class. He does not give himself out to be coddled and petted by well-meaning but injudicious admirers. We have not noticed in him that offensive affectation of superior piety that provoked a sarcastic acquaintance of ours to say that some revivalists seemed to begin their story as Virgil makes Æneas begin his, "I am the pious Æneas." He keeps close to the essentials, and is free from such crotchets as often narrow the sphere and destroy the influence of evangelists. It is not irritation but balm, that he tries to bring to our religious divisions. It must be owned that a premium has not been set on the hysterical, the convulsive, and the sensational forms of religious excitement. The proverbial weakness for numbers has been more apparent in some of his sympathizers than in himself. Nor does he make himself responsible for the reality of every apparent conversion. He has set his face sternly against the religious dissipation in which some of his most indefatigable hearers rejoice. Novelty-hunters and marvel-mongers have not been gratified. Sight-seers have been usually excluded from the meetings for inquirers, and only "workers" have been admitted. That there has been nothing necessarily repellant to thoughtful and educated people is proved by the number of middle-class young men in sympathy, and by the fair proportion of them at the "Converts' Meeting," and also by the crowds of genteel people at the quiet afternoon Bible lectures. Though he has introduced some novel methods, he has stuck to the simple old truths, and his convictions are in entire

accord with Scottish orthodoxy. His straightforward, business-like, slap-dash style gives a fascinating air of reality to all he says, while his humor, capital hits, vivid and homely illustrations, and now and again his deep feeling, seldom fail to rivet the attention of his hearers. He has not a roundabout and far-off way of handling divine things, and hence many accuse him of abruptness, brusqueness, and undue familiarity. The Christian life he commends is manly and genial, intense, and yet not strained or twisted. These features go far to explain what would be called in America his personal magnetism.

Many ask, "But will it last? What is to come out of all this?" In Edinburgh, they say that since the Americans left, the impression has been steadily increasing, and that it has entered influential spheres almost untouched before. The summer scatterings will severely test the reality of the movement, but perhaps they may also scatter a share of the stimulus along both sides of the Clyde. The avowed end from the first has been that the ordinary congregational channels might be flushed and flooded with fresh energy. Such extraordinary efforts are most successful, though their success is less apparent when they add new power to ordinary agencies. If this be the result, the friends of the movement will have no cause for disappointment, while its enemies will point to the absence of demonstrative accompaniments as a proof that it has entirely collapsed.

We may expect that something will be gained from the experience of the past months. New methods of conducting meetings are already finding favor. Some may be in danger of surrendering hastily their individuality, and adopting modes of speech and action foreign to them. We may easily ascribe too much to the new methods of the American evangelists. Their success is due largely to the fact that they approach the Scottish churches on the side on which they are weakest. It would seem that Scottish styles are about as popular in America, as American styles have proved in Scotland, and for the very same reason. At the Evangelical Alliance in New York, the speakers from our country were most appreciated, because they were strong where Americans felt themselves to be weak. The

career of Dr. Hall in New York is also a notable case in point. By all means let us have more elasticity, and a greater readiness to adopt and adapt whatever is serviceable. But, after all, new methods will not help the churches a great deal. The surprise and force of contrast soon wear off; and if men go too far for a little in any direction, they take their revenge in abandoning what formerly they overpraised. Age and repetition by-and-by make the most skillful methods dull and conventional. The grand need is far deeper—an inward vitality that makes men and churches fresh, vigorous, and fruitful. If, as we are told, multitudes in all the churches have been recently quickened, new bottles should be made, as well as borrowed, for the new wine.

Some confidently expect a more general co-operation of Christians than has hitherto prevailed. Dr. James Hamilton's quaint illustration has been so far verified. When the tide is out, each shrimp has a little pool of salt water, which is to him all the ocean for the time being. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet and mingle, and soon they have ocean's boundless fields to roam in. It will be a pity if an ebbing tide carries each back to his little narrow pool.

The relation of this work to the masses has been much discussed. Those who blame Mr. Moody for not working among them should remember that the tickets for all the meetings were distributed by the ministers of each district, and that in some cases the non-church-going had the preference. Recent speeches in presbyteries and synods show that many are anxious to give a home-mission direction to the movement. Quickened life in presence of neglected multitudes must approve its sincerity by zealous mission work. We hear that the committee have already purchased a monster tent, capable of holding two thousand, and that it will soon be one of their chief rallying-points. The young ladies of the choir, who give invaluable aid, are likely, it is said, to continue at their post. This would be a very graceful and telling way of bringing together the East and West Ends. Hundreds of young ladies with splendid

voices and an expensive musical education might thus find a grateful relief from *ennui*, and a healthful substitute for other excitements. The work among the masses gives them a fine opportunity of gaining a recompense for all the trouble and cost by which they have become gifted musicians. It will be a new power to them, and to many preachers who can appreciate such co-operation."

Says one: It seems to be generally admitted that the young men have had the largest share of the blessing. Their case from the very first was especially laid upon the hearts and consciences of the praying people. Our spiritual dead among the young men were carried forth like the dead son of the widow of Nain. A widowed Church carried them forth with affectionate sorrow; but not in despair, as Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and His fame was in the land. At His bidding she stood still, expecting His aid; and many of our spiritual dead heard His life-giving word, and were restored to the crown and joy of the Church. I do not think that I have ever seen better religious meetings than some of those young men's meetings."

Among the laborers at Glasgow was Brownlow North, Esq., one of the wonderful men whom God has lately raised up to propagate the Gospel outside the ordinary channels. We give the following obituary notice:

The death of this distinguished lay preacher and evangelist took place at Tillichewan, Dumbartonshire, on the 9th of November. "All that was interesting in his life to the Christian community," says the *Daily News*, "began exactly twenty-one years ago in November, 1854, when he was suddenly and overwhelmingly arrested by the fear of death when playing at cards. He was then forty-four years of age, and his previous life had been such as to make him tremble at the prospect of death and judgment. His talents were of a very high order, with the athletic frame and vast energy he was fitted to take a foremost position in any line of life he might have chosen. But, not requiring to engage in professional pursuits, he gave himself to what seemed to him a life of pleasure, and, in the highest sense of the word, became a man of the world. But the cold hand of death, as

he took it to be, came upon him with a terrible arrest, he earnestly cried for mercy that night, next day he announced to his family and friends that for the future he was a changed man, and he immediately owned God in his house by daily prayer and reading of the Scriptures. After many months he found peace of conscience through our Lord Jesus Christ, set himself to distribute tracts, and visit the sick and dying in his neighborhood. Gradually this led to larger meetings, and then to preaching in country churches, for which his Oxford studies fitted him; for he had been educated in the Church of England but his conscience kept him from taking orders. After two or three years he preached in Edinburgh to great crowds, and with a very singular power. He had been carefully taught the grand Bible truths regarding sin, redemption, and regeneration; he always stated them with great clearness and force. But at that time his peculiar power above other preachers lay in his marvellous unfolding of those two truths—the existence and presence of the Living God, and the great eternity that is before every man. These truths he did not hold, but was held by them, and was borne onward with an irrepressible enthusiasm to communicate them to every living man whom his words could reach.

After three months of toil and conquest almost unparalleled in the history of evangelization, the brethren turned their faces to the North, having closed their campaign in the following way:

The last week has been a most impressive one. The interest may be said to have culminated in the assemblages in the Kibble palace. On Tuesday evening a fresh meeting of *women* took place there; all classes and ages were largely represented, and the bearing of the majority was most devout. Although upward of five thousand were accommodated within the building, the issue of tickets had been so liberal that nearly two thousand more could not gain admittance, and were addressed on the green outside by various clergymen. Even among those who could hear nothing the greatest good humor prevailed.

On Wednesday night upward of seven thousand men managed to find sitting and standing room within the Palace, packing exceedingly close. The vast assemblage was most

decorous, and obeyed orders implicitly. The full, strong singing of the hymns was a sound to be remembered. Numbers of inquirers gathered afterward in the opposite church and many could state that there was a good result of that night's work.

Admission to these two meetings had been exclusively by ticket. On Thursday night the Palace was open to all; but soon the doors had to be shut, leaving large numbers outside. The meetings throughout were conducted in the usual vigorous style, Mr. Moody being present, and delivering pointed addresses, clergymen and laymen relating their own experiences, and bringing forward instances and reports of the work elsewhere.

On Friday evening came the meeting for those who professed to have been converted during the last few months. The tickets for this had only been given to those who placed their names and addresses, and the names of their ministers, on a register, opened for the purpose; and of which, they were informed, extracts would be forwarded to the clergymen to whose churches they belonged, thus to prevent thoughtless application for converts' tickets, an ultimate check being established. The Palace was comfortably filled, and the utmost order prevailed. In looking over the assemblage, it was apparent that the great proportion consisted of young people, probably under twenty-five years of age. All were well-dressed, clear-eyed people, in the ring of whose voices, when singing the opening hymn of praise, more than the common sound was heard. It was a glorious sight. Some, no doubt, may have joined that throng without due warrant; but with such exceptions, each individual had found his title clearly written in the Word of his Lord and Master. One instance came within our knowledge of two ladies who, receiving tickets under a misapprehension, personally came to deliver them up. This was the more honorable, as many would have entered by any means in their power, had the register not stood in the way. An instance, indeed, occurred of one old lady, who, having made up her mind to enter, would take no denial, and

indignantly gave the peculiar reason for insistence, that she was well known to the best people of the West End, and to the magistrates of the city and county.

On Saturday came the meeting for children, and in the evening another for grown people ; but the greatest gathering of the week took place on the Sabbath, when, after a meeting in the morning for women who had not obtained admittance on the previous Tuesday, the gates were thrown open in the afternoon to all comers. Such a crowd as had never been seen in these parts before. Many a time during the week the Great Western road had been darkened for an hour and a half with the living stream, but that night for three hours the stream was incessant. Vehicles were not easily to be had on Sunday, so nearly all came on foot—all classes, "gentle and simple," young and old, blind and lame. The Palace was immediately filled, but the afternoon sun was so hot there that soon the whole had to turn out on the green ; there a crowd, variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand, was soon gathered. Some apprehension was entertained that mishaps might ensue inside or outside the building ; but by the exercise of considerable firmness, and compliance with orders on the part of the people, the danger was happily averted. Mr. Moody addressed the crowd, standing on the box of a private carriage, and by those within comfortable ear-shot he was considered to have surpassed himself in earnestness and force. The singing of the sweet hymns by such a strength of voices, sounded upon that quiet sunny Sabbath evening from amidst the fresh foliage of the gardens, was deeply impressive. Such a sight, too, had probably never before been seen within the limits of the land. While the main body dispersed, filling all the approaches and the public roads, about five thousand christians, and those professedly anxious about their own state, gathered inside the Palace, and for the last time heard the voice of the man for whom such an affection has sprung up in the hearts of many. The scene was impressive when an English speaker, with rapid and energetic utterance, reminded the assemblage, many of whom had the greatest cause to thank God for all he

had recently done for and by them, that that man (Mr. Moody) ought to be constantly remembered in the prayers of all, to whom he had proved an instrument of grace. Many were much moved. Mr. Moody then took a farewell of the people, most of whom he could never hope to see again in the body, and, as a final message, declared that many christian friends in that place and elsewhere had agreed to unite in prayer that night for those then gathered together who might be anxious about their own state, conscious they were not saved. The twilight was rapidly deepening when he asked those in such a case to rise to their feet in sign of their desire. The solemnity of feeling was indeed deep, when from four to five hundred persons quietly rose all over the house, and as quietly resumed their places, actuated evidently by something outside their ordinary lives.

Was not that something like the Spirit of God? We shall, perhaps, never know here; but when from among the ranks of those who have felt his power we find men and women quietly affirming to friends and strangers the inner change which has been wrought in them, and then going out to work for him; when we find this wide-spread, and representatives of all classes among the believers, have we any right further to question that God has been working, and will continue to work, in men's hearts powerfully? Be the instruments who they may, are they not of God's choosing? Some of his own servants may have been kept from joining in the work of promoting the awakening; but now that the first instruments of this general awakening have left us, it must be, it is, the sacred duty of all the stated ministers in the field to take up the work where it now stands, and to carry it on, thankful and joyful in the fresh vigor infused into the spiritual life of many, and jealous only for the extension of the Master's kingdom."

The Summer Blessing.

Another brief visit to Edinburgh and Dundee was followed by a tour of great interest in the Scottish Highland country. Many of their meetings were held in the open air, and attended

by vast multitudes. As a specimen of what transpired at these places we take the account of a visit to Elgin, Aberdeen, and Craig Castle.

It was a strange contrast last Thursday ; at five o'clock, in the busy Show at Inverness, at seven in the streets of Elgin quiet at all times, but that night altogether passengerless and deserted. Surely something unusual was going on—the streets abandoned, the house-doors fast, the shops closed. Through half a mile of the empty streets ours were the only footsteps that echoed on the pavement, and everything was silent and desolate as a plague-stricken city ! At last, just on the verge of the town, the stillness was broken by the distant sound of a voice, and the turn of a lane revealed a sight which time can never efface from the memory. There stood the inhabitants, motionless, breathless, plague-stricken indeed—plague-stricken with the plague of sin. The sermon was evidently half over, and the preacher, with folded arms, leaned over the wooden rail of the rude platform. Oh, the sin upon these faces round him ! How God was searching the heart that night ! I cannot tell you who were there, or how many, or what a good choir there was, or what Mr. Sankey sang, or which dignitary prayed. I cannot tell you how beautifully the sun was setting, or how fresh the background of woods looked, or how azure the sky was. But these old men penitent, these drunkards petrified, these strong men's tears, these drooping heads of women, these groups of gutter children, with their wondering eyes ! Oh, that multitude of thirsty ones—what a sight it was ! What could the preacher do but preach his best ? And long after the time for stopping was it a marvel to hear the persuasive voice still pleading with these Christless thousands ?

One often hears doubts as to the possibility of producing an impression in the open air, but there is no mistake this time. No, there is no mistaking these long concentric arcs of wistful faces curving around the speaker, and these reluctant tears, which conscious guilt has wrung from eyes unused to weep. Oh, the power of the living Spirit of God ! Oh, the fascination of the Gospel of Christ ! Oh, the gladness of the old, old story

of these men and women hurrying graveward! The hundred-and-one nights in Glasgow excepted, never have we seen the Holy Spirit's nearness more keenly realized. These thousands just hung spell-bound on the speaker's lips. It seemed as if he daren't stop, so many hungry ones were there to feed. At last he seemed about to close, and the audience strained to catch the last solemn words; when the preacher, casting his eye on a little boy, seemed moved with an overpowering desire to tell the little ones of a children's Christ. Then followed for fifteen minutes more the most beautiful and pathetic children's sermon we have ever heard; and then, turning to the weeping mothers and fathers, concluded with a last tender appeal, which must have sunk far into many a parent's heart.

Long before the close of the address it was evident to all that the Lord of the harvest was going to give us a glorious reaping-time that night. We had not, indeed, been ten minutes on the ground, when a stranger whispered, in the very middle of the address, "Will you come and speak to a woman about her soul?" at the same time pointing out a drooping figure standing near, with face buried in her shawl. We were not surprised, therefore, at the great crowds which entered the inquiry-meetings—in one church for women, another in a large hall for men, while the Christians went apart by themselves to another church to pray. The arrangements connected with these after-meetings were all beautifully managed, and shortly after nine o'clock the whole three were well under way. The women's inquiry-meeting was supplied with relays of workers from the prayer-meeting. The work was on a very large scale, and the workers' report was, that the cases were of a very hopeful character. But the work among the men—and this is a splendid testimony to the depth and reality of the impressions—was even on a larger scale still; and the sight in the Evangelistic Hall, where the men's inquiry-meeting was held, is not soon to be forgotten. The whole hall was filled with men, broken up into little groups of twos and threes, talking in hushed yet earnest voices on the great subject of the one thing needful; while behind, in the committee-room, half a hundred young men

were gathered in prayer for their groping brothers. Many of these had themselves but newly decided for Christ, and were the fruit of the week's meetings for men, which have been blessed by God far above all expectation.

It is useless to attempt to give even an approximate idea of the extent of the blessing which fell upon Elgin on Thursday night. The whole of Morayshire has shared it, and a powerful hold has been gained in nearly every farm house and village throughout the country side.

At the pressing request of a large number of those who had taken part in the evangelistic work set going in Aberdeen some months ago, Mr. Moody paid a farewell visit to Aberdeen in August, and addressed several meetings, at the same time taking occasion to urge on to greater zeal those who were engaged in the good work. Mr. Sankey has been obliged to go south to a more genial temperature to recruit his health, but Mr. Moody has wrought on since he left Aberdeen, in different districts in the north, almost without ceasing; the same remarkable results always attending his labors.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Moody met with a large body of young converts in the Free South Church, and addressed to them a few parting words. He spoke on his favorite topic of "confessing Christ," pleading hard with those who had lately come to Christ to come boldly forward and confess Him.

The Music Hall was crowded to excess long before eight o'clock, the hour at which Mr. Moody was announced to give an address, the passages, orchestra, and galleries being quite packed. "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," was the text on which Mr. Moody based his discourse. Christ did not say these words to a drunkard, to a thief, to a harlot, but to a man who in our days would be made a D.D. or an LL.D.

After referring to the often-doubted possibility of sudden conversions by those who could not understand it, even although there were living evidences of it before them, he bade the meeting farewell, with the hope that they would all meet on the shores of eternity.

Mr. Moody stayed in the hall conversing with anxious inquirers until about ten o'clock, when he drove to a men's meeting in Trinity Free Church, which had gathered at nine o'clock in the expectation that Mr. Moody would give them a farewell address. In the course of the few sentences he spoke to them, Mr. Moody said they could have no idea of the influence the Aberdeen men's meetings had had in other places he had visited. In all of the towns the example of Aberdeen had been followed, and large bands of young men were enlisted in evangelistic work.

A number of the young men then retired with Mr. Moody into an ante-room, to hold private conversation with him, and he continued to converse with them until it was time to go and prepare for his journey to Wick by steamer.

On Sunday afternoon, an open air evangelistic service was held on Craig Castle lawn, conducted by Mr. Moody. The weather in the early part of the day was very unpropitious, heavy showers descending, with brief intervals, until four P.M., when the rain ceased, and it continued fair during the evening. The wet detained not a few at their homes, no doubt, but most of those who came seemed to have determined to be present in any case ; and by five o'clock a very large company—especially taking into account the thinly-peopled districts from which they had gathered—had assembled on the beautiful lawn in front of the castle. Every valley and hamlet within a radius of ten miles sent its company in gig, cart, or afoot, until at five o'clock about 2,500 people stood on the lawn. The gathering resembled somewhat one of the Covenanter hill-side meetings, save that while the Bibles were still present, the broadswords were altogether absent ; and the rendezvous, instead of being a wild, rocky pass, was a hospitable castle, with its fairy dell and leaping linn, celebrated in song, and known as one of the loveliest spots in Scotland.

The beauty of the scene seemed specially to move Mr. Moody, who referred to it in his discourse, which was one of peculiar beauty, power, and pathos. Standing in an open carriage placed near a towering tree, the preacher spoke for nearly an hour from

the parable of the marriage feast. A very marked impression was produced, and many retired at the close of the service for conversation with the preacher and other ministers and friends.

The Craig gathering of August, 1874, will, we believe, be ever memorable to not a few as "the beginning of days" to them.

"I must say," said Dr. H. Bonar, "that I have not seen or heard any impropriety or extravagance. I have heard sound doctrine, sober, though sometimes fervent and tearful speech, the utterance of full hearts yearning over the wretched, and beseeching men to be reconciled to God. That I should accord with every statement and fall entirely in with every part of their proceeding need not be expected. Yet I will say that I have not witnessed anything sensational or repulsive. During the spiritual movement which took place in Scotland about thirty years ago, in most of which I had part, I saw more of what was extreme, both in statement and proceeding, than I have done of late. There was far more of excitement then than there is now. The former movements depended far more upon vehement appeals, and were carried along more by the sympathetic current of human feeling than the present. When the present movement began, I feared lest there should be a repetition of some of the scenes which I had witnessed in other days, and I did not hesitate to express my fear to brethren. My fears have not been realized. I have been as regular in my attendance at the meetings as I could, though I will not say that there was nothing which I might not have wished different, yet I have been struck with the exceeding calmness at all times—the absence of excitement—the peaceful solemnity pervading these immense gatherings of two or three thousand people, day by day—the strange stillness that at times so overawed us; and I felt greatly relieved at the absence of those audible manifestations of feeling common in former days. Rowland Hill was once asked the question, 'When do you intend to stop?' 'Not till we have carried all before us.' So say our brethren from Chicago. We say Amen. This needy world says Amen. Human wickedness

and evil say Amen. Heaven and earth say Amen. The work is great and the time is short. But the strength is not of man but of God."

And after more than two years have passed by, the great results continue to appear, and the wave of holy influence has swept with purifying energy over all that land.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Evangelists in Ireland.

At his last Bible-reading Mr. Moody said that, in considering what should be the subject, he thought, What was it he wanted most himself? When nine months ago he came to Scotland, a perfect stranger, he felt utterly powerless, and could only have been sustained by the Holy Spirit's help; now, when he was going to Ireland, he felt just the same; and if he attempted to go there resting upon the grace given for Scotland he should fail. He needed a fresh anointing for this new service.

In this spirit of entire reliance upon the Lord, Mr. Moody contemplated the Irish field. God honors those who honor Him. We shall see how much this confidence in the Lord was justified by the results of efforts in Ireland.

It would seem that after fourteen months of such toil, they might well have taken a little rest. But Ireland was calling them; and bidding farewell to Scotland, they proceeded to Belfast, where they held their first meetings on Sunday, Sept. 6, 1874.

The work had a good commencement in Belfast. Numbers thronged and crushed to the churches, so much so that the happy plan was adopted of dividing the meetings, and holding gatherings for women only at two o'clock, and for men only at eight o'clock. Consequently, the large churches are well filled, without any unseemly disorder.

On Friday Mr. Moody addressed both meetings, taking for his text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that

which was lost." With great power and aptitude he proclaimed the Lord Jesus as the "Seeker;" and very touchingly he convinced the people that He was now seeking each individually, seeking to save and to bless them. Mighty *Faith*, then, appears to be the secret of Mr. Moody's power. On the hearers he urges *decision*, now to believe, instant salvation on faith in Jesus only. His address was interspersed with telling illustrations, which came right home to every heart. He rapidly referred to the parable of the lost sheep and lost piece of silver, and graphically narrated the sudden conversion of Zaccheus, unmistakably evidenced by the immediate fruit of the Spirit in his change from an extortioner to a restitutor. Mr. Sankey's very sweet solos and touching hymns, accompanied on the American harmonium, seemed to exercise a powerful effect in, as it were, deepening the impression of the Word.

The large church, which holds 2,000, was filled with women of all classes; and the one which holds 1,500 had every seat occupied with men. They were mostly shopkeepers and mechanics, and a large proportion such as do not regularly attend churches. After the evening meeting the Christians were invited to remain and pray for the speakers to the anxious, and the inquirers were directed to side apartments, of which several were filled with those whom the Holy Spirit was convincing of sin, and of the need of the seeking Saviour. Thus, while such a glorious work as has been witnessed in Scotland has not yet taken place in Belfast, a sweet and encouraging commencement has been made.

The interest in the meeting in the evening is increasing. From fifty to a hundred remain each evening, under anxiety of soul, desiring to be pointed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. These are found of all classes, and of all shades of moral and religious character—backsliders, notorious sinners, moral young men, whose consciences are yet tender, and skeptics, whose hearts have been blasted as by an east wind. The majority of the inquirers are young men. This is a special, and I may add a most hopeful, feature of the work. Many seem

clearly to have embraced the offered gift, and to be rejoicing in God.

On Sabbath Mr. Moody held a meeting for Christian workers at the early hour of eight, and notwithstanding the hour the place was crowded, so much so that the overflow filled an adjoining room. The address was touching entire consecration to God, and more whole-hearted activity in His service. An open-air meeting was advertised for half-past two o'clock. It was held in an open space, in the midst of the mill-workers of our town. Few, if any, of the thousands who attended that meeting will ever forget it. Very many, I believe, will remember it with joy in the Father's home on high. The attendance was great, estimated variously at from ten to twenty thousand! The weather was exceedingly favorable. Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." While he did so I could observe in the glistening eye, and the deep sighs of many around where I stood, that it was even so.

As time advances, this gracious work of God seems to extend and deepen rapidly. On Tuesday the experiment was tried of holding a meeting in the evening exclusively for women, in order to reach the case of workers in mills and warehouses. More than an hour before the time of meeting, the streets around were packed with a dense mass of women; and when the gates were opened the place was filled almost in a moment; and after that, with the overflow, three large churches. In all these meetings the anxious, willing to be spoken to, were more than could be overtaken. We have reached a blessed difficulty—our inability to find Christian workers in sufficient number, who are able and willing to point the seeking sinner to the Lamb of God.

The number of strangers who from long distances visit Belfast to attend the mid-day meetings is daily increasing. In this way the work is already extending, and, I trust, will cover the whole island. At its present stage of progress, the most marked features are desire to hear the Word of God, willingness to be spoken to upon the state of the soul, frank confession on the part of many that they do not savingly know Jesus; and, most blessed of all,

the equally frank confession on the part of many that they have "found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth."

To-day the mid-day meeting is solely for professing Christians —the subject, "Assurance." In the evening the meeting is intended for such only as are seeking Jesus. Mr. Moody has adopted these expedients because of the want of any hall or building sufficient to contain the crowds seeking admission.

Intense calm and deep earnestness characterized all the meetings. The Holy Spirit was poured out, not with a rushing wind, but in a still, small voice. An unusual proportion of fine young men waited to be conversed with in the inquiry-rooms. All seemed to feel there are but the two classes, the saved and the lost.

Various were the difficulties felt by inquirers, but all such as anxious souls have expressed from time to time. Some could not understand what "coming to Christ" is; others had previously come, but were staggered because they had not the complete mastery of sin; others, again, had not felt a sufficient sense of danger. Warm-hearted and experienced Christians listened to the difficulties of each and all, and were in most cases enabled by the Holy Spirit to speak the suited word and remove the stumbling-blocks.

The open-air meeting was attended by numbers variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. The fundamental truths of the gospel were forcibly put and ably illustrated. Many were bathed in tears. Multitudes of careless men and women have been awakened.

Singing bears a most important part in the work of God. Deeply effective are Mr. Sankey's solos, not only in touching the heart's affections, but in deepening the impressions made by the Word. The solo "Too Late," following on Mr. Moody's address on the despair of the lost in hell, had the most solemn effect. The wail, "Oh! let us in; oh! let us in," and the awful response, "Too late! too late! you cannot enter now," are enough to wring the inmost soul of every wavering and undecided sinner.

A meeting for inquirers only was arranged to be held in the evening of the same day, in the Ulster Hall, the largest public building we have. Admission to this meeting was strictly limited to those professing anxiety to find Jesus. Christian workers were admitted by ticket, a method adopted to avoid the mistake too often made at such meetings of allowing incompetent or improper persons to engage in such work. There is not one Christian in a hundred fitted for this most delicate and difficult service, requiring, as it does, close communion with Jesus, much knowledge of the human heart, and very clear views of gospel truth, and not less a desire to know nothing, and to speak of nothing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

While all this is true, it is equally true that none are oftener blessed in this work than young converts, while their virgin love is yet fresh, and their faith clear and simple. There was at the meeting for inquirers an attendance of some 500—this in addition, it may be noticed, to many meetings of like kind held in various churches at the close of the evening service. It was very touching and stimulating, when an opportunity was given by Mr. Moody at the close of the meeting, to hear many young men read out, in trembling tones, and yet with beaming countenances, some previous promise of the Word of God. It seemed like throwing out a life-buoy to the struggling ones around, who were swimming for life in the waters of death—like the letting down of a cord to the prisoners in the pit in which there is no water. Subsequent information in the young men's meeting proved that these truths were laid hold of savingly by not a few that Sabbath night in the Ulster Hall.

On Sabbath night we had our first meeting for young men, from nine till ten o'clock. To the surprise of all of us, there were about 1,500 present. The beginning is a special work, which, I trust, will spread as in Glasgow. There had been during the spring a very marked work among the young men in Belfast, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. Now it has been deepened and greatly extended.

During the week the tide of spiritual life seemed to increase

each day. The Bible-readings at two o'clock have been full of interest, specially stimulating to many whose spiritual life had hitherto been very dormant.

The manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power were very marked. In the earlier days of the movement, of the many who were deeply convinced of sin, comparatively few seemed to come to rest and peace and faith in Jesus. It seemed as if a higher tide of the Spirit's power were needed to guide them through the quicksands of difficulty, and over the bar of doubt and distrust, into the haven of rest.

This week, we thank God, it is otherwise. We can say with thanksgiving concerning many, "They which have believed do enter into rest."

The meeting for the young was very striking. Mr. Moody presided. The truth seemed to reach, in the Spirit's power, many young hearts. A meeting for boys under fifteen has been organized. Some of the cases in it are exceedingly touching, affording, I conceive, illustrations of the work of God upon the human heart in its simplest and deepest form. This meeting for boys assembles every evening now at half-past seven.

On Monday we had no meeting—rather, one of the most remarkable meetings, I shall venture to say, ever held in Belfast. Fisherwick Place Church was open for inquirers from two till ten o'clock. Mr. Moody and other Christian workers were occupied all that time in pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. It is impossible to say how many wounded spirits were conversed with during the day. Many very experienced Christians, who have seen much of the Lord's work in other years, declare they never saw a meeting like it.

It was a sight which would, I think, have drawn tears of joy from any heart, to see upward of 200 young men, the very flower of our youth, one after another acknowledging the yoke of Jesus. Passing just across the street, I entered May Street Church, where more than 1,000 men were assembled to hear the glad tidings of great joy.

In order that as many as possible might have an opportunity

of hearing the gospel at these special services, admission on Tuesday night was by tickets, given only to such as had not hitherto heard Mr. Moody. About 3,000 tickets were given on personal application. It was a season to be remembered. The soil, so to speak, was virgin; the attention so marked as to be almost painful in its silence; the presence of God very powerful in the consciousness of every spiritual mind. The inquirers at the close of the meeting were spoken to, as far as they could be overtaken, in adjacent churches, to which the men and women were sent respectively.

It is worthy of remark, the great contrast in outward manifestation between the present work and that of 1859. I have not heard of or noticed any physical excitement—not even an outcry, much less what were then known as "prostrations."

Here let me say, it has been most noteworthy that during the last weeks, while we have had most inclement weather, every Sabbath-day, and at the hour of our great gatherings, it has been all that could be desired.

The number in attendance was fully equal to any preceding Sabbath. It may give you some idea of the multitude if I state that the field on which the meeting was held contains about six acres, and that the people stood densely packed from one end to the other. There was profound solemnity. The impression upon the hearts of the people by the truth in the power of the Spirit was very deep, as the sequel will show.

Mr. Moody held his usual meeting on Sabbath evening for those in deep distress about salvation, and for those who had found eternal life during the past weeks through faith in Jesus. The meeting was exclusively for men, and admission solely by ticket. The hall in which it was held was completely filled. Mr. Moody stated in the noon-day prayer-meeting on Monday that, in his judgment, it was *the most remarkable meeting he has had yet in Europe.* To God be all the praise! One after another of these young men—and they comprise the very flower of our youth—rose, and, with clearness and wonderful felicity of expression, in burning words, declared what God had done for his soul. At length, at nine o'clock, the meeting was closed.

Meanwhile another meeting of men was assembling in a church. It was already very nearly filled when we heard the tread of a large company approaching. It was a phalanx of these redeemed youths. They sang the new song. In a spontaneous burst of praise they were telling forth the wonders of redeeming love. No language can describe the scene. The heavenly echoes of that burst of praise, I think, will never be forgotten by any who heard it. The meeting that followed, consisting of some two thousand men, I need not say, was one of profound interest—Jesus in the midst, and the marching glorious.

During each day of this week, and at every gathering, more and more of the presence of the God of salvation has been manifested. Let me in a sentence or two describe one which, in sober language, was most wonderful. Mr. Moody addressed on Monday evening in Fisherwick Place Church, a meeting of men. At the close of his address all who had recently been found by the Good Shepherd, and also all who were seeking Him, were requested to retire to the adjoining lecture-room. Some six hundred men did so. Mr. Moody again sifted them, by requesting that those only who were deeply anxious to be saved should adjourn to another room. Probably nearly three hundred did so. In breathless stillness Mr. Moody addressed them, very briefly stating that he could do no more for them—that they had heard the gospel, and that it was for themselves to decide. He called upon them to kneel and pray for themselves. They bowed as one man, and now here and now there might be heard the short cry for mercy—a few earnest words of supplication; probably about thirty or forty so cried to God one after the other. Surely the Lord is in this place! was the thought which rose in holy fear in the hearts of all.

After a short prayer by Mr. Moody, he addressed them very faithfully. He again held forth Christ, and invited all to rise who felt that they could there and then accept Jesus. All of that large company, save twenty or thirty, stood up, and solemnly avouched the Lord to be their God. This wonderful sight cannot be described. The glory of it cannot be realized, even by those

best acquainted with divine things. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what shall we say of the gladness in the Father's house when the prodigals in companies of some two hundred enter, as it were, at once?

Thursday, October 8, we had fixed for a gathering of the masses in the open air. Many had fears for the weather, but much prayer in many places over the three kingdoms was offered to God for the success of the meeting. God did for us above what we asked. The weather was splendid; everything as regards order and decorum all that any of us could wish. It was the largest open-air meeting I ever attended. I cannot pretend to fix a limit to the numbers. He who counts the stars knew the history of each present, and what were the dealings of his heart with Christ and the free offer of His salvation. The only regret that seemed to be expressed by any was, that the services were so short.

Mr. Moody addressed the vast multitude from the words, "I pray thee, have me excused." With graphic felicity, great clearness, and soul-piercing power, he exposed the miserable pretences by which sinners impose upon themselves in refusing a present offer of present blessedness. The address seemed to strike with convicting power many consciences, and, from many instances coming under my own observation at the inquiry-meeting in Fisherwick Place Church, I have reason to believe in salvation power.

The great gathering in the Botanic Gardens on October 8 has been our crowning mercy in this season of blessing. We feel as if every prayer had been heard and every heart gratified by our gracious God. As the days pass, and as tidings reach us from the country districts all around, we continually hear of rich blessings bestowed and of precious fruits following. Many carried with them to their homes the spark of renewed life. That spark has, in some cases, already burnt into a blaze. We receive the good news from many places of great readiness to hear the Word of God, and the cry, "Come over and help us," reaches us from many quarters.

Our dear American brethren left us on Saturday for Derry. Tidings have reached us that a great and effectual door was opened unto them in that city.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey returned from Derry this morning (October 15) to hold their final meeting ere passing on to Dublin. Mr. Moody presided at the noon-day prayer-meeting. The subject was, "Lessons from the Life of Jacob." The meeting was one of great interest. The meeting in the evening was held in St. Enoch's Church. It was exclusively for sinners under anxiety of soul, who professed to be earnestly seeking Jesus. Admission was by tickets, and that, moreover, on personal application.

Readers may judge of the depth of the movement and the measure of awakening power upon the souls of men by the Spirit of God, when I state that upward of 2,400 persons were so admitted! It was Mr. Moody's last appeal in Belfast to the Christless. I may not attempt to describe the scene! He set before the anxious, sin-stricken multitude, Jesus in all the glory of His sufficiency—in all the attractions of His dying love. He showed Him, as with one foot upon the threshold of the heart He sought admission. Now in faithful and firm words he warned them of the dangers of delay; and now he gently moved them, in tenderness, as one whom his mother comforteth. At length he ceased speaking, that each might hear, in the silence, the voice of Jesus pleading directly. And in the awful stillness of that moment many of that great company of seeking sinners, I trust, were able to say in words expressive of soul-submission, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

I think it must have been the most notable meeting in the experience of Mr. Moody. I do not at present remember to have read of any such meeting, as regards the number of the awakened, in modern times. Does it not seem like a return of Pentecostal power, when 3,000 were similarly smitten with soul-concern?

The meeting in the evening was for the young converts—for all who have reason to believe that they had found Jesus since

Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Belfast. Admission was strictly by ticket. These tickets were only given on personal application. About *two thousand one hundred and fifty tickets were given!* What a rich harvest! How soon gathered! The result of some five weeks' work! I have good reason to believe that even this number fell very far short of the whole number who profess to have received Jesus as the gift of God.

It was a soul-stirring sight to see that vast multitude, including the Christian workers and ministers, numbering more than 3,000. It was like the sound of many waters to hear this multitude sing the new song. As all stood and sung in one burst of praise—

> "O happy day that fixed my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God,"

the effect was overpowering, filling the soul with a sweet foretaste of the praises of heaven.

Mr. Moody's last word of comfort and encouragement was founded on Rom. xiv. 4, "God is able to make him stand." He closed his address by commending all the new-born souls "to Him who is able to keep you from falling." Hundreds of men not used to a melting mood, with weeping eyes and heaving bosoms, heard him say, as he concluded, "Good-night; we shall meet in the morning when the shadows flee away."

A very touching incident in the service was the singing, by Mr. Sankey, of a hymn composed by a dying youth in Belfast, "Is there room? they say there is room!"

CHAPTER XXX.

The Glory of God in Dublin.

The brethren began in this beautiful capital where only about 40,000, or one-sixth of the population, are Protestant, on the 26th of October, and continued there till November 29. Says one:

"It was not found necessary to preach those sermons which are generally used as a preparation for revival. The revival commenced immediately. Dublin had been waiting to hear the Gospel preached; and its people, by crowds, when they heard it, eagerly pressed into the kingdom of Christ. From all over the island, multitudes came up to attend the meetings; many of whom went home happy in the love of Christ. One woman came a hundred miles to hear Mr. Moody preach, but was too late to obtain admission. The next day, however, she read a report of his sermon in a morning paper, and it was blessed to her salvation. One new convert wrote a letter to a lady friend, and this letter was the means of her conversion. Then she read it to her mother, who also was led to the Saviour: and afterwards her father and her brothers, all by reading the same letter, were induced to give their hearts to Christ."

We have never before seen such sights in Dublin as we have seen this last week, night after night, at the Exhibition Palace. It is estimated to hold 10,000 persons. Every night it is filled, and the attention and silence is wonderful. One feels that the Spirit of God is present, and that "a wave of prayer" is continually going up to the throne from the Lord's people.

The committee of management procured the Exhibition Pal-

ace for holding these services, the largest and most commodious building which has yet, in Europe, been placed at Mr. Moody's disposal. On Sunday last, the Christians of Dublin witnessed a sight to gladden their hearts. It has been estimated that, at the first service at four o'clock, from *twelve to fifteen thousand* persons were gathered there. Never before was it put to so blessed a use.

Such a sight has never before been witnessed here as may now be seen every day — thousands flocking to the prayer-meeting and the Bible-meeting, and most of all to the evening services in the great Exhibition Palace. It is a sight to fill the heart of the child of God with deepest emotion to stand upon the platform erected in that building, from which Mr. Moody preaches, and to cast one's eye over the vast concourse of people, hanging on the speaker's lips, as in burning words he discourses on life and death, heaven and hell, "Jesus and His love," and one cannot but ask the question, "What is the magic power which draws together those mighty multitudes, and holds them spell-bound?" Is it the worldly rank, or wealth, or learning, or oratory of the preacher? No; for he is possessed of but little of these (spiritually, indeed, he is richly endowed with them all). It is the simple lifting up of the cross of Christ—the holding forth of the Lord Jesus before the eyes of the people in all the glory of His Godhead, in all the simplicity of His manhood, in all the perfection of His nature, for their admiration, for their adoration, and for their acceptance.

For some time, notwithstanding the huge crowds, our brethren felt that they were not reaping heavy sheaves as they had done elsewhere. But the conviction grows upon us that the "set time" to favor us has come. The work is deepening and widening every day. In many families with which I am intimately acquainted, one or more of the members have hopefully turned unto the Lord. I know cases in which I may say the whole family has been brought to seek salvation as the one thing needful. It is very observable, too, how previously existing prejudice has abated, or entirely disappeared, at least in the case of those who

manifest any respect for religion. There are, of course, scoffers not a few. But it is truly a matter of astonishment in a city like this, that there is so little of open resistance or even of ridicule.

Our Roman Catholic brethren, as a rule, have acted a noble part. They have been respectful; and, to a certain extent, sympathizing. In this week's number of the *Nation*—an organ at once of National (as it is called) and Ultramontane principles—an article has appeared entitled "Fair Play!" which is exceedingly creditable, and which indicates the advent of a new day in Ireland. The editor informs his constituents that "the deadly danger of the age comes upon us from the direction of Huxley, and Darwin, and Tyndall, rather than from Moody and Sankey. Irish Catholics desire to see Protestants deeply imbued with religious feeling, rather than tinged with rationalism and infidelity; and as long as the religious services of our Protestant neighbors are honestly directed to quickening religious thought in their own body, without offering aggressive or intentional insult to us, it is our duty to pay the homage of our respect to their conscientious convictions; in a word, to *do as we would be done by*." (The italics are the *Nation's*.) It would surely be a bright and blessed day for our country, if this spirit of mutual respect and toleration were everywhere honestly acted out amongst us. Mr. Moody never makes controversial reference to others. His success in attracting the favorable attention of our brethren of a different faith has been unexampled in the history of our city.

One very marked feature in the movement is the number of men that are influenced. Many people have remarked the large proportion of them that are inquiring.

A few nights ago an old gentleman, more than seventy years of age, threw himself down on his knees and sobbed like a child. He said, "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night, but I have been so unhappy since, I could not sleep. I seemed to hear ringing in my ears, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,' and if I don't get saved now, I never shall be."

Already the influence of this work has begun to tell upon the most remote districts of the country. Parties of thirty, fifty, sixty, etc., are being organized from the most distant parts to Dublin. Many of these carry back with them much blessing. We hear of the young converts witnessing for Christ fearlessly in the trains on their way home from their meetings. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." But we expect greater things still. I am fully confident, from all the indications I see, that next week will be likely greatly to surpass the previous delightful weeks we have had. The memory of these blessed meetings in the Metropolitan Hall and the Exhibition building, will long, yea, will ever be fragrant in our hearts. I do not think we had ever such an antepast of heaven.

The Public Breakfast given to Messrs. Moody and Sankey yesterday morning, was, in every way, a wonderful meeting. I heard nearly all to whom I spoke on the subject, say it was the happiest reunion they ever attended. It was a truly catholic gathering. Eminent men among us, under the influence of deep emotion, bore testimony to the spiritual good they had received at the meetings. Ministers testified of the instruction and quickening that had come to them.

No men—ministers, evangelists or others—ever before brought a more interested assembly around them in Dublin than these honored servants of the Lord did yesterday morning in the Shelbourne Hotel. And yet it is not Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but the Christ they preach and sing. It is Christ lifted up that draws all men unto Him. Oh that we might all learn that we have here the true and only uniting power for Ireland!

I can confidently say that the work here intensifies and spreads every day, I might say every hour. Some of our more timid and cautious friends who had almost never come in contact with a great religious awakening, were fearful, while we were making our preliminary arrangements, that it would be next to impossible to keep up the interest of the people for a month or more; but the fact is, the interest was never nearly so great as it is this moment; and as the time of our brethren's departure draws near, the

eagerness to hear their every word and catch their every song is something wonderful to see. As I remarked before, this eagerness does not now proceed from curiosity.

At all the meetings yesterday, the attendance was enormous. It is a very healthful sign of this work, that the daily prayer-meeting continues to be so largely attended, although neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey usually takes a very prominent part in it. The requests for prayer have become so numerous, that it has been found impossible to read even a brief classification of them. The letters have for some days been "spread before the Lord," after the example of good King Hezekiah, the meeting uniting in silent entreaty for the special cases sent in.

Hundreds were obliged yesterday to go away disappointed in their efforts to get into the Bible-reading in the Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Moody reserved his best wine to the last. A more suggestive Bible-lecture it was never our privilege to hear. We had a compendium of some half a dozen Bible-readings. The great bulk of the people, ministers included, were taking notes. It is given to few preachers to have so many eager reporters. Many a good sermon will be got out of yesterday's addresses. One minister remarked that it was as good as an addition of many a good book to his library. It is calculated that in the evening there were not less than 12,000 persons assembled in the Exhibition building. There is not a Sabbath service in any congregation in Britain in which there is a greater solemnity and decorum than there was in that vast assembly. The sight from the platform of these earnest, and, in many cases, awe-stricken thousands, is one that it will be impossible for us ever to forget. Some one remarked to me, a day or two ago, how significant it was that during the severe weather of last week, even a cough was scarcely heard in that great-crowded glass building. When Mr. Sankey sings the silence is sometimes even oppressive.

We are now engaged in giving out tickets for the Thanksgiving meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, the last night Mr. Moody has promised to be with us. The tickets are given only to those who profess to have been brought to Christ during the

special services. We are very careful in giving these tickets, though I doubt not there may be many stony-ground hearers.

We have had the help in this work of some of the most experienced ministers of the gospel in our city; and the general impression made on the minds of the brethren who have taken part in it, is of deep and intense gratitude for the many indubitable tokens of the presence and power of the regenerating Spirit of God. About a thousand tickets have been already given out; but many of the converts have not yet applied.

Arrangements have been made for the carrying on of special prayer and evangelistic meetings, after our brethren have left. Leading ministers of all our evangelical churches have thrown themselves heartily into these arrangements. We have felt that it *is* a good thing—good for ourselves, and good for that cause which, with all our imperfections, is dearer to us than life—for brethren to dwell together, and work together, in unity.

The labors of the Evangelists closed with a three days' convention, which was attended by 800 ministers, from all parts of Ireland, besides thousands of the general public. The first day was devoted to discussions on the following topics: "Praise and Thanksgiving," "How are the masses to be reached?" "What can be done to promote the Lord's work throughout Ireland?" etc. The second day was signalized by a gathering of over 2,000 converts, to whom Mr. Moody addressed loving counsels, and on the third day there was another gathering of the ministers in Exhibition Palace. And thus terminated one of the most remarkable gatherings ever held in Dublin. Mutual love and courtesy marked all the proceedings. Strangers could not tell to what body of Christians many of the speakers belonged.

The labors of the evangelists in Ireland were ended, and on Sunday, the 29th of November, at Manchester, they began their new work in England.

The happy visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Dublin is now a thing of the past. These men of God are gone from us, but the work remains. That work consists:

1. *In a great general awakening* throughout Dublin and its

neighborhood. This is a fact which is patent to all, and cannot be gainsayed or denied. It is a fact that from 12,000 to 20,000 persons have been attracted to the Exhibition Palace every Sunday afternoon since the work began; that the attendance at the services held each evening in the same place, beginning with some 5,000 people, increased each evening till it became as great as on the Sundays; and this notwithstanding an audience of from 2,000 to 2,500 had been in daily attendance at the noon prayer-meeting in the Metropolitan Hall, and on three days in each week at the Bible-readings at two o'clock in the same place. What has been the great attractive power which has drawn together such vast multitudes? Thank God, it was the simple statement of gospel truth—the old, old story of Jesus and His love, plainly and lovingly told.

2. *The bringing in of some* 3,000 *converts to the fold of Christ.* Nearly 2,000 tickets were issued to those who professed to have found the Lord Jesus as their Saviour since these services began. To these must be added the many hundreds who came up from all parts of the country to attend the services, and who found "joy and peace in believing," some of whom are known to myself, besides all those who are still day by day being added to the Lord.

3. *The quickening and refreshing of many hundreds of ministers* in connection with the convention held this week. It was a happy thought to bring so many ministers of the various evangelical denominations together at this time. It afforded them an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes the reality of this great work of God which is going on around us, getting their own hearts warmed up afresh, and thus of becoming, when they return home, more than ever centres of spiritual light and heat in their own parishes and districts.

Says a well-informed writer: "The finances of the Dublin revival are worthy of special attention. Some days before Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived, three or four gentlemen met at the office of Mr. David Drummond; and, after consultation and prayer, decided to send out a circular, saying that the American evangelists were coming; that the Great Exhibition Palace

had been engaged for them; and that money would be wanted to meet the large expenses attendant upon the services. It was determined to ask for the sum of £1,500; and circulars for this purpose were sent out to five or six thousand of the leading citizens of Dublin. Only two instances of personal solicitation are mentioned; but the money came in so fast, that Mr. Drummond, who was the treasurer, was obliged to employ a clerk to keep the record. Old ladies would come in Bath-chairs to bring half a crown. People in high life came in carriages, bringing cheques or gold. Even the poor desired to have some share in the work, and gave their pennies and half-pence. By some means the subscription became known to the prisoners in a certain jail in the south of Ireland; and they, regretting their inability to be present, sent their good wishes, and a little collection which had been raised among them, to the amount of twenty-five shillings. From Protestants and Papists, masters and servants, the contributions poured in. No sum larger than £30 was received. A large part of the money was in silver and copper; but the full amount required was raised.

"Having now come so near to the question of the support of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the readers of this work will naturally desire to know something on that interesting topic. Here let it be said, once for all, that these brethren do not work for pay. They have never sought an invitation; never stipulated for any sum of money to be given them, either for their services or expenses. In every instance, Mr. Moody determined the question of going to, or passing by, a place, under the direction, as he believed, of the Spirit of God. The committees which invited him have held the matter of finance entirely in their own hands. They have raised the money as they pleased, and given him such sums as they judged suitable; these he has shared with Mr. Sankey; and thus they have labored together, taking what God sent them—which in many instances has been very little, and in no case very much. At Dublin the committee consulted together, and determined to give Mr. Moody a sum of money which, they afterwards were glad to learn, was in excess of what he had

received hitherto; but even upon the proportion of this generous gift, the American evangelists will never become rich out of their present employment. Still, in the secular press, and in the gossip of the streets and offices, these men are accused, by those who know nothing of them, of mercenary motives in their great work for Christ.

"Only a little while ago a certain newspaper suggested that they were an advance-guard sent over by Barnum; and that the advertising scheme, no doubt, would presently appear. Another equally discerning party had heard of Mr. Moody's little device for setting children to study the Bible, which he calls 'the Gospel clock.' It consists of the grouping of twelve texts of Scripture in a circle, containing respectively the same number of words as those which mark the hours upon a dial. A great many of these Gospel clock-faces have been arranged by the little people to their no small profit and delight. But the individual referred to saw in it a suggestion of a different character. 'I have it at last,' said he, 'Moody is a clock-maker in America, and this is the beginning of a system of advertising, by which he means to sell his wares.'

"In like manner Mr. Sankey has been assailed as an agent for the sale of that peculiar make of harmoniums which he uses to accompany his singing. But it is scarcely needful to say that no such charge can be properly made against him."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Harvest in England.

They were no longer the strangers who first struggled for a hearing in York, but brethren "beloved and longed for" by thousands who had not yet seen their faces in the flesh. Preparations at Manchester, whither they first went, were intelligently made for the successful conduct of their work, and we soon hear the tidings through the press that "Manchester is now on fire."

The most difficult of all English cities, perhaps, to be set on fire by anything but politics, is now fairly ablaze, and the flames are breaking out in all directions.

Free Trade Hall, within whose walls scenes of no common interest and excitement have often been witnessed, presented a spectacle such as those who beheld it will not easily forget. Dr. McKerrow assured me that he had seen no such sight, even in the most excited political times, during the forty-seven years of his life in Manchester, as that which he saw there on Sunday afternoon.

The building was densely crowded. Not an inch of standing-room was unoccupied. Long before the appointed hour, hundreds found it impossible to gain admission. And Mr. Moody —in what terms shall I describe his address? Theological critics might have said there was nothing in it; but only eternity will reveal how much there came *out of it.* I should not be surprised if hundreds of conversions should result from that single mighty appeal. Taking for his text the first question addressed to them,

"Where art thou?" he brought it home to the bosom of every hearer with a power and pathos that were simply irresistible. Having referred to the case of a young man who had cried out in the inquiry-room on Friday night, "Oh, mother, I am coming!" the young man himself sprang to his feet, and exclaimed in tones of impassioned earnestness, "THAT WAS ME!" The effect was electrical. Not an eye but was suffused with tears. The whole vast assembly was impressed with a profound sense of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

The meeting for young men in the evening was equally wonderful, no fewer than seventy-one having remained behind as anxious inquirers, not a few of whom went home rejoicing in the peace of God that passeth understanding.

There is only one sentiment, I feel convinced, in the hearts of all God's children in this vast community in regard to this great work, and that is, a sentiment of devout thankfulness to our heavenly Father that He has sent among us two such men, full of faith and power, and yet eminent for humility and lowliness of mind. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The meetings of December 11, that memorable Lord's day, gave a tone of solemnity and a character of power to all the meetings of the week. The tide rose steadily day by day, until it became full, overflowing the bank in all directions—a very spring-tide of blessing; and only eternity will reveal how many immortals are now launching out upon its waters in the bark of a simple trust in the Son of God.

The evenings of Monday and Tuesday in the Free Trade Hall will long be remembered by the thousands who were present. Mr. Moody delivered his famous discourses on Heaven. Much as we have read and heard of the fervor and unction that characterize them, we were not prepared to find these apostolic qualities in so superlative a degree as that which marked them on this occasion. The second was especially interesting and delightful, treating as it did of the society and the treasure of heaven; and the contrast drawn by the preacher between these and the trea-

sures and society of this world, seemed to strike the minds of the vast audience with all the force of a revelation, constraining many a heart, doubtless, to resolve to seek henceforward "the things that are above." The appeal with which it closed, for power and pathos, exceeded, in our judgment, anything that he himself has uttered.

And then the discourse on Hell, on the evening of Wednesday, coming as it did immediately after the addresses on Heaven, was certainly one of the most solemn and impressive utterances that have been heard within those walls. Every eye was riveted on the speaker. The projected shadow of the great white throne seemed to fall and rest upon every countenance. Even the fervent exclamations in which some of our friends indulge at religious meetings, and which had been just a little too fervent the night previous, were hushed, and scarcely a sound broke the awful stillness with which, for nearly an hour, the people listened to the oft-repeated charge, like so many claps of thunder, "Son, remember!" In bygone revivals such heart-smiting, conscience-stirring, soul-firing words as those which poured from the preacher's lips would have caused hundreds to start to their feet and cry out with frenzy, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But in harmony with the prevailing character of this awakening, the conviction of sin produced on that occasion seemed to be too deep and too sacred to find expression in mere excited exclamations or physical prostrations, and were known only to Him who seeth in secret! God was in the midst of us, of a truth. The Holy Spirit came, as of old, with the force as of a rushing mighty wind, and filled all the place where we were sitting. The powers of the world to come were brought nigh to every conscience in a manner never to be forgotten. We seemed to be looking across the gulf that divides time from eternity, and beholding the torments of the self-destroyed victims of a broken law and a rejected gospel. No wonder that the inquiry-room was full that night of inquirers of the most anxious description, and that the after-meeting, over which we presided, was larger and more earnest than any that has yet taken place. Doubtless the heavens blossomed

into song overhead, and the angels of God rejoiced over many souls turning from sin and Satan unto the living God!

On Saturday evening the Oxford Hall presented a spectacle which those who witnessed it will not soon forget. In response to Mr. Moody's invitation, some 3,000 persons, professedly Christians, and chiefly young men, assembled to hear him counsel them regarding Christian work. The heartiness with which they ever and anon broke forth into song before he made his appearance, and the manliness with which they sang, especially "Dare to be a Daniel," indicated that they were ready to receive with gladness the word of command from the lips of the great Organizer. He spoke briefly but effectively. He told of the work done by the young converts elsewhere, especially in Glasgow, in connection with the evangelization of the masses. He made particular reference to the noble army of volunteers that rose to their feet in that city when the appeal was made to them, "Who will work for Jesus?" And then, when he made the same appeal to themselves, calling upon all who were ready to work for the Master to stand up, almost the entire body of young men—a grand and inspiring sight—sprang to their feet. One could not help exclaiming, "God be thanked! there's hope for our city! Manchester, with such a host, may yet be won for Christ!" By a special arrangement, as it seemed, of Providence, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe was present, and immediately put before them a definite plan for making a great gospel attack, so to speak, upon the city. He suggested that an ordinance map of Manchester should be cut into small squares, each representing a district, and that two or three young persons should undertake to carry the gospel, in the shape of a tract or otherwise, to every house, great and small, within that district, so that no single dwelling should be omitted. The plan appeared to approve itself to the judgment of the meeting, all the more so that he told us how successfully he had carried out a similar one in Edinburgh and Liverpool in years gone by. The Lord grant it abundant success!

The workers' meeting was the largest since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Manchester. The address was most power-

ful. A forcible appeal was made to Sabbath-school teachers in this city; but one conviction seemed to exist in the minds of the vast audience of 5,000, "Let us arise and work."

Had Mr. Moody come to deliver only this address, his mission had not been in vain. In the afternoon from 15,000 to 17,000 struggled for admission. Various meetings had to be held in the Free Trade Hall, Oxford Hall, and Cavendish Chapel; all crowded as they never have been before. As many more halls of the same size could have been filled. From twenty to thirty meetings were held in the streets of the neighborhood, where addresses were delivered by ministers and laymen. At every meeting the Lord was present to heal. Anxious inquirers were very numerous. Great numbers professed to find the Saviour.

The meeting for young men in Oxford Hall, at eight, was also crowded to excess, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. Mr. Moody spoke as if tongues of fire hovered over his head.

The spiritual movement in this city is now a fact—a solemn but joyful fact—which must be observed even by those who take their stand outside as mere spectators, with marvel; and, indeed, skeptics marvel.

"It is a most strange phenomenon," said one to me, who is a clever journalist, "to see such multitudes brought together by mere curiosity, and this curiosity increasing day by day, when there is nothing to be seen or heard that is fitted to excite curiosity." So it is. A striking feature of these meetings is the absence of all excitement. The thousands who usually flock to our hall, when once seated, are impressively still; it is a grand, encouraging sight to watch this sea of human faces eagerly waiting for the word of life. Mr. Moody puts no effort forward to attract; he stands before his audience quiet; he never introduces himself; you see at once he wants you to listen to his message. His words are most simple and earnest; there is nothing elaborate, or strange, or new, not even his illustrations. But as his words fall from his lips, hearts are moved. If you watch the audience you can see faces changing expression; you can read there shame, contrition, confession, hope, faith, peace—as the

case may be. The truth comes home! There is power! No man could do it! It is God's power! It is the Lord's doing!

Christians have been drawn together as we have not known here before; and though there remains yet much that is to be desired, still we are encouraged and hope for greater things; we know that we cannot make unity by arrangements and efforts; the Lord's laborers have learned to realize more than ever that the work is God's, not ours; that He works mightily with His power, if we do not hinder, and are willing, as Mr. Moody puts it, to be simple channels, just as those dusty, rusty, crooked-looking gas-pipes. And many who have been hitherto too ignorant or indifferent, or too cowardly to work, have now come forward and said, "Here am I; send me."

A dear friend from Liverpool, who is almost daily with us, has used the opportunity and organized a scheme by which every house in this city shall be visited. I will only add, that hundreds of our visitors are already busy visiting and speaking and singing in the sick chambers of isolated sufferers, in the desolate homes of the godless, of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. The reports of the visitors are most cheering.

The noon prayer-meeting in the Free Trade Hall has steadily kept up its numbers. The large proportion of men who find time in this commercial centre to consecrate an hour to prayer at midday, is a striking feature of the meeting. The first twenty minutes are generally spent in reading the requests for prayer, and presenting them in silent and audible supplication to God; a large proportion of these requests bear upon intemperance. This noon gathering affords an opportunity for Christian workers from all parts to give tidings of the progress of the work of God. The other day Mr. Moody read a telegram from the venerable Mr. Somerville, who has gone on an evangelistic mission to Calcutta, reporting the conversion of thirty-one persons at a special service held by him in the theatre there on the previous evening. Last Monday, the Rev. G. Stuart, of Glasgow, told how solidly the work is continuing in that town, and how it is in contemplation to purchase Ewing Place Church for £20,000, for evan-

gelistic purposes, growing out of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's labors. He also related several remarkable instances of answers to the prayers offered at the Glasgow noon prayer-meeting. On Tuesday, the Rev. A. McLaren followed up Mr. Moody's address by a brief and telling speech, in the course of which he strongly urged prayer for the consolidation of the growing union now observable among the churches of Manchester.

The meetings for Christian workers in the Free Trade Hall on Sunday mornings at eight o'clock, have imparted a great stimulus to Christian labor. Never shall we forget Mr. Moody's address on "Daniel!" last Sunday morning. The hall was crowded to excess; between 5,000 and 6,000 persons brought together at that early hour, in the depth of winter, testifies to the power with which the awakening has laid hold of the city. The character of Daniel was exhibited with graphic skill; the varied scenes of the first six chapters of the book were vividly portrayed; every actor in the story became instinct with life and humor, and the lessons were rapidly and sharply drawn in a way not likely to be forgotten. The scene of Belshazzar's feast was powerfully sketched; and while Daniel read out the mysterious writing on the wall—read it easily, for it was "his Father's handwriting"—the breathless silence which fell upon the vast throng in the hall told with what reality the scene was presented before them. The whole story involved a running satire upon the yielding temper of the present day; and the address constituted a powerful appeal to young men which we have never known surpassed. At the close Mr. Sankey sung "Standing by a purpose true," and the audience joined with unmistakable enthusiasm in the chorus, "Dare to be a Daniel."

The gospel-meetings on Sunday afternoons and week evenings are still as thronged as ever. The numbers at the inquiry-meetings increase; many have been led to the Saviour. So permeated with Bible truth is the teaching given in Mr. Moody's addresses, that inquirers perceive the way of salvation with unusual quickness; Christ is presented to them, and they simply and immediately close with Him. Last Sunday afternoon Mr.

Moody addressed the great assembly in the Free Trade Hall, from the seven following "Beholds": "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity"; "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy"; "Behold the Lamb of God"; "Behold, now is the accepted time"; "Behold, now is the day of salvation"; "Behold, I stand at the door and knock"; "Behold, he prayeth." It was an address of thrilling solemnity. The crowded meeting which, at the time, filled the Oxford Hall, was addressed by the Rev. J. Rawlinson and W. Hubbard. It may interest readers to learn that a band of workers has been organized to visit every house in Manchester and Salford, with a card bearing on one side the hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and on the other the following address by Mr. Moody: "'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me' (Rev. iii. 20). A woman in Glasgow got into difficulties. Her rent was due, but she had no money for the landlord, and she knew very well that he would turn her out if she did not satisfy his claim. In despair she knew not what to do. A Christian man heard of her distress, and came to her door with money to help her. He knocked, but although he thought he could hear some one inside, yet the door was not opened. He knocked again, but still there was no response. The third time he knocked, but that door still remained locked and barred against him!

"Some time after he met this woman in the streets, and told her how he had gone to her house to pay her rent, but could not get in. 'Oh, sir!' she exclaimed, 'was that you? Why, I thought it was the landlord, and I was afraid to open the door.'

"Dear friends! Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He has knocked many times already, and now He knocks again by this message. He is your best Friend, although, like that woman, perhaps you think He comes with the stern voice of justice to demand from you the payment of your great sin-debt. If so, you are sadly mistaken. He comes not to *demand*, but to *give!* 'The *gift* of God is eternal life.' He knows you can never pay the great debt you owe to God. He knows that if that debt

is not paid for you, you are forever lost! He loves you, though He hates your sins; and in order that you might be saved, He laid down His life a sacrifice for the guilty. And now He comes! bringing the gift of salvation to the door of your hearts. *Will you receive the gift?* D. L. Moody."

It has been resolved to purchase the museum in Peter Street for the Young Men's Christian Association, for $150,000, which has been raised. The building will then become the home of the noon prayer-meeting, and the centre of the united Christian effort which now appears to be fairly inaugurated in Manchester.

A few yards from the Free Trade Hall, on the same side of the street, stands a dingy-looking old public building. It was formerly used as a natural-history museum, but since the erection of the magnificent Owen's College, and the consequent transference of its contents, the old museum has been unused. The Young Men's Christian Association have long been looking for some suitable building as a centre for their operations in this important city, with its 70,000 young men; and now the necessity is felt for a place to carry on the daily prayer-meeting, and other united evangelistic efforts, after Messrs. Moody and Sankey have left; so it has been decided to purchase the old museum building, and use it for these purposes. It was secured accordingly on Monday last; and in a couple of days, part of the building, giving accommodation to about 500 persons, was seated, lighted with gas, and heated; so that on Wednesday night Mr. Moody used it as an inquiry-room, after the meeting in the Free Trade Hall, and we had the joy of seeing it full of anxious souls. This was a blessed consecration of the building for a higher and nobler object than ever it had been used for before.

The scheme for the visitation of every house in Manchester is working well, and with the happiest results. The following is the plan adopted: A Christian architect, who has entered most heartily into this service, has cut up the large scale Ordinance Map of Manchester into about fifty districts, each of which is under the charge of a superintendent, who is supplied with a

sufficient number of visitors to reach every house within the limits of his district. A leaflet containing the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and a short address by Mr. Moody is left at each house; but it is understood by the visitors that this paper is only to be used as an *introduction*, for the purpose of gaining admission to the houses, so as to have personal conversation about eternal things with each individual, as far as possible. Some of the visitors have already given in most cheering reports of the marvelous way in which the hearts of the people seemed open to receive their visits, showing that the Lord is in this movement, and is preparing many hearts for the reception of His own blessed message of salvation.

The meetings came to an end the last day of 1874. They have been blessed to vast numbers. In the inquiry-room, I have met with many who stated that they had never had the way of salvation so plainly put before them as by Mr. Moody. In not a few instances, too, Mr. Sankey's beautiful and touching solos, especially "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," "Almost persuaded," and "Prodigal child," have proved to be arrows of conviction, entering the heart in the most unexpected manner, and leading to conversion. And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of all the blessed fruits, already apparent, of the extraordinary efforts of these dear men of God. Suffice it to say, in a sentence, that all classes of the community—old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, ministers and laymen, masters and servants, teachers and scholars—have received a large blessing from the religious services conducted by the American brethren, and are deeply sensible, I trust, of the mighty debt of gratitude under which they have been laid. The Lord bless them, and make them blessings, wherever they go!

The closing week has been the most joyful of all. The tide of blessing, which has been steadily rising, has this week reached its flood; the earnestness of the preacher and the eagerness of the people have seemed alike to intensify, and the unconverted have been called to take refuge in Christ with a vehemence

of entreaty which has exerted a mighty influence on the assemblies. During these five weeks God has answered the prayers of many years, and we cannot but feel that what has been going on in the city has made Manchester peculiarly interesting to the dwellers in heaven.

At nine on Wednesday evening, about 2,000 men reassembled in the hall, to hear what Mr. Moody had to say on the subject of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Herbert Spencer occupied the chair, and gave a brief address, intimating that it was in contemplation to buy the Museum for the Young Men's Christian Association, for £30,000. Mr. Moody delivered an inspiriting address, in which he enlarged on the spiritual advantages of the Association, and urged the straining of every effort to reach the young men of Manchester, and to secure the building in question for the Association. A collection toward the object, made at the close, realized $9,000, $5,000 of which was given, I believe, by the chairman. This amount, with what has been received before, including $2,500 given last week by Mr. J. Stuart, makes a total, at present received or promised, of $40,000.

On Thursday morning, Mr. Moody addressed a crowded meeting in the Higher Broughton Presbyterian Church, and then came on to the noon prayer-meeting in the Oxford Hall, where he read and commented on the earlier part of the 103d Psalm. He said he had to bless the Lord for what He had done for him. It had been the best year of his life. He had been more used by God than in all the seventeen preceding years. He did not know of one sermon he had delivered that had not been blessed to the conviction or conversion of some souls. It was a delightful meeting. Every word uttered was set to the tune of "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" When one minister rose to say, "I have to praise God for the conversion of the brother of dear friends of mine, who have prayed for him twenty-five years; for the conversion of the sister and of the servant of another friend; for the salvation of three persons in my own congregation, for the dispelling of the doubts of a young man who had traveled 150 miles to these meetings—all which blessings have been given in the

course of the present week"; when another minister rose to say he had never met with so much scriptural teaching concerning the way of salvation, and the clear direction of inquirers to Jesus, as in Mr. Moody's addresses; and another to say that the last ten days had been the happiest of his life—that he had derived an inspiration, had discovered how to preach Christ, had enjoyed sweeter communion with Jesus, and felt like a man whose chains were broken—they only uttered what many could have endorsed as a description of the blessings they themselves had received.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Times of Blessing in Sheffield.

This city of a quarter of a million is noted for its workers in iron and steel. Hearts hard as adamant were now to be assailed by sermon and song, and God honored the men who honored His gracious truth. At nine in the evening of December 31, 1874, the evangelists first appeared before a Sheffield audience, and for two weeks the power of God was manifested through them in the most delightful manner.

The work opened here most auspiciously; the two meetings held on New Year's eve were crowded, and the impressions produced were most solemn.

The first meeting was held in the Temperance Hall at nine o'clock. Mr. Sankey sang a new hymn written by Dr. H. Bonar expressly for him, "Rejoice, and be glad! the Redeemer has come."

The impression produced by his singing was very striking; those who had been merely curious or altogether indifferent seemed attracted, and earnest attention and even, in some cases, silent weeping, took the place of carelessness. The watch-night service was particularly solemn. The Albert Hall, where it was held, was crowded, many having stood before the doors an hour before they were opened, in order to make sure of admittance.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey were accompanied on to the platform by a large number of ministers of all denominations. The vicar offered up a fervent prayer for the Divine blessing on the work in Sheffield.

One most interesting feature in this service was Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." It might be the novelty of his style, or the associations naturally arising at the near approach of the new year, but I certainly have never seen such an effect produced. I have heard him in all the towns they have visited in Scotland, and also in Manchester; but I never heard him sing so pathetically, more especially in the last stanzas:

"Too late! too late! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Mr. Moody spoke from Luke xix. 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." As illustrating this verse, he graphically narrated the two stories immediately preceding his text, that of the opening of the eyes of blind Bartimeus, and the conversion of Zaccheus. It was only a re-telling of the stories, but given in that way peculiarly Mr. Moody's own, making his listeners part and parcel of the story, as if the whole thing were enacted just in the Targate, and Jesus were just passing the hall-doors. He connected the two stories by throwing out the thought that as Bartimeus was on his way home to tell his wife, Zaccheus met him. "Why, isn't that the poor blind beggar? it's like him; but it can't be he, for his eyes are open."

"Yes, it is I."

"What has made your eyes open?"

"Jesus of Nazareth did it."

"Where is He? I must see Him."

"He's just on the road to Jericho."

Away Zaccheus runs; and because he is a little man, he gets up a tree, to see well. Jesus stops, looks up, calls him, "Zaccheus, come down." This was one instance of sudden conversion. Some don't believe in sudden conversion; but here Zaccheus was not converted when he went up the tree, yet he came down a converted man. We are told he received Jesus gladly. From these incidents, he proved how willing, how eager Christ is to save all. What have we to do? Nothing, blessed be God! If we had, we would never do it. Only accept. What had Zaccheus to do? Only come down, only obey.

He concluded by drawing the attention of the audience to the fact that the old year was fast dying—only a few minutes—and what if the new year should come and find us where we were—lost! Oh, let each of us take it, the offer is here; will you have it? Salvation—ay, even before this year is closed you may be saved. As there are only a few minutes of this year remaining, let us finish the old and begin the new on our knees.

The whole audience then sank on their knees, and the new year found them bent in silent prayer. Mr. Moody asked that those who were unsaved might stand up, that they might be prayed for. For a time none were willing to do so, but on Mr. Moody's asking a second time "if there were none in the hall wishing salvation," a few stood up, and the Christians were asked to pray for them.

Just then the bells began to ring in the new year, and the Rev. R. Green engaged in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the town of Sheffield, and most particularly on the special meetings to be held. Mr. Moody also engaged in prayer. This was one of the most solemn scenes I have ever been privileged to witness. While the audience were bent in prayer the most intense stillness prevailed, broken only by an occasional sob. After singing the Doxology, the meeting separated.

The streets were made lively after the meeting with vigorous singing of hymns, as bands of Christians wended their way home.

Sunday was a day of blessing for Sheffield. The meetings were attended with most blessed results.

The morning meeting for Christian workers was not, perhaps, so well attended in point of numbers as might have been expected, but the Christians who had come out at this early hour were right-down hearty workers. As Mr. Moody said, "He would rather have a moderately small meeting of such earnest Christians than have it packed with thousands of careless people."

At the afternoon meeting, the Albert Hall was densely packed half an hour before the time; the lower Albert Hall was thrown open for the overflow, but even then many had to go away disappointed.

Mr. Moody addressed this large gathering from Rom. ii. 23: "For there is no difference."

Many were evidently struck to the heart; some whom we heard scoffing at the commencement, were in tears at the conclusion of his address.

When Mr. Sankey followed by singing "Free from the law, O happy condition!" it seemed to produce a deep impression.

The Sunday evening meeting was glorious. The hall was again densely packed. Mr. Sankey sang his solo, "There were ninety and nine." Mr. Moody then gave his address on "Regeneration," from the words, "Ye must be born again." The result of the whole proceedings in Sheffield since the coming of our dear brethren must be considered highly satisfactory, and as affording great cause for thankfulness.

Mr. Moody spoke no less than *four* times on Friday, on each occasion with much power, and with signs following. It need scarcely be added that Mr. Sankey's solos, including such favorites as "Only an armor-bearer," "Dare to be a Daniel," "Whiter than snow," etc., deepened the influences produced by Mr. Moody's impassioned discourses. Indeed, it is made more and more manifest that the special gifts of each evangelist have been most happily wedded together for the common purpose they have in view.

At the closing service in the evening there was no diminution either in the attendance or the interest. It was chiefly intended for the young converts, who were admitted by ticket, and crowded a large part of the area of the Albert Hall. Both the galleries were also crammed long before the hour of commencing. It was a glorious and inspiring sight to look on such a vast sea of human faces, all lit up with eager expectation, and all assembled to hear the simple story of the Saviour's grace and power. The scene was more impressive still when, at the appointed hour, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey having quietly crossed the front of the platform, and taken their seats, the whole assembly rose and joined in singing the hymn,

"Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild."

And afterward, in that jubilant old hymn that used to be sung at revival meetings fifteen years ago, and is ever fresh and new:

"O happy day! that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

After Mr. Sankey had sung "Whiter than snow," Mr. Moody spoke with his accustomed pungency, simplicity, and power, chiefly addressing the young converts. Surely they will never be able to forget his words of affectionate encouragement and caution, as he pointed out the dangers that would inevitably come to them in their Christian life, and the unfailing source of strength amidst them all. Then came his parting words, evidently painful alike to speaker and hearers. "I have learned to love you," said Mr. Moody; and the earnest gaze and tearful eyes before him testified, more loudly than words, how his love was reciprocated, and his labors and counsels prized. I was forcibly reminded of the scene of Paul's farewell meeting with the elders at Miletum. I verily believe that many hundreds of young converts would, one and all, have fallen on Mr. Moody's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. One little fellow, at the close of the meeting, came to me in great distress when he found that Mr. Moody had left without having given him a shake of his hand.

Before the meeting was dismissed, Mr. Sankey sang a parting hymn to the tenderly pathetic tune of "Home, sweet home," and the vast crowd lingered long in the hall where Christ had won so many sons and daughters within the past two weeks.

The work among the young men has been taking root during the week. It has been a "Happy New Year" for Sheffield, and the faith of the Lord's people prompts them to hope that "still there's more to follow."

Upward of eighty—clergymen of all the evangelical denominations in the town, and the other members of the committee—met Messrs. Moody and Sankey at breakfast in the Imperial Hotel, on Saturday morning, to bid them farewell. Reporters were ex-

cluded, but I understand that the unanimous expression of the company was one of gratitude to the evangelists for their untiring and successful labors in Sheffield, and for the spirit of cordial co-operation among the various divisions of the Church that their visit had so blessedly generated. Practical as he always is, Mr. Moody used the occasion to urge upon the committee the necessity of rearing a central and suitable building in the town, where all those interested in the continued success of the work could meet on neutral ground, and carry on the meetings.

In summing up the results, and giving general impressions of the value of these special services, the following account may be found useful:

The crowded meetings, thrice repeated every day, attended by persons who set aside engagements, alike of business, work, and pleasure, have been accompanied with much power from above. Sheffield is usually considered as a population difficult to arouse, sturdy, independent, unimpressionable; like the metal in which we work in these parts, true, but hard as steel. Yet the place has been thoroughly aroused, and proof to demonstration given that God is able to work here, as in Jerusalem of old, and as in other towns of England now; thus greatly encouraging Christian ministers and laborers to look with faith for greater things. All the meetings have been pervaded by a sense of God's nearness; believers have been filled with fresh joy, and fired with new zeal; the anxious have found soul-rest; the careless have been aroused. In fact, we have had at once a revival and an awakening—a revival touching the hearts of God's people, and an awakening spreading among the thoughtless. The influence reached its height on the last night of Mr. Moody's presence in the town, when he addressed specially the converts, who were present in goodly numbers, together with a vast crowd of Christian workers. His words seemed to have a thrilling power among us all. When he closed by saying that he did not like "farewell," and "good-bye" was almost as bad; he would therefore just say "good-night," and meet us in the morning (pointing to the skies), I think the whole audience deeply felt how much our beloved

brother had endeared himself to us. And when Mr. Sankey followed directly with his touching farewell hymn, so appropriate to such an occasion, and so specially addressing every class of hearers, many were the eyes that were bathed in tears. Had it been possible, we would not have parted with our brethren. But may the Lord go with them in other places, confirming their word with signs and wonders, as He has done here!

The verdict of almost all Christian people upon this movement is, that it is the work of God. I am convinced that such an estimate is just, on many grounds.

1. The movement was an answer to prayer. Though we had not waited on the Lord so long as Christians in some other towns have done, a weekly united prayer-meeting had been maintained for nearly a year previously. Many of God's people were also quietly sighing and crying for the abominations of the city, and hungering and thirsting for spiritual blessing. One feature in the prayers previously offered was very noticeable. While all were preparing heartily to welcome Messrs. Moody and Sankey, there was a thorough recognition in the supplications that not they, but their God, must open the flood-gates of grace. The Spirit was honored; and we have had the answer.

2. Remarkable unity prevailed. At least in its outward manifestation this was realized, when ministers of the Established Church and those of the Free Churches sat together on the same platform, and followed each other in prayer. The force of exhortation, backed by the united sympathy and supplications of the whole Christian Church, is multiplied tenfold. Doubtless Christian union is of God. When will it genuinely prevail? Is not the attainment of it worth the surrender of the causes of division?

3. The movement had a growing power. Its influence at first was not to be compared with what it became in its progress. Indeed, the feeling of myself and of others with whom I have conversed was at first one of disappointment. Both Mr. Moody's speaking and Mr. Sankey's singing seemed to fall short of what we had expected; but it was not long before the impressiveness of both made itself felt to all. To my mind, this is a true test of

excellence. A picture, a piece of music, a landscape—do they grow upon you by repetition? The work of these evangelists has grown upon us. I apprehend it would have been the other way, had it not been of God.

4. The stillness was remarkable. The noise and confusion favorable to revivals which are the work of man was altogether absent. The quiet, favorable to the descent and operations of the Holy Ghost, was marked. A man of my acquaintance once observed that "anybody could get up a revival, if he only made enough noise." There was nothing of that kind here. Indeed, I noticed that if any brother threw a needless physical exertion into his entreaties, Mr. Moody would be sure to say, "Let us have a few minutes' silent prayer;" and this was mostly followed by the subduing strains of Mr. Sankey's harmonium and voice. A solemn quiet reigned at all times, and even Mr. Moody's humorous sayings did not destroy the solemnity of it. A work done under conditions such as these, so different from those which have prevailed in some "revivals," commends itself to me as the work of God. There are many things that I might touch on; but only one thing more will I mention.

5. The work is evidently one of faith. This quality is very observable in Mr. Moody. He has faith—not a proud self confidence engendered by success, but a humble reliance upon God and fearless expectation of blessing.

Letter of Mr. Moody to the Young Converts.

A meeting of converts was held on the evening of January 19, presided over by the Rev. R. Staunton.

During the proceedings the chairman read the following letter:

"Birmingham, *Jan.* 19, 1875.

"My dear Friends: Mr. Sankey and I would have been very glad to have seen you all once more to-night, but God has given us work in another corner of His vineyard, and we can only join you in well-wishes. I am very glad now to have this opportunity

of fulfilling my promise to send you a short message. There are many things I should like to say if I had the time, but I fear I must confine myself to one or two very plain words. Ever since we left Sheffield, every one of us will have changed a little. Some will be merrier, and some will be gloomier. Some will be fuller of God's love, and some may even feel a little emptier; others, again, may not have got over the period of *wonder*, and still find themselves asking: 'And can it really all be true? Is it not just some strange dream? Is it really possible that God loves us, and that we are really saved for evermore?' And this is my only one reply to these very common and rational questions: *We are changed, but Christ is not.* Oh, if *He* were different, it would be a very, very serious thing. And if we are changed and are frightened about it, we must find out at once if He is changed too. If it is only *we* who are different, it does not matter much, because salvation does not depend upon us, but upon Him. And the Bible tells us all about it in one little golden sentence, which we must all ask God to burn into our hearts, and then we shall never be troubled any more about our feelings. In Hebrews xiii. 8, He says, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.' Yes! the same; no matter how changed we are, no matter how dull, how joyless, He is just as He was yesterday, just as He was the night when we got our first glimpse of His dying love for us.

"Oh, dear friends, let us keep looking to Him, and as we look, God will give us the longing to be more and more like Him. Perhaps some of you already feel that longing, and you don't know what it is! Perhaps you think it is very hard to have this craving after a better heart and a holier life. But Christ says it is 'blessed.' It is not hard; it is not a misfortune; it is not a sign that the health of the soul is gone. No; appetite is not the symptom of disease, but of health. And the Master Himself has told us that it is blessed to be hungry and thirsty after Him. And some of you may be mourning over your empty hearts, for little love is there; how little faith, how little zeal for the Master's service! Well, it is not hardship to feel like that. If it be

real, it is not sad to be that way, only don't mourn over it. Christ says it is 'blessed'—blessed to be poor in spirit; and the poorer, and weaker, and humbler we feel, the more room is there for Him to perfect strength in our weakness. 'My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness; * * * for when I am weak, then am I strong.' And now, dear friends, before closing, let me ask you all to do something for Christ, something this very week. I cannot tell you what to do; but God will if you ask Him. He has something for everybody to do; and let us be earnest in doing our best for Him, and let us do it soon. Death will be upon us when our work will be but begun, and 'the night cometh when no man can work.' And for every one of you, that God may bless you, and keep you, and cause the light of His face to shine upon you, and enable you to grow in the knowledge and likeness of His only begotten Son, is the earnest and humble prayer of your affectionate friend,

"D. L. Moody."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"The Toy-shop of the World" Welcomes Them.

Birmingham, with its 400,000 people, the constituency of John Bright, the English reformer, now looks up to God for a shower of grace upon the seed-sowing of the evangelists who began there January 17, and closed on the 29th.

Never before in Birmingham have any preachers drawn such vast numbers of people as these brethren are doing at this time. Thousands are flocking daily to hear them from the districts around. The whole community seems stirred up. That which seems to be uppermost in men's minds, is the present marvelous gatherings that are daily taking place. There is no lack of opportunity for the Christian to put in a word for the Master, for wherever you go, whether in the counting-house, shop, refreshment-room, train, omnibus, and even as you walk along the street, the one topic is the doings of these wonderful men of God. If you want to get a seat at their meetings, you must be there fully one hour before the time, and a stranger entering the town must be struck with the determination of those who daily seek these gatherings.

Every day this week hundreds have been turned away from the noon-day meetings held in the Town Hall. Meetings are now being held in Carr's Lane Chapel every afternoon at three o'clock, and here again it is necessary to be there some time before the service commences. In fact, yesterday I was there at two o'clock, and the body of the chapel was then filled. It is estimated that three thousand people are in this building every afternoon.

To convey to the mind of the reader the sight which presents itself on entering Bingley Hall is impossible. Sloping down from the galleries which run round the building, other galleries have been erected, and the whole building, from the speaker's platform, looks like one vast amphitheatre. The crimson cloth which drapes the galleries adds to the general effect, and makes the hall look very comfortable. The immense sea of faces is singularly impressive, especially when from 12,000 to 15,000 people are listening eagerly to catch the words that fall from the speaker's lips.

The question may be asked, What effect is this movement having upon the people in general? I reply, Good every way. The stirring addresses given by Mr. Moody to Christians from the very first morning, are bearing fruit. They are beginning to look about, and realize that thousands around them are living without Christ. Many Christians have spoken to me of the fresh energy with which they have been stimulated, through attending the meetings. As for those who nightly throng Bingley Hall, the best test of the work I can give is, that whereas at first the after-meetings were held in a neighboring church, the anxious ones have now become so numerous, that they are obliged to remain in the hall, while earnest Christian workers, with Bible in hand, pass from one to another, and open to inquirers the way of life.

All this proves to us the great power of God, and what He can do by two men who give themselves wholly up to Him. The work "is marvelous in our eyes," but it is not less marvelous that their physical strength does not give way under their unceasing labors. While Mr. Sankey is greatly gifted with power to use his voice in singing the Gospel, Mr. Moody has a way of marvelously picturing, in the most vivid manner, Bible truths. From the humorous he can come down to the pathetic, and so move his hearers to tears, and withal there is a "holy boldness" which is seldom to be met with in the preachers of the present day.

The *Morning News* says: "Never before in the history of Birmingham, I believe, have two men drawn such large numbers of people together as Messrs. Moody and Sankey have done, time

after time, during the whole of last week and yesterday. The Town Hall, Carr's Lane Chapel, and Bingley Hall, have been entirely filled at most of their meetings, uncomfortably crowded at some, and all but full at one or two others. Since commencing their labors here, they have held twenty-two services, namely, four in Carr's Lane Chapel, six in the Town Hall, and twelve in Bingley Hall. No doubt in many cases the same persons presented themselves at the meetings again and again; but it is probable that the audiences were, for the most part, different on each occasion. At the four meetings in Carr's Lane Chapel some 12,000, at the six in the Town Hall about 24,000, and at the twelve in Bingley Hall at least 120,000 persons must have been present, making a total of 156,000 men, women, and children, to whom, during the last eight days, they have preached and sung the Gospel. Nor does the interest in the men and their work as yet know any abatement, it being likely that the services to be held this week will be as numerously attended as those of last week."

Amidst all the cavil of unbelief, and other opponents, thousands can testify, day by day, to the *reality* and *power*, *widely* spreading and *deepening* blessing upon their souls. Sinners have been converted to God, and believers edified. Whole congregations, both in churches and chapels, have felt its animating power. The clergy and ministers of various denominations have rejoiced together in this blessed work of the Lord, and felt its quickening influence. Many of the Lord's servants have met together for the first time, and felt their hearts drawn out in brotherly love and sympathy, enabling them to overlook various minor differences of creed and church government.

The noon-day prayer-meeting was first held in the Town Hall, which large building was filled long before the appointed hour. A very solemn and prayerful spirit seemed to pervade the masses —the stillness was quite impressive, and the great bulk of the people seemed to enter most deeply into the importance and solemnity of the occasion. The numbers at the noon-day prayer-meeting were probably quite 3,000. Afterward it was changed to Bingley Hall, where thousands more might be accommodated.

The afternoon Bible-reading is also well attended, and greatly enjoyed by many. The evening meetings have gone on steadily increasing, until at length I suppose some 15,000 must have been congregated together. The attention of these great masses (assembled an hour before the time) was well sustained by singing—and, as a brother clergyman said to me, on the platform, "we never heard such singing of the good Old Hundredth Psalm before, and probably may never hear the like again"—as it burst forth from the hearts and lips of this vast assemblage. Oh! it was a touching sight and a telling sound—such as Birmingham itself had never witnessed before—15,000 met together, night after night, to listen to the loving, sympathizing, fervent preaching of JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of sinners! And the audience felt it! The Holy Spirit of God seemed working in our midst—alike on preacher and hearers—and many were the hearts moved.

At 7:30 Messrs. Moody and Sankey entered the building. The service began by singing, then prayer was offered, another hymn or two were sung, a portion of Holy Scripture read, another hymn, and then followed the address. Numerous anecdotes were related, as if not only to illustrate certain points, but also to rivet the attention, and then, as the preacher's heart and tongue seemed set on fire, all these little adjuncts were submerged in the one glowing, burning theme—salvation for lost sinners—yea, a present and immediate salvation for every one that believeth in Jesus! As I sat near the preacher, I could read the meaning of the big drops upon his brow, and how his whole frame was moved, not with selfish passions, seeking personal admiration, but steeped in the love and spirit of his Master. One great object was kept steadily in view—the glory of God in the salvation of sinners through Jesus Christ, and the intense longing that thousands might share with him the blessings and the joys of THIS GREAT SALVATION! Almost breathless stillness chained the audience.

Numbers stayed for the after-meetings; the females in the side-galleries, the males in the Scotch Church adjoining. On the first Monday evening Mr. Moody himself undertook the men,

but finding the numbers so large, he sent up to the platform for assistance. Undoubtedly personal interviews are the best.

We have reason to believe that many found pardon and peace in Jesus, and are spreading their happy and holy influences around. The singing appeared to be improving night after night, as the vast masses gradually learned the tunes and hymns. Mr. Sankey's solos were powerfully and sweetly sung, and his clear utterance and distinct enunciation of syllable after syllable gave a great effect and pathos to the whole.

And on Tuesday, January 26, the day of the convention, it was supposed that from one to two thousand ministers of various denominations attended the gathering, which began that day at ten o'clock and continued till four P. M. Truly it was a great evidence of the divine blessing, as the delegates from Edinburgh, and Dublin, and other cities, told how the work was still progressing in their respective cities, after Messrs. Moody and Sankey had left, and in some places ripening in a most marvelous manner. Indeed a letter reached me only yesterday, telling me of a brother clergyman in Dublin, who had a list of *sixty* persons in his congregation, who had apparently been brought to Christ through attending the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Verily, the Lord is blessing the evangelistic labors of our dear brothers in Christ—Moody and Sankey. I do not pretend to endorse every utterance, or to see with them exactly, eye to eye, on every point. But I do see, and I do greatly rejoice in their being raised up by God to proclaim, so touchingly, and so successfully, the utter ruin of sinful, fallen man, and his recovery solely through FAITH in JESUS CHRIST!

The all-day convention on Tuesday was in every way a successful meeting. It was attended by immense crowds throughout the day, and many well-known ministers and others were present from London and various towns in the provinces, as well as Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Moody presided throughout the day, with his usual tact and energy.

The first hour was fitly devoted to praise, and Mr. Sankey's opening address was followed by powerful testimony to the value

of the services by our brethren in Scotland and Ireland. All the speakers concurred in saying that a new song had been put into their mouths.

Mr. Moody occupied the next hour with an address on "Work;" and his trenchant words, uttered in the presence of so many Christian workers, were potent with blessing, in stimulating them to do more than ever for the Master in their widely separated vineyards.

"How to conduct Prayer-meetings" was the next topic, and a most important one it is. We cannot better describe many of the prayer-meetings we have been accustomed to attend in past years than by comparing them to "wet blankets." They have been characterized by so much frigidity and routine, that we do not wonder the attendance has mostly been small. Mr. Moody will have done us British Christians a great and lasting service if he has been enabled to show how our prayer-meetings may be made broad and deep channels of blessing and happiness, both to Christians and the careless world round about us. We look for this result.

More important, perhaps, was the subject of the next hour, "How to reach the masses." Whoever will solve that problem will earn the unspeakable gratitude of all who sigh for the conversion of the nations to Christ. The rousing addresses of Mr. Chown, of Bradford; Mr. Newman Hall, of London; Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham; Mr. Fletcher, of Dublin, and others, all men of large experience, will, we trust, have contributed somewhat to this desired end.

Mr. Moody was as practical as ever in his answers to the questions sent in; and if those who sent them will only apply those answers, we are inclined to think the hour devoted to the "Question Drawer" will be the most fruitful of any.

In the evening a public service was held in the same place; hundreds were unable to gain admission. The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, delivered an address, earnestly entreating all present to forsake sin and come to Christ. Mr. Moody, in his discourse, urged on his hearers immediate decision for Christ.

Mr. Sankey's singing of sacred songs seems to make a deep impression upon the great congregation.

At the meeting in Bingley Hall on Friday evening, Mr. Moody said: I was very dejected last night. Our meetings have been so much blessed that an effort was put forth to get Bingley Hall for another week. When we got home last evening, we found a despatch from a gentleman, saying we could not have the hall. I was greatly depressed all day. Now, however, I have just been told we may yet obtain the hall for another week. But the committee are wavering a little, as they have some fears the people will not come out to the meetings next week. We have had good committees wherever we have been; but we have never had a better committee than the Birmingham one, and I know they will come to a wise decision. But if you are anxious about your souls, you'll attend the meetings. We'll get several gentlemen to speak, and we hope you'll rally round them and the committee. We have had great blessings in other towns; but I think we never met with anything that came up to this—to our meetings in Birmingham. I must say I've never enjoyed preaching the gospel more than I have done since we came to Birmingham. We've reached so many people. I only wish we could have such a hall wherever we go. I think if we could only take up Bingley Hall, we would carry it round the world with us, as a place in which to preach the gospel to all men. But I would like you Birmingham people to go with us. Well, then, if we do our best to get speakers for another week, will you do your best to get hearers for the speakers?—(Many cries of "Yes," "yes.") Well, keep your promise. Why, almost any man could speak in this hall to such a meeting as this. The very sight of you is enough to make a dumb dog bark. I'll telegraph off to Liverpool and London to send us all the help they can. There will be a service on Sunday afternoon, when one of your own ministers will preach. On Monday night you'll have a thanksgiving service. Come to it to thank God for having answered our prayers to bless these meetings. Has God not answered your prayers?—(Cries of "Yes," "yes.") Then on Tuesday we'll get some one else to speak. On

Wednesday there will be the usual services in the churches and chapels. On Thursday night there will be another speaker. On Friday I will come back, on my way to Liverpool, and we'll have a meeting for all the converts. Now, let all rise who will support the committee and attend the different meetings. [Almost the entire audience stood up in response to this appeal.] Yes; the committee are quite satisfied. We'll go on then. Pray there may be hundreds and thousands converted next week. If things do not always please you, don't complain; just pray. Pray for a great blessing next week.

Services were held in Bingley Hall, from 5,000 to 7,000 persons having been present at each.

At Messrs. Moody and Sankey's farewell service, Bingley Hall was once more crowded to its utmost, nearly 1,600 converts' tickets being applied for. It would be manifestly premature to assert that this number of people have been converted during the previous three weeks' services. As Mr. Moody said at the Conference in London, on the same day, they did not desire to reckon up the number of converts, because they could not judge of the reality of the cases. At the same time we think it very probable that many have been brought savingly to believe in Christ who did not apply for converts' tickets. In any case, the progress of the movement in Birmingham has been such as greatly to encourage and cheer our American brethren and those who helped them in their labors; and we respond to Mr. Moody's hope that it may "continue for a year."

Mr. Moody's address to the converts was, as usual, most fitting. His parting sentences were the expression of affectionate regard, and it was plain, from the demeanor of the audience, that the parting on their side was a most reluctant one.

Mr. Sankey sang the farewell hymn with great pathos and feeling; and on leaving the hall both he and Mr. Moody were besieged with friends anxious to receive a parting shake of the hand. They proceeded to Liverpool on Saturday.

A correspondent writes concerning this meeting: "We shall never forget that address." Such was the almost involuntary

exclamation of a well-dressed mechanic who was standing by us in the aisle of Bingley Hall. And truly the work of the Lord in this town is such as has never before been seen here. We were praying and expecting great things, but the blessing has exceeded our expectations; never before have the people of every class been so moved and such glorious results followed. A week having elapsed since Mr. Moody left us, we are enabled to speak in a measure of results. First, the life of the ministers who have taken part has been largely increased, so that the testimony of many of the hearers last Sunday was, "Our minister preaches like a new man;" then the renewed life of the churches is already manifesting itself in the desire to work either in Sunday-schools or tract districts; and besides this, the people outside are more disposed to hear the gospel, many coming into our churches last Sunday, and in more cases than one when notice was given out after the service that inquirers would be spoken to, numbers varying from twenty to sixty passed into the vestry, and many rejoiced in a new-found Saviour. Our hearts are indeed full of praise; should we be silent, the stones might well cry out, "But we will bless the Lord from this time forth, and forevermore."

I know of no one of the many blessed hymns which has more struck the heart and arrested attention than that sweet one whose chorus begins, "Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, the love of God to me." This love and its manifestation is the theme of every sermon, and, of course, God owns it. Ministers wonder at failure, and try to discover the cause; a week of services such as Birmingham has had for the last fortnight, I think must answer the question, "What is the cause of failure?" for we have seen in the crowded meetings, in the overwhelming number of anxious ones, in the utter breaking down of strong men, the secret of success. The wondrous love of God has been the weapon which has been used; failure in using this weapon has been the cause of failure in result. Never has Birmingham been so mightily moved; in the workshops Sankey's songs are sung, and men who cared for none of these things are anxiously inquiring after the good news. Oh, may our God carry on the work begun with mighty power.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Liverpool's Month of Mercy.

The brethren revisited this great city by the sea on the 7th of February and remained till March 7, 1875. Twenty thousand dollars had been expended for a building capable of seating eight thousand persons, and, when crowded, several thousand more were accommodated. It was named Victoria Hall.

The Friday preceding the arrival was observed as a day of preparation on the part of many of the churches, and the first meeting of the evangelists was on Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, for Christian workers. This was followed by the afternoon and evening meetings.

All Liverpool was moved by them; but not with the most desirable feelings. Some were actuated by a spirit of embittered hostility, and did not hesitate to write and speak of these servants of Christ what had not the shadow of truth. This very opposition, however, did good. God makes "the wrath of men to praise Him." I have known of some who entered Victoria Hall bitter enemies, and left it attached friends to the movement. Many flock to the meetings, apparently from idle curiosity, and thousands under spiritual anxiety, whilst God's people rally round the evangelists with an enthusiasm and hearty goodwill which is cheering to observe.

At last Monday evening's meeting, an intelligent young man informed me he came into that hall to scoff at all he heard. "I believed only in God and the devil; the latter I served well, and, as sitting laughing at the fools (as I then thought) about me,

that beautiful hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' was sung. A sudden thrill passed through my whole frame, and then like a dart ran through my very heart. My feelings were awful, but I listened to the next verse, and felt there is a Saviour. Who is He? Where is He? Instantly I realized the truth, Jesus is the Saviour. I threw myself into His loving arms, and here I am now, rejoicing in Him."

"Blessed be God," I said, "for such news. Now, brother, go home and tell your friends what great things God hath done for your soul."

"Will you pray?" he said.

We went together to the throne, and then he said, "God bless you. I will now live and work for Jesus."

The devil lays his plans, and no doubt thinks they are well arranged, but whilst he proposes certain events, God disposes of them in a very different way than Satan expected.

Of this I have had an instance.

"I am under a dreadful temptation," said a young man to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was given drink by a man professing to be a Christian, and whom I have heard preaching the truth to me and others, but who is opposed to Moody and Sankey, and I was sent here by him to give annoyance. Now I am brought to Christ, in place of dishonoring Christ in this meeting, what am I to do to this man?"

"Pray for him," I said, "and God will give him to you as a star for your crown. Tell him plainly his state, and bring him here with you next night."

"I knew a lady who went to a religious meeting an avowed infidel, sent there by two sisters-in-law for a similar purpose to that which brought you this night here. She was brought to Christ, and sent back to them full of Jesus, and was the means of their saving conversion; and now all three are rejoicing in the great salvation effected by Jesus, the Son of God, for every penitent, believing child of Adam."

Truly the Lord is doing great things for us, "whereof we are glad."

It may emphatically be said of them, "They came, they spoke, they conquered." For twenty years I have been more or less mixed up with the evangelistic work of the town, but never have I met with more opposition and scorn to any movement than the present.

The erection of the vast hall to hold 10,000 persons, was looked on as monstrous folly. As it was being built, the talk was, To what purpose is this waste? But now what was called Moody's folly, is seen to be God's wisdom.

Men who wrote, spoke against, and laughed at it, now speak with bated breath, come and hear, and go with changed thoughts. "Nothing succeeds like success," is an old world's adage, and in this is proved to be true:—6,000 at a midday prayer-meeting; 6,000 at the afternoon Bible-lecture; 10,000 at the evening meeting, with the inquiry-rooms full, are something that even the Exchange has to admit. But beyond this, there is the mighty working power of God's Spirit working and acting, which no tables can register or numbers record. "'Tis not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit," was the key-note of the preparatory meetings, which has been steadily kept before all the workers.

The part allotted to me in the great work has enabled me to see and test much that is going on. And this I can say—there is wheat; there is chaff. The wheat is sound, and will be a glorious, bountiful harvest. The chaff will be blown away. Wheat and chaff always grow together. Never have we been privileged to see so much real, genuine work — anxious faces, tearful eyes, aching hearts.

Mr. Moody, after a telling address, went into the inquiry-room, and his place was occupied by a layman, who wielded the sword of the Spirit with amazing power right and left. His words, powerful and well chosen, fell with force, and told on the vast audience that seemed spellbound. Many seemed to be convicted of sin, and hurried into the inquiry-room.

Mr. Moody remarked that many people thought the Victoria Hall was a bad investment, but that, if souls were born there, perhaps some of them would like to have a little stock in it.

Mr. Moody's earnest invitation to those who were anxious about their salvation to stand up, and afterward to meet him in the inquiry-room, was responded to by hundreds, who were not deterred from showing their anxiety by the curious gaze of many thousand spectators.

Many striking instances of conversion have occurred, and other cases have come under my own observation in which backsliders have been led to return to their first love. One day at the noon prayer-meeting, Mr. Moody told of an interesting case of conversion he had met the night before. A young, stalwart man, who was to sail for America next day, had come into the meeting. He had been pricked to the heart by Mr. Moody's pointed appeals, and found his way to the inquiry-room, and here, as he believed, to lay his hitherto unforgiven sins on Jesus. Later in the evening he called on Mr. Moody at his hotel, and received a letter of introduction to any of the Christian friends in America he might meet. He was accompanied to the hotel by his brother, who had come from the country with him to see him sail, and who seemed overjoyed to think that one so nearly related to him was taking Christ with him ere he left his native shores.

At the evening meetings the hall is always crowded with something like 10,000 people, and if it were not that the committee kept a great part of the passages clear to allow of access to the inquiry-room, every inch of standing ground would be occupied. The attendance at the noon prayer-meetings averages 4,000 to 5,000, the audience, of course, not being so mixed as those in the evening. One gratifying circumstance, however, in connection with the noon meeting should be noted, and that is, the presence of so many of the Liverpool merchants and business men. I have heard it stated that between twelve and one, when the noon prayer-meeting is held, 'Change is half deserted, and it has been remarked that no other source of attraction has ever drawn so many of these busy men away from their money-making for an hour in the middle of the day. May they carry away some truth that will cling to them when they are tempted to forget God in their haste to get rich!

A very happy feature of the work here, as elsewhere, is the sympathetic co-operation of many clergymen and ministers of various denominations. They appear on the platform and take part in the services, as well as in the personal dealing with the anxious.

"This is glorious work; this is *reality*." Such was the remark that reached my ears one evening last week, as I was passing through the inquiry-room adjoining Victoria Hall. There, I thought, is the whole movement in a nut-shell. The more I see it, and the more I ponder over it, I am impressed with the feeling of *reality* that pervades this work, as it is now going on in Liverpool. Endless are the surmises, and very ludicrous some of the guesses, as to the secret of its wonderful success. The Liverpool critics (and their name is legion) are fairly puzzled. I sum it all up in the one word *reality*.

Mr. Moody has often been described, and criticised, and dissected, both by friends and foes, but I think sufficient stress has been laid on his predominating characteristic of *reality*. As he said the other day, he pulls up his net anon to see what he has caught. This is the highest test of his reality, and the one that has evoked the greatest criticism. But it is the one that has all along contributed most to the success of the movement.

During the past week the slain of the Lord have been many. Every evening has seen fresh groups scattered over the inquiry-room, with tearful eyes and troubled hearts, drinking in the affectionate words of invitation, or the plain words of appeal, addressed to them by Mr. Moody and his co-workers. People who know least about it may affect to shrug the shoulder at the inquiry-room, but one or two visits there would do them good, and probably convince them how indispensable it is to success in this work. I hope one result of this awakening in our land will be that every minister of the gospel, and every one who seeks to speak to his fellow-men about salvation, will not only cast out the net, but will draw it up every time.

The leading attraction of the meetings last week was Mr. Moody's Bible-lectures. On each occasion the hall was crowded; so that on a moderate computation, the seed of the word of God

relating to these two most important subjects was sown in the hearts of some 60,000 or 70,000 persons, many of them from a long distance.

The lectures are a treat of no ordinary kind. As expository discourses they are most valuable, and reveal, to some extent, how Mr. Moody has got, to use a common phrase, "the Bible at his finger-ends." But these lectures have a wonderful hortatory as well as expository value.

It is a gratifying fact that the attendance at the evening meetings chiefly continues to increase. During the first week of the services the Victoria Hall was almost sufficient to hold the crowds of eager listeners; at any rate, the overflow was not considered so great as to necessitate the opening of other places. Last week, however, overflow meetings were held, sometimes in two and sometimes in three different places.

One evening I went to St. John's Church, where I found W. H. M. Aitken and the vicar of the church conducting the service after the model of the services in Victoria Hall. The body of the church was filled partly with the overflow from the hall, and partly with those who had been induced to enter by personal solicitation, and by hearing a group of young men singing hymns in the church-yard. It was a motley company, and a great majority consisted of those who, from their dress and appearance, do not often find their way to God's house. There were numbers of men such as one sees lounging at street-corners and about public-houses, many young girls in working attire and without bonnets, and a number of rough, neglected-looking street Arabs. Their behavior, with one or two exceptions, was most orderly and attentive. A good sprinkling remained at the close to be conversed with, and many of them were enabled to lay their sins on Jesus, or, as the speaker said, to accept the fact that God had laid them there nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

It is interesting and refreshing to notice how all grades of society and all ages are represented among the anxious who throng the inquiry-room at the close of Mr. Moody's addresses. From the richly-dressed lady to the poor waif of the street, with

scarce enough of clothing to cover his nakedness; from the boy and girl of eight or ten years to the horny-handed, gray-headed working-man, with all the intervening stages of life—there you find all, burdened with the same sense of sin, and afterward rejoicing in the same Saviour.

The special work among the young men, which has been carried on in other towns where the evangelists have been, is being organized here also. On Saturday evening there was a meeting for young men, chiefly to make arrangements, at which Mr. Moody was present. In the meantime the meetings will be held in Newsome's Circus, and shortly it is expected that the concert-room of St. George's Hall will be available.

Sunday last was another day of much sowing of the precious seed of the word, and reaping too. The early meeting for "workers" was some 8,000 strong.

The afternoon meeting for women was a wonderful sight. The hall was packed to excess, and many hundreds failing to gain entrance, an overflow meeting was held in Newsome's Circus. Mr. Sankey sang the solo "Mary Magdalene" amidst the most profound silence, and the pathetic and beautiful words of the hymn brought tears to many an eye. Mr. Moody spoke on "What Christ is to us," a most pregnant and powerful address on a theme that he said it would take all eternity to exhaust. As at other times, Mr. Moody asked those who wished to be prayed for to rise up, and hundreds upon hundreds responded in all parts of the house. A more touching or cheering sight I never witnessed. Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded," and Mr. Moody said that there were so many anxious, it would be impossible to speak with them; so he asked them to go home, and at five o'clock to take God's Word, and kneel down pleading His promise, and commit themselves to Him. All the Christians in the hall would be praying for them at that hour. He prayed that they might be altogether persuaded.

Mr. Moody repeated his afternoon address to an immense audience of men in the evening, and in the course of it made strong reference to the great curse of Liverpool, the drink traffic,

amid the approval of the vast congregation. He asked them to show their detestation of it by becoming abstainers. There were hundreds of inquirers at the close. A deeply interesting meeting of about 7,000 young men was held in the Circus from nine to ten o'clock, conducted by Mr. Henry Drummond. These meetings are to be continued every night.

Valuable testimony was given as to the tangible effects of the work in Liverpool. It was stated that one class reached had been those who, though religiously trained, had, during these special meetings, seen a new meaning and power in the truths with which they were familiar. Many sailors, and ship captains, too, had come to the meetings and been guided into the true haven of rest and peace. Then there were many workingmen who had plunged into the depths of intemperance, and whose insulted and injured wives, after being driven from their homes, had been compelled to support themselves and their children for years together. These wives, in this day of grace, had sent letters to their husbands, extending their forgiveness and imploring them to come to Victoria Hall and seek forgiveness of the Saviour. Some of them had come and found that forgiveness, and gone back to lighten their homes again with a new lustre and joy.

Allusion was made by one of the speakers to another class, one much too large and full of strange and painful interest, consisting of those who have in past years made a profession of love to Christ, but have wandered

"Away on the mountains, wild and bare,"

and have been glad to take of the husks that the swine did eat. It had often been asked whether the converts connected with this revival would stand the test of time, and endure the temptations of the world. When the question is put, as it often is, "Brother, have all *your* converts stood fast?" I can only confess that, during the forty years but one that I have preached in this town, I have missed a great many from the fold; but I have found some of them in that inquiry-room. The first night the inquiry-

room was needed, I lingered on the platform, not intending to go into the room, when a message came to me, "You are wanted immediately; an inquirer wishes to see you." I went, and I had not seen that face—I will not tell you whether it was man or woman—for twenty years; and I found that soul had wandered away, and had kept out of my sight with perfect success. The first conviction was to go and tell him by whose hands they had been received into the Christian Church. Many a wanderer has come, and Christ alone knows how many more He will welcome back to His all-forgiving arms, and fill our hearts with a gladness they have never experienced before.

And so the great work flows steadily on. As the days and weeks roll past, and the same scenes are so often repeated, it is difficult to find fresh terms in which to describe "these wondrous gatherings day by day." The four meetings on Sunday last may briefly be stated as a repetition of those on the Sunday before. All crowded to the utmost capacity of the great hall, and, in some cases, especially at the afternoon and evening meetings, multitudes turned away for lack of room.

The service for "non-church goers" at eleven o'clock was a fresh illustration of the power of Christ's wondrous love, or "compassion," to melt the hearts of the most supine, and to move the consciences of the most sin-stricken. The arrows of conviction went home right and left, and there was a large ingathering of souls at the close. Mr. Moody used, by way of illustration, a very touching chapter of personal family history that brought tears to many eyes.

At the three o'clock service for women, the hall was filled to overflowing an hour before the time. The women are quite as determined in their efforts to get in as the stronger sex, and some say not quite so well behaved under the trying conditions of a crowd. To my mind, these Sunday afternoon meetings for women have been the most wonderful of all, and certainly not the least important, when we consider the power for good or evil that must be exerted by so many thousands of our mothers and sisters. I must say these meetings have proved that the women are not only quicker

in their apprehension of the truth, but more honest and courageous in avowing their apprehension of it. At the close of Mr. Moody's searching address on "Excuses," a very considerable proportion of the audience promptly stood up to show that they wished to excuse themselves no longer from accepting the gracious invitation to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Mr. Moody spoke to the inquirers that filled the inquiry-room, in language and by illustration so beautifully simple and apt, that it is almost impossible to conceive any difficulty could have remained in their minds. At the same time Mr. Sankey addressed, in a very artless, homely, and touching way, a large body of anxious inquirers who remained in the hall.

Mr. Moody, before leaving Liverpool, addressed an immense meeting in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, and laid the corner-stone of the new building, inscribed, "This memorial stone was laid by D. L. Moody of Chicago, 2d March, 1875." He used a silver trowel presented to him for the occasion.

The closing services were held on Sunday, the 7th of March, at eight A. M., for Christian workers; at eleven A. M. for young converts and inquirers; at three P. M. for women only; and at eight P. M. for men only. Each was very largely attended.

In 1873, not a convert was known to have been made by the meetings held by the evangelists in Liverpool, and now behold the wonderful victories of the Truth!

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mighty London is Blessed.

The scale of magnitude by which the work was carried on in the metropolis may be measured in our thoughts by one fact—over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were expended in the prosecution during the four months from its commencement, March 9th to July 11th, 1875. During the first month the meetings were held in North London, and in Agricultural Hall, the largest building in that quarter. It is said that once, at the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Spurgeon preached to twenty-two thousand people. But for the different style of the arrangements in the vast interior, that would probably have been the number present on Tuesday night, when the Chicago evangelists entered on their London campaign. As it was, the audience could not be less than eighteen thousand; in all likelihood it reached twenty thousand. The chairs numbered fourteen thousand according to some authorities, fifteen thousand say others; and not one of these, nor scarcely an inch of standing-ground, was left unoccupied, while the doors had to be closed in the face of many hundreds for whom there was no room. The anxiety to procure admission was indicated by the fact that fully two hours before the time advertised for the beginning of the service crowds began to assemble. We were there a few minutes after six, and already the building seemed to be more than half full, while the stream of people entering was in full flood, and required not many minutes to crowd every vacant spot, excepting only the reserved seats near the platform, for which tickets were required. At half-past

six the singing of a hymn was begun in a distant part of the hall; but the Rev. Thain Davidson, from his seat on the platform, requested the stewards to repress volunteer attempts of this sort, and in a moment his wish was obeyed. The arrangements were, indeed, admirable. Ushers, each invested with an official rod, were scattered all over the building. Those near me were young merchants and professional men; and they did their work with quiet, effective energy. There seems to have been no screw loose anywhere. The silent seating of so many thousands was a masterpiece of administrative care and skill.

The appearance of the vast throng was in itself a sight worth going many miles to see. No architectural features of the building came between the eye and the great sea of humanity that seemed to stretch as far as the vision could go. There was abundance of light shed from thousands of gas-burners beading the walls—these at times running in straight lines, and at regular intervals assuming a semicircular form. A broad strip of red cloth running round beneath the lines and arches of light bore appropriate passages in white lettering. The first of these, on the right of the platform, was, "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel"; and the first on the left, "The gift of God is eternal life." At the centre of the platform there is a small dais, covered with red cloth, and having a slight rail round it, and a little book-board at one corner. This is for the president of the meetings. On his right are the seats for the choir, and Mr. Sankey's American organ. The seats on the left are for the committee and others taking part in the service. On and around the platform were hundreds of leading men of all the evangelical communions, ministers and laymen; and it struck me that the Congregational and Presbyterian churches were represented in special strength, especially the former body. The Earl of Cavan and Lord Radstock occupied seats on the platform.

At seven o'clock Rev. Thain Davidson gave out the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," and the volume of sound which rose from the audience indicated that it was a familiar strain to the most of the people present. Then, after a brief interval, the hymn,

"Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love," was finely sung by the choir, which was composed of two hundred voices. At half-past seven to a moment, Mr. Moody stepped on to the dais, while Mr. Sankey took his place at the organ; and the former, in the least conventional of voices, said, "Let us rise and sing to the praise of God. Let us praise Him for what He is going to do in London." The response, as the people sung the familiar Doxology, was thrilling; and no sooner had the strain ceased than the Rev. Mr. Billing, the incumbent of the nearest church, offered prayer. "We bless Thee, that we have seen this day and this hour," he said; and hundreds gave audible vent to a thanksgiving that was uttered with deep fervor. Very hearty, too, were the "Amens" which followed the request that God might be pleased to "speak to all London" by the mouth of His servants from the other side of the sea. Mr. Moody gave out the Scotch version of the hundredth Psalm, Mr. Sankey saying, "Let us rise and sing. Let all the people sing." To all, but more especially to the Scottish friends, that was a soul-stirring strain.

Mr. Moody then stated that he had that day received despatches from all the great cities in Britain, letting him know that the people were praying for London. All their expectations must be in vain unless they were depending upon God. He therefore asked them to spend a few moments in silent prayer. Hereupon a great calm fell upon the assembly, and every head was bowed. In a minute or two the hush was broken by the voice of Mr. Moody, who prayed that God's blessing might rest upon the work on which they were now entering, and that many might be encouraged to go out and labor in this dark city. "It is a great city," he said, "but Thou art a great God. May we ask great things, and expect them." He gave special thanks for the many ministers present, and prayed that there might be "no strife among the herdmen." Mr. Sankey then sang the solo, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," explaining before he did so that it was simply a Christian song. "May the Lord bless the singing of this song here, as He has blessed it elsewhere," said Mr. Sankey, and he requested the people to keep very still. The first stanza, and

especially the line, "What means this strange commotion?" was thrilling in its effect; but a slight disturbance in a distant part of the hall somewhat marred the closing verses. At the end of the piece some present began to applaud; but they were instantly rebuked into silence by a murmured "Hush!" from thousands of lips.

On Wednesday evening the second meeting was held in the Agricultural Hall. The attendance was not nearly so large as on the first evening, resulting from the fact that Mr. Moody requested the doors to be closed at half-past seven, thus preventing many thousands who were unable to attend so early from gaining admission.

It was speedily apparent that great blessing from on high was present in that meeting. The address was full of power; anecdote, illustration, Scripture entreaty, persuasion, succeeded each other again and again, with lightning speed and force, while the vast audience listened intently. As the interest heightened, and story after story was told, many could be seen wiping the tears openly, apparently unconscious of what they were doing. The graphic picture of the meeting of Bartimeus and Zaccheus, after the former had been healed, was thoroughly enjoyed; and the quiet hit at those "who don't believe in sudden conversions," in the statement that Zaccheus "was converted between the branches and the ground," was greatly enjoyed. The story that followed, of "the young man converted on his mother's grave," gave occasion for an impassioned appeal to turn to Jesus then and there. Silent prayer followed the conclusion of the address; and, amid a hush that was almost awful, the sound of music floated on the air, and Mr. Sankey sang softly, "Come home—come home." Every head bowed, thousands earnestly praying, while the soft music seemed to enter into the very souls of that mass of humanity, bowing and swaying even the hardest to thoughts of repentance and prayer. Then Lord Radstock concluded with prayer, and the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," was sung as Mr. Moody went from the Hall to the first inquiry-meeting in London. Many hundreds followed him, but whether workers or inquirers

did not at the time appear, and it is far too early yet to speak of results.

On Thursday Mr. Moody presided for the second time at the noon prayer-meeting. There was also a falling off in the attendance here compared with the day before; but the great Hall was nearly filled, and would doubtlessly have been filled to overflowing during the service had the doors remained open. Mr. Moody was just a very little bitter in saying, "I don't know what some men would do at a Pentecost," or his earnestness seemed intensified to bitterness; but this disappeared when he spoke of a boy of fourteen with a Bible under his arm, whom he had met in the inquiry-room the previous night, and asked as to his presence there. The boy replied that he was a Christian, hoped to meet some little boy like himself to tell about Jesus. Afterward the boy was seen kneeling with another in a corner. Mr. Sankey also spoke earnestly in defence of the inquiry-room—asking objectors to visit and see for themselves, instead of finding fault beforehand; adding, warmly, "It don't take half a man to find fault." The meeting ended as usual; but after its close there appeared to be an impromptu reunion of nearly all the evangelical workers in London, the resemblance being almost perfect to one of the evening conferences at Mildmay Park.

The third evening service was much more largely attended than the second. Much better order was observed than at the commencement of the previous evening, the meeting being admirably controlled. The address was most solemn and searching in character, concluding with an exhortation to immediate and final decision. Mr. Moody ended his discourse by prayer. Then "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung; then silent prayer; next, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" then the benediction and the inquiry-meeting.

On Friday the great hall for the noon prayer-meeting had a glorious gathering, and there were quite as many present as on the previous day, but notably men; the ladies *could not* face the terrible cold and sleet.

After singing, a gentleman spoke earnestly of the way and the

need of working for Jesus. He was followed by another, who told a touching story of how the lost are found in London. A tract-distributor offered a man a tract on Waterloo Bridge; it was declined with the remark, "I shall be in hell before night"; the words were heard and answered, "No, you will not, for I'm going to heaven, and will stick to you all day." They left the bridge together, the hungry man was supplied with food and taken to a place of worship. There he fell asleep. "Perhaps he has been walking all night," said his friend; "let him sleep!" Service over, he was conveyed home to supper, inquiring concerning all this kindness, "*What's up?*" He was fed, tended, reasoned with, instructed, and brought to the way of heaven, instead of being in hell, as he had said.

So ends the first three of Mr. Moody's noon prayer-meetings and the first three nights of work in London. And it is simple truth to state, that such meetings were never held before in London, if ever they were in the world's history. In *three days* of noon and evening service, about *eighty thousand* have listened to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Well might Mr. Moody express his thankfulness to God—the encouragement he had received and felt, and his deep sense of the sympathy and help extended to him and his colleague in their great work. Well might he dissolve in broken accents and tears of entreaty for a rich blessing on himself and those who, laboring with him, will share his eternal rest and reward. Surely, when bankers and rich merchants, and ministers holding high official positions, are content to be doorkeepers, it must be said, "We never saw it after this fashion," and this was exactly the case at the door of Exeter Hall yesterday.

Mr. Moody took for his text Isa. lv. 6, stating for two evenings he had dwelt on man seeking God, but now he would speak of God seeking man; yet recommending earnestness in seeking God by many touching incidents and suggestions. This, among others, he thought "the dying thief might have had a praying mother." He also turned to the ministers around him and asked, "Did they believe that God was present, and willing to save?"

and was instantly answered by an audible "Yes." A tearful, impassioned appeal followed to all classes to seek the Lord, and He would assuredly be found. Silent prayer succeeded, and Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded." Then the audience were dismissed, and all anxious, and all workers, were invited to remain, an invitation that was accepted *by several thousands!* The whole space under the arched room was occupied by seekers and workers, while the responses to earnest prayers rolled around like the deep tones of the great sea waves at night. The Lord was there. Inquirer after inquirer made themselves manifest, until there were scores in the inquiry-room, and scores remaining in the hall speaking with the workers there. In the inquiry-room were seekers and workers in every direction, and very many found peace in believing. One fine young man fell to the lot of the writer, and it was emphatically good to watch the dawning of divine truth on the mind, as shown in the intelligent face—to see the look of anxiety and fear give place to the knowledge and love of God—to watch the birth of the soul to eternal life bring forth that look of brightness on the face which is never seen from any other cause. One young lady said "she was so happy, she seemed to tread on air"; and in instance after instance the testimony grew and multiplied, till we could only rejoice in believing that numbers were born again—not of corruptible seed, but of the incorruptible, which liveth and abideth for ever. Then the long, happy evening closed by Mr. Moody calling the workers together, and giving some brotherly advice and counsel concerning the details of work in the inquiry-room.

Oh for the time of blessing! Oh for the rain upon the weary! Oh for the coming, in mightiest power, of the loving Spirit and the King our Brother, among the ruined and lost—among the weary and burdened laborers on this rough and stony ground! Our Father, hear and answer Thy children's heart-cry, for Jesus' sake!

On Sunday morning, March 14, the usual unbroken quiet of Islington experienced a striking change. From every direction solitaires, couples, and bands of well-dressed people were hastening to the Agricultural Hall. Many parties of singers had

arranged to meet in their different localities, and marched with songs to their destination. Sunday-school teachers resident in the line of march near to the Hall had invited their fellow-laborers to breakfast at a very unusual hour; while the vendors of hymns and papers round the Hall took their usual week-day positions, and transacted a large amount of buying and selling, to which multitudes made strong and indignant objection. Pouring in at all the entrances to the Hall, there was speedily convened such a gathering of its Christian workers as London had never seen. It was a complete *re*-union. Friends, whom the exigencies of work had separated for years, met and clasped hands once more; young men grown old in service met with others in like condition, whom they had labored with in years of strength; and comely matrons' faces were recognized as those of former girls in Sunday-schools. Long before *all* old friends could be recognized and greeted, the time for the service arrived, and the evangelists stood face to face with many thousands of the Christian workers of the great metropolis for the first time.

Cool, prompt, and business-like as ever, Mr. Moody announced the first song would be "Hold the fort," which was sung with a vigor that left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Moody narrated a striking instance of a Sunday-school superintendent who was not converted, but finding this to be so, went honestly to his minister and offered to resign. The minister suggested a more excellent way—that the superintendent should first turn to the Lord at once and then continue his labors. This was done; he turned to the willing Saviour, and then became the means of the conversion of the teachers and a great revival in the school. It was the duty of each Christian—*not* duty, but privilege (Away with mere *duty!* we did not talk of *duty* to wives and mothers, and why in religion?)—to speak to some person daily. For twelve years there had scarcely been a day in which he had not done this. Seek out friends, and bring them into the current, that they might get a blessing and pass it on. We must also get into sympathy with the unsaved. When he was laboring in the school at Chicago, a teacher, who was going away to die, came to

him in bitter trouble about his unconverted class. He felt his strength too far gone to visit them; they were unsaved, and he was leaving them—going away, for ever. Mr. Moody procured a carriage, and they went together day after day for ten days, until the teacher had seen all, pleaded with all, and won them all for Jesus. The tearful eyes, the pale face, and the deep sympathy had triumphed for Christ! Then they all met him on the platform, and the wave of his hand from the carriage was a last, long farewell. The effect produced by this narration was very deep. Sobs and tears were almost universal The ministers on the platform were wiping both eyes and glasses, and some were literally scooping away the tears with their hands. Strong men were weeping like children, and the speaker himself wept abundantly as he remembered and depicted the touching scene. Yes, he continued, we must get in sympathy—make their case ours, their troubles and sorrows ours, and then we shall have prevailing power. He spoke of a poor mother, whose child had been drowned in procuring drift-wood from the river, and whom he visited along with his little daughter. "If that was me," said my child, "wouldn't you *feel bad*, father? Don't you feel bad for the poor mother?" This unlocked the springs of sympathy, and I did feel bad for her. I found a grave for the poor child, and afterward bought ground for a Sunday-school lot, to bury a hundred of our poor little scholars. In the midst of a most striking scene of weeping, such as that hall had never seen before, the address concluded, and Mr. Moody *attempted* to pray. So deeply was he moved, that he was compelled to pause in his prayer, amid dead silence, to recover himself, and be able to proceed. Then we sang, "Work, for the night is coming," and the benediction ended the first workers' meeting.

On Sunday afternoon, at three, the first special meeting for women was held. There were, at the lowest computation, about 17,000 women present; and the power of the Spirit was clearly there: tears and sobs and repressed cries, anxious faces, low, earnest words and entreaties for mercy were all around, as the discourse proceeded from point to point. God was the preacher

of this sermon, said Mr. Moody ; and though the first audience was small, the sermon has come rolling down the ages, and many, I hope, are asking themselves this question now. I am speaking to professors, to backsliders, and to those who never made profession, but all equally lost. Then all sang the hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," and the meeting closed to allow inquirers to gather. Such a number accepted the invitation that the large inquiry-room could not contain them, and many were spoken to in the bitter cold without the room.

The evening service was simply a repetition of the afternoon, but for men only, instead of women. Thousands of women, nevertheless, accompanied their male friends in hope of admission, but were disappointed — they could not be admitted. Nevertheless, the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the doors were closed nearly an hour before the service commenced. The would-be infidel orator of London is in the habit of saying that "Religion is an affair of priests and women." Never again will he be able to repeat that taunt, after the meeting on Sunday evening last, *when nearly* 15,000 *men of London were held breathless by the simple preaching and singing of the Gospel of Christ.* Before the address was delivered, Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"; himself singing the verses, and the vast multitude joining in singing the last line in each verse, thus producing the effect of one of the mightiest choruses ever sung on earth. After the address the inquiry-room was opened, while the meeting in the hall continued with praise and prayer.

So great had been the effect produced, so large was the number of inquirers who were not "priests" or "women," that there were not enough workers present to deal with them. Nor can this be wondered at. Christians had been entreated and enjoined to stay away, that the unconverted might have all the room; and this request was too literally obeyed.

St. Mary's Hall is a large concert-room, with chairs on the floor fronting the platform, and a deep gallery round the sides and end of the hall. Mr. Moody divided the inquirers, leaving the women on the basement, and sending the men into the gal-

lery, and directed the workers to divide in the same way. All round the gallery were men in twos and threes, to the number of two or three hundred—each couple or three separated from their neighbors, and earnestly engaged in their own work, without taking any notice of those near and around. Here was a couple discussing a difficulty in the way. There another couple earnestly reading passages of God's Word. Next was one pleading earnestly with another. Next one whose work was done, as the close, loving hand-clasp showed. Many were striving together in prayer, two by two. Here a worker earnestly asking for the light to come. There another pressing the inquirer to pray for himself, and others praying earnestly together. The writer had the pleasure of speaking with three in succession. The first was a young man who had made long, wearying endeavor to work out salvation; he had been *trying hard* to come to Jesus, but neither work nor trial had brought the assurance of faith. To one so much in earnest it was most pleasant to show salvation as the *gift* of God, and a little patience was richly rewarded by the dawning of the light. Then said he, "*I see it now; please to leave me alone with God!*" Most reverently and willingly this was done, and the second was spoken to; he also promised to accept the gift, and left to kneel before the Lord in seeking, as he was compelled to go. The third had long had a form of godliness, but neither its power nor hope—he was just a sleeping nominal church-member, who did not wish to be disturbed. He had wandered into the inquiry-room, thinking it was public, and he should hear an address. Unable to deal satisfactorily with him, the attention of another brother was called to him, and we passed on round the gallery. On returning, this one was praying earnestly, the second was gone, and the face of the first showed better than any words that he had lost his burden. Passing below to leave, a lady who was talking to three working-girls claimed help, as help had been claimed in the case above. We held conversation, and speedily all three declared themselves on the Lord's side; and the bright, earnest young faces glowed with the thought of the gift received, and the "covenant unto death" with Jesus. As we saw, so we heard of many

to whom light and peace came; nor was it the least impressive to mark how willingly help was given and received, how entirely absent were evidences of self and self-seeking. Conversions all around, an atmosphere of prayer and the Word of God, the subdued hum of conversation with each other, and converse with the Father through the Son, gave a sense of "nearness of access," of personal presence, of a very present and loving help, that was as sweet as it was solemn. Verily it "was good to be there!" It was just eleven o'clock when, after three hours of delightful service, "the labor was done, and the laborers gone home."

The *Christian World* thus summarizes the first month's work:

To-day the American evangelists, whose names are on every lip, enter upon the second month of their London campaign. They have all but completed the series of meetings at the Agricultural Hall, in Islington, designed more especially for the benefit of the people dwelling in the great northern region of the metropolis; and now they are about to enter on the daily occupation of a building specially erected for their accommodation at the East End. From week to week we have furnished our readers with full reports of the proceedings. In this way the public have been enabled to obtain a comprehensive, and we believe accurate, view of a series of meetings that certainly stand without a parallel in the religious annals of England. We may not be able to say, with a respected contemporary, that Mr. Moody is the modern Wycliffe —a name we should rather assign, if we used it at all, to a great English preacher who has been proclaiming the Gospel to multitudes in London every week for more than twenty-one years. Neither are we prepared to coincide with the magnanimous assertion of a Wesleyan Methodist journal, that this movement puts the revival which was wrought by Whitfield and Wesley into the shade, in respect, at least, to the numbers brought under the sound of the Gospel. These are statements, as it seems to us, which would require to be greatly qualified before they could be accepted by thoughtful men. Yet, without going the length of our too exuberant friends, we can testify that the success of the

gatherings over which Mr. Moody presides has been simply marvelous, and in its way quite unexampled, either within the memory of living men, or in all that has been recorded by the pen of the English historian of the Christian Church. Whatever may be the view he takes of the work, as to its true spiritual significance and value, every candid onlooker must acknowledge that the present is a phenomenon which cannot be too carefully scanned, or too fully described by the contemporary journalist. It will unquestionably claim for itself a chapter of no inconsiderable magnitude in the book that deals with the religious history of England in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some little service to the future, as well as to the present-day reader, may, therefore, be rendered by an attempt to gather up the salient points in the story of the first month spent by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London.

And first of all we have to note the sustained, and it would even seem growing, interest which the public take in the meetings. Every day at noon Exeter Hall has been well filled; often it has been crowded, and there is no symptom of any falling off in the attendance, while it may be confidently expected that when the prayer-meeting is transferred, as it will be on Monday next, to Her Majesty's Opera House, the audience will be as great as that building is able to contain. That the interest in the primary purpose of the noon-gathering has not declined is made manifest by many pleasing tokens. Not the least eloquent of these was the statement made by Mr. Moody on Wednesday last, that the requests for prayer received that morning numbered no fewer than 180. The reports of spiritual work achieved in connection with the movement, not only in London, but also in the provinces, have been multiplying daily; and these form a feature of the proceedings at Exeter Hall which does much to keep alive the interest and to intensify the fervor of the assembly. Then there has been the appearance of new speakers from day to day—witnesses to the reality of the revival in Scotland, Ireland, and provincial towns of England. When the meeting is thrown open to volunteers, the result has not always been edifying; but Mr.

Moody, as a shrewd and ready-witted president, keeps the most of the time well occupied with a swift and flowing succession of song, prayer, and exhortation, so that the hour seems to all present to be only too short, and is obviously most refreshing to their spirits. Mr. Moody is, perhaps, seen at his best at Exeter Hall. Some of his short addresses there have been gems of pithy exposition; and his occasional quaint bits of self-defence, and frequent touches of mingled humor and pathos, have been remarkably effective. People from the country have formed a distinctly perceptible element in the congregation; and we cannot doubt that these, along with the city brethren, have derived useful hints from Mr. Moody's method for the conduct of prayer-meetings in their own places of worship. In this way, we think it likely that a great deal of good may be done.

The three afternoon meetings held at Sanger's (formerly Astley's) Amphitheatre were among the most successful of all the gatherings, and are said to have been the most fruitful in spiritual results. The place could not hold all the people who flocked to them; and a proportionately larger number of the "lapsed masses" were to be seen in these South-side gatherings than in the assemblies at the Agricultural Hall. The two afternoon Bible-readings—the first held in the Conference Hall at Mildmay Park, and the second at Exeter, and to both of which admission was procured only by ticket—were crammed, and they seemed to be greatly enjoyed.

As for the great meetings, those held every night (with the exception of Saturday) at the Agricultural Hall, and thrice on Sunday in the same enormous edifice, they have continued to attract an average attendance of at least eleven or twelve thousand down to the very last. On the two nights when the address was not given by Mr. Moody there was a great falling off in the congregation. On Good Friday the *Times* "felt bound" to express its "strong conviction that the interest of the meetings was rapidly falling off;" but the facts do not sustain this view. The largest congregations have assembled within the last ten days; and these have included all ranks and classes of society.

Royalty itself, in the person of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, has expressed its intention to come since the leading journal proclaimed the turning of the tide. On one evening there were at least sixty clergymen of the Establishment present, with Dean Stanley occupying a conspicuous seat on the platform; and on the night of Good Friday the evangelical Earl of Shaftesbury sat on the same chair which a few evenings before had been occupied by the Broad Church Dean. Lord Shaftesbury, at the close of the service, paid a visit, along with his daughters, to the inquiry-room. In respect to the numbers of the Agricultural Hall congregation, the floor of the building is capable of seating 9,000 persons; the raised platform for the choir and ministers, 250; the eastern side gallery, 900; the western side gallery, 1,000; the upper raised gallery in front of the platform, 1,350; the balcony in front, 850; and the upper western balcony, 350. Even on moderate computation, it would seem that about 350,000 must have been the total of the numbers present at the Agricultural Hall services during the month; though it must be borne in mind that very many persons were frequent, and not a few constant, attenders. It would probably be a liberal allowance if we were to say that 200,000 separate individuals were present. The arrangements made by the committee for the comfort of the congregation and the preservation of order have, from first to last, been admirable.

With respect to the inquiry-rooms, they have been largely attended every night by Christian friends, clerical and lay; and the penitents pressing in for spiritual advice have, on many occasions, numbered several hundreds. But there has been no more excitement there than in the public service; indeed, the proceedings have been more subdued, and a quiet, solemn earnestness has characterized all that has been done in connection with this part of the work. Several gentlemen taking part in it have testified to the good accomplished; and Mr. Sankey in particular, who is active in the inquiry-room, describes the work of which he was witness on Sunday week, and on every succeeding night, as being in the highest degree encouraging. Many Christian work-

ers, though not so many as Mr. Moody desires to see, have scattered themselves among the great audience at the ordinary services, for the purpose of speaking a word to their unconverted neighbors; and a case has been mentioned in which the young ladies of a certain seminary have, in this way, been instrumental in leading twenty individuals to the Saviour. With this we may bracket the case of a lady who took her ten servants to one of the services, and who reports that seven of these have been, in consequence, converted to God. Mr. Moody has detailed instances of persons brought to a knowledge of God in the inquiry-room one night, and appearing on the next with friends whom they desired to see sharing the peace which they had secured. Since the second Sunday a young men's meeting has been held every night at St. Mary's Hall, immediately after the public service; and latterly this feature has come more conspicuously into view, and been more pressingly urged upon the attention of the class referred to by Mr. Moody, who is ambitious of securing a band of at least a thousand to assist him in his work.

The meetings in the East End of London were held in the Bow-road Hall and a tent pitched close by. Here the rich and poor congregated, and God graciously poured out His Spirit. In the West End the Royal Opera House, in the Haymarket, was obtained. In South London Camberwell Hall was specially provided for the immense multitudes sure to gather.

During the greater part of April services had been conducted daily in each of the four divisions of the metropolis. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have divided their labors almost equally between the East and the West Ends—officiating at Her Majesty's Opera House, in the Haymarket, at the daily noon prayer-meeting, and also at an afternoon Bible-reading, while in the evening they have generally been present at the service in the Bow-road Hall. On two evenings of each week they have returned to the Agricultural Hall in Islington. The first week after their departure from that hall the services there were conducted by Rev. William Taylor of California; but the attendance instantly dropped from 12,000 to 2,000, and sank to as low as 1,000 before the week was

done. In the second week Mr. Taylor was succeeded by the Rev. W. H. M. Aitken (Episcopalian) of Liverpool, who secured much larger congregations, there being occasionally as many as 5,000 and 6,000 present to hear him; and at the Victoria Theatre, on the South side, Mr. Taylor held daily meetings, where his labors would appear to be better appreciated than they were at Islington. The prayer-meeting at the Opera House has not been so well attended, on the whole, as that at Exeter Hall; but the Bible-readings have attracted great congregations, these including many members of fashionable society, led by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who was present on Thursday, April 15. In an article on "The American Revivalists in England," the New York *Independent* says: "We presume that the aristocracy and the *literati* will scarce hear of the movement that is about them. It is an after-generation that builds the monuments of the prophets. Bunyan got no words of honor from the Duke of Bedford, whose descendant has lately set up his statue." Several months before these words were written, Mr. Moody had sojourned as a guest within the walls of Dunrobin Castle, the northern seat of the Duke of Sutherland; and weeks before, he had dined with the Lord Chancellor of England at Bournemouth. At his first meeting in the Agricultural Hall he was assisted by a peer of the realm, and other noblemen took part in subsequent gatherings, while Lord Cairns, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many other members of the aristocracy, formed part of his audience. The favor with which his labors are regarded by a large section of the nobility has been still more conspicuously displayed since the opening of the services in the Haymarket, and especially since the visit paid by the Princess of Wales. Standing somewhat in the same relation to Mr. Moody that the Countess of Huntingdon did to Whitefield, her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland has been well-nigh a daily attender, accompanied sometimes by her daughter and Lady Constance Leveson-Gower. Twice last week the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans were seen in the royal box; the Prince Teck has also been present, and so have the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Gains-

borough, Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Rendlesham (the latter a daughter of the late popular Earl of Eglington), and many more of the "upper ten thousand." To crown all, it is alleged, not only that Lord Dudley interested himself in securing the Opera House for the American evangelists, but that his lordship was encouraged to do this by no less a personage than the Heir Apparent.

The following is given as the number of meetings and aggregate attendance during the four months that Mr. Moody has been in London:

In Camberwell, sixty meetings, attended by 480,000 people; in Victoria, forty-five meetings, attended by 400,000; in the Opera House, sixty meetings, attended by 330,000; in Bow, sixty meetings, attended by 600,000; and in Agricultural Hall, sixty meetings, attended by 720,000. The amount of money expended for buildings, printing, stewards, etc., is $140,000. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have declined to receive any compensation from the committee. It is stated that a prominent business man has bought the Victoria Theatre, and intends to fit it up for religious work.

Inquirers multiplied; young men's meetings were held; thousands of children were gathered. A great array of workers went out, two by two, to visit every house in London with the Gospel. Every text Mr. Moody quoted was an arrow from God's bow which went straight to the heart; every song from Mr. Sankey won some soul; every appeal persuaded some heart to yield to Christ; every meeting swelled the throng of converts. The mighty movement swept from one end of London to the other.

As the evangelists left one quarter of the city for another, the meetings were continued in the localities left, until, when Mr. Moody, during the last month, was at Camberwell Green Hall in the South, Major Cole was at the Victoria Theatre in the West, Henry Varley at the Bow-road Hall in the East, while Henry Drummond was holding his young men's meetings with great success. Notwithstanding all these great meetings, numbering often many thousands, the central meetings under our two brethren moved on with wonderful power and success.

As the last week drew to a close, the interest became intense. On the last night, Mr. Moody became very earnest and urgent in his appeals to the vast and intensely interested audience, to accept Christ. "Just let me pause here," he said. "Ask yourselves whether you ought not to receive the Lord Jesus Christ now? Who is there in this assembly who will receive the gift of God and be saved?" After a brief pause, a voice came from the left-hand gallery, somewhat faintly, "I will." It was speedily followed by others from all parts of the house. "Well," continued Mr. Moody, "thank God for that. I am just passing around the cup of salvation. Who else will take it?" "I will," "I will," "I will," "I will," came resounding on every hand. "That's right, my boy," replied he, speaking to a little fellow down in front of him, whose "I will" came up to the platform with the rest. "Will the Christians keep on praying? Men do not speak out like this unless God is at work. Who else will accept the gift of God?" Again came a perfect volume of "I will's." "Would it not be a glorious thing if every man here would take it to-night? Is there another?" "I will." "Another?" "I will." "How many are to-night willing to stand up before God and man, and say by that act that they will join us in our journey to heaven? You that are willing to take Christ now, would you just rise?" A mighty army of men rose to their feet at once. "Why not three thousand? The God of Pentecost still lives!" Numbers more stood up, until one could scarce distinguish between those sitting and those standing. Mr. Moody prayed and said, "and now we will sing 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" Multitudes flocked into the inquiry-room, where there was a scene of ingathering never to be forgotten by those who were present. A fitting close to the labors of our brethren in Great Britain. Their work had continued without interruption through two years and three weeks. They had held meetings in perhaps a hundred cities and villages. They had personally attended between two and three thousand services.

Mr. Roberts, of New York, writing from London, says: "The places of most interest for over two months are those where the

meetings of Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists, are held. I had heard of them before leaving home, but I was not prepared for what I heard and saw at these vast assemblages, which I attended several days twice, and sometimes thrice a day. I was present at Agricultural Hall, when there were from twelve to fifteen thousand persons present. Last Sunday evening the room was crammed full, and I had to stand an hour and a half. Though there were so many inside, thousands went away. The Lord Chancellor (Cairns), with his wife, was present. They are both, I was told, devoutly pious, attending several of the meetings with a number of the nobility and eminent men, including Gladstone.

"It is a grand sight to see such a vast audience; and when they unite in singing, it is thrilling beyond anything I have ever heard.

"The text was, 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark' (Genesis vii.). He handled it remarkably well, and I was told the discourse was more effective than in the morning, which was based on the story of Naaman (2 Kings v.).

"He usually preached from thirty to forty-five minutes, in a very clear voice, enunciating distinctly, presenting the truth very plainly, earnestly, and pungently, appealing to the heart and conscience, without any effort to excite animal feeling; and at all these meetings there was an entire absence of fanaticism. The people are absorbed by what is said, and there is nothing noisy or demonstrative, though nearly all join in the singing of hymns full of Gospel truth, to simple melodious airs.

"Sankey leads the singing usually, and generally sings a solo at every service, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,' or the 'Ninety and nine,' based on the parable of the lost sheep. His voice is so powerful as to be heard easily by such large assemblages, for he enunciates every word in a remarkably sweet voice.

"The music is, no doubt, a great help to the preaching, the main element of which is Christ, as set forth in the Bible sent home to the souls of rich and poor, high and low, the educated and the ignorant, by the Spirit of God; for, in my opinion, there

is no other way of accounting for the assembling of such vast multitudes three or four times daily for weeks and months.

"While I was in London, Moody held a noon prayer-meeting at the Queen's Opera House, Haymarket, at which, I think, fifteen hundred attended—preaching there at three and seven P. M., when the house was filled from top to bottom. At eight and a half he preached at East London in a large hall, accommodating some twelve thousand. How he endures such great and constant mental and physical labors I cannot understand.

"Thus, substantially, he has worked for over two months in London, and in about like manner for nearly two years in various places in Great Britain. He appears very robust—I think larger around the chest than any man I ever saw, and every time I heard him, what he said was fresh.

"At the large meetings hundreds stood up for prayers, and entered the inquiry-rooms, where Christians conversed with them.

"This was a large hall, nearly filled with groups of inquirers, two to four attending to the instruction of men and women, each of their own sex; and while some were conversing, other groups were kneeling and praying in a low tone. Thousands remained in the audience-room praying and singing, where every Christian was requested, in their places, to speak to his or her neighbor suitable words, if they had no hope in Christ. I spoke to two young persons near me, and found they were both indulging hope.

"It reminded me of the efforts of this kind in the early days of Brainerd Church.

"Sometimes the scenes of 1831 were brought vividly before me, and I have a conviction that the means used by Moody and Sankey, and the preaching, are very like those so much blessed in our country for eight or ten years subsequent to 1825, of which probably Mr. Nettleton was the most prominent author. The same pungent, direct manner of presenting truth, enforced by apposite illustrations, which all could understand, accompanied by singing of hymns containing fundamental truths, in melodious

and simple tunes, nearly the whole congregation joining. No doubt you will recall the Village Hymn Book compiled by Mr. Nettleton.

"I cannot but hope this is the beginning of a new era, showing our ministers that, as Spurgeon said the other day at Exeter Hall (referring to these meetings), he had no fear of them, for the '*Bible was kept in the front.*'

"I do not undervalue learning, but it must be kept secondary to the Bible, the Sword of the Spirit, which is almost the only weapon Moody uses with so much effect.

"But I must close, though I have not said half I might on this subject."

It must be conceded that this was the most wonderful series of revival meetings ever held in the world. In the union of all God's people; in the mighty but perfectly quiet workings of God's Spirit; in the honor put upon God's simple word; in the dependence put upon prayer, and the simplest agencies; in the earnestness with which Christians labored, and the liberality with which they gave their money; in the multitudes which everywhere flocked to the services; in the wide extent of the work, in the readiness with which men received the Gospel; in the number of conversions; in every aspect of it, the movement is without a parallel in the history of Christianity. It seems to betoken a world-wide revival of religion.

Sunday, July 11.—LAST DAY.—How shall we write of it? Fresh from the meeting in the evening, we feel how inadequate are human words to portray that most marvelous close of a no less marvelous season of revival throughout our land.

The doors for the morning service were opened at half-past six, and by seven o'clock the hall was comfortably full. An hour yet intervened before the commencement of the service, and the time was profitably and pleasantly occupied with a service of song from the familiar book. About half-past seven it was announced that there were thousands outside, some of them from a great distance, and if the audience would kindly sit more closely, a few hundreds more might be got in. The request was good-naturedly

complied with at once, and room made for a few more. For the great numbers who were unable to get admission, an overflow-meeting was held in the Presbyterian church close by, and was addressed by Dr. A. Bonar, of Glasgow.

Shortly before eight o'clock Mr. Sankey appeared, and delighted the audience with a few solos. Before singing "I am praying for you," he said he hoped in the days to come they would not forget to pray for Mr. Moody and himself when they were gone.

In consequence of the crowd at the gates, Mr. Moody could not gain an entrance, and had to be conveyed through a private house opening from the back upon the site of the building. This delayed the opening of the service till about ten minutes past eight o'clock—a thing altogether unusual at these gatherings, as one of the most noticeable features of them has been the punctuality observed by our brethren.

Mr. Sankey having sung "Only an Armor-bearer," the audience swelling out in the chorus, very earnest prayer was offered, making special reference to the occasion.

Mr. Moody then delivered his well-known address on "Daniel," beginning with the secret of his wonderful success, which he attributed to his being able to say "No" at the right moment. He sketched the eventful career of this man, "beloved of God," through the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, and Darius, showing how he was delivered from all the many snares laid for him by his enemies, because he was faithful to God and His commandments. The history of Daniel in the telling of it rouses Mr. Moody's enthusiasm, which he succeeds in a large degree in imparting to the audience, and many thousands of hearts were stirred by this closing address to Christian workers. Before parting, we sang with Mr. Sankey "Dare to be a Daniel."

The afternoon service for women was a deeply interesting one, both in itself and from the fact of its being the last of them. The hall was crammed in every corner. The opening hymn was "Yet there is room," very appropriate to the occasion.

All through his mission in Great Britain, Mr. Moody has striven to make the Gospel so plain as to be understood by the

meanest comprehension. He has avoided collateral issues and eschewed theological discussions, and held to the proclamation of the good news of salvation through faith in a crucified and risen Saviour. One of his favorite texts has been the question of the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" and this he chose for his final gospel addresses to London audiences. Many people, he said, still disbelieved in sudden conversion, and he proceeded to draw from the treasury of Holy Scripture numerous illustrations to show that the new birth is, of necessity, an instantaneous act, and not a gradual change. He quoted the ark, the salvation of Lot from Sodom, the preservation of the children of Israel in Egypt by sprinkling the blood on their doors, the cities of refuge, and others, as well as illustrations from history and from daily life. At the close he spoke with much emotion of how he had tried in all possible ways to allure sinners to Christ, and entreated those present not to go out of the building without receiving Christ as their Saviour. They might never hear his and Mr. Sankey's voice again on earth, but he hoped there would not be one missing at the last great meeting. Many rose in response to his pressing appeal at the close, and the inquiry-rooms were afterward the scene of much earnest conversation and prayer with the crowds of anxious sisters. The evening meeting for men was almost filled before the last of the inquirers and workers had left the building.

The last meeting of all will, we think, be reckoned, by those who have attended the London meetings throughout, the best of all. It was as closely packed with men as could be; how many were left outside we cannot tell. A meeting for them was held in the Camberwell-green Hall. Mr. Sankey took his seat at the instrument about half an hour before the time, and while he was singing for Jesus to the eager crowd of listeners, Mr. Moody and a few friends were in the little waiting-room below, supplicating God for a Pentecostal blessing on this parting service. And their prayer was answered of a truth. We have not witnessed such a wondrous scene during any of the many gatherings these last four months; the only approach to it was one Sunday afternoon at a women's meeting in the Opera House.

Several of Mr. Moody's American friends were present to witness the crowning service of this mission, before described.

At the farewell meeting at London, of the 700 and odd ministers who were present at this memorable gathering, there were 188 belonging to the Church of England, 154 Congregationalists, 85 Baptists, 81 Wesleyan Methodists, 39 Presbyterians, 8 foreign pastors, 8 United Methodists, 7 Primitive Methodists, 3 Plymouth Brethren, 2 Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, 2 Society of Friends, 3 Free Church of England, 1 Bible Christian, and upward of 20 not known. These figures we take from the official statement supplied at the meeting, and they significantly show the catholic and unsectarian character of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, as well as the universal esteem with which our evangelist brethren are regarded by all sections of the Church of Christ in this country. A large number of influential laymen and Christian workers were present, among the best known of them being Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Cavan, Mr. Cowper-Temple, M. P., Mr. Alderman McArthur, M. P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., etc.

We only give those of the addresses containing interesting facts and statistics relating to the movement.

Rev. R. D. Wilson, of Craven Chapel, said a new spiritual glow had come into the hearts of many during the last four months. They had learned, too, that their cherished traditions had no more sanctity or authority about them than the new things, which startled some of them at first, but with which they had now become most blessedly familiar. It was too soon to speak of the results as a whole, but within the last three days he had met no less than twelve or thirteen distinct cases of conversion in consequence of the ministrations of the evangelists. He read the following extract from a letter he had received: "I feel it my duty and inexpressible pleasure to tell you that I and one of my brothers were converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings last week. Could you know my inner life for the past ten years, you would indeed say I have been plucked like a brand from the burning. I cannot cease to marvel at the greatness of my salvation." The mother of that young lady, said the speaker, had come to him yesterday,

and stated that for twenty-five years, with few exceptions, she had regularly attended the service of the sanctuary, but the happiest day in her Christian experience was the previous Sunday, when she sat with her converted daughter on her right hand and a converted son on her left. As the speaker told this affecting little story, we felt certain that the tear of joy gathered in many an eye, only we could not see for the mist that came across our own. He went on to say that we had never known what it was to "sing the Gospel" of Jesus Christ till our two brethren came. We could now understand how the sweetest tones could become the highest sort of Christian eloquence, in declaring to men the Way of Life. He would so far disobey the rule that no reference was to be made to the two evangelists, as to assure them that they would carry home to their American country the warmest love and heartiest esteem of the ministers and Christian people of this country. At this remark the pent-up feelings of the audience could no longer be restrained, and they burst out into loud and prolonged applause. We were extremely glad that the natural emotions of the congregation for once refused to be smothered by that false and frigid idea of decorum which obtains too much in our religious assemblies, and prevents the legitimate expression of the deepest feelings of the heart. But this is a digression. Mr. Wilson continued: "We shall not forget, when the Atlantic lies between their home and ours, at our family altar, at the place of secret meeting with our God, in our prayer-meetings, and in our Sabbath assemblies, to pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them there. And it will be a glad day for us all, if ever that day comes, when we shall hear from the other side of the Western Main the intelligence that they are coming again. Until then we shall continue to pray that, when God sees meet that they should come, they may come in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

Rev. Thomas Richardson, of St. Benet's, Stepney, said the effect of the meetings in the East End had been to make his church and congregation "enlarge the place of their tent, and stretch forth the curtains of their habitation." He would rather

wait for a year before he gave his testimony as to results, as there were many reasons why they should not now begin to count. But he had no doubt that thousands of souls would be recorded in their various chapels and churches all over London by next year. His district visitors had sent in to him formal returns, showing that of 1,008 families in his parish, 672, or two families out of every three, had attended the services at Bow-road Hall. Further, he had two direct testimonies that the attendances at the theatres of East London had sensibly diminished. Some of the officials of these theatres had given up the profession, and he had only to-day had an interview with one who was starting a different course. He had something too to say about the influence of the movement on the dock laborers. He had received testimony from several of the large docks that the men did not swear so much since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came; praise God for that. Besides, drinking was not so prevalent among the dockmen, and that was the kind of work that the world believed in. He had been privileged to attend every service in Bow-road Hall, and he would thank God to all eternity for it. He had seen the power of sympathy—that sympathy which brought Christ down to die for sinners. Sinners had felt its power, so they had stood up and declared they wanted to be saved. He had had the privilege of conversing personally with 450 anxious souls; his wife had spoken to 150, and his curate had spoken to 100. There were thus 700 souls whose names and addresses they knew, and to whom they had written. Formerly, he had an after-meeting once a month; now he had one every Sunday evening, and not a Sunday passed without some souls being gathered in. The direct results of the meetings were seen in his church, his wife's Bible-class, his young men's meetings, and among his district visitors. He urged the general adoption of the after-meeting, as being the key to the success of the services, and added that if the Spirit led him to adopt Mr. Moody's style of preaching he was going to do it.

Rev. Robert Taylor, of Norwood, gave some intensely interesting facts respecting what had transpired in the inquiry-room at

Camberwell-green Hall. He had to do what Mr. Moody called "police work" there, and in this capacity he was able to take a general view of the inquirers who, night after night, thronged the rooms. One or two things had struck him. First, the large number of old people who came as inquirers, and who went away as very young Christians. He was afraid that, in their anxiety to shut up and shut in the young, they had been in danger of shutting out the old. They had fallen into the unbelief of Nicodemus, who said, "How can a man be born when he is old?" But many blessed births of the old had been seen in the inquiry-room at Camberwell. He was also struck with the amazing variety of opinion—religious opinion and no opinion—represented. One evening he gave up his seat in the hall to a distinguished literary man, who lately wrote that "there was a Power above us that, at least, we know to be working for righteousness." One evening, in the inquiry-room, he met a young woman, and asked if she was anxious. Yes, to know if there was a God. Did she not believe it? Well, the sum of her belief was that "there was something above us." He could tell of a wife, deserted by her husband, who had been in such utter misery and agony that she had twice contemplated going to London-bridge to commit suicide. In that inquiry-room she was brought to faith in Jesus Christ and peace with God through the preaching and singing. Afterward she prayed so beautifully for her husband that the lady who conversed with her was deeply touched as she listened. She did not pray that he might be restored to *her*—now she did not care so much about that—but that God would bring him to *Himself*, and that they might be reunited in heaven. He could tell of several Roman Catholics brought to simple faith and sweet peace in Jesus. He could tell of a man who for twenty minutes hid his face from the lady who spoke to him, so deep was his distress and shame. He afterward told her how he was standing at St. Giles's, and tossed up whether he should go to the theatre or the meeting. It was "Heads the theatre, tails Moody and Sankey." It was tails. He went to the meeting, was led to go into the inquiry-room, and, as he described it in a letter to the lady

who was the means of bringing him into light, "She fought manfully with him for the Lord Jesus," and he went home a rejoicing believer. These were but few specimens of hundreds of cases he could quote, and when friends said to him the night before, with sad hearts, they were so sorry the meetings were over, he could only reply, "Yes, and I am so glad the work is so gloriously begun."

Rev. G. Flindt of Denmark-hill also spoke of the work in the inquiry-room at Camberwell. He said that one result of the services had been to increase the local congregations. In his own church they had, on several occasions, not had standing-room during the visit of the evangelists. He had learned this lesson: that if the ministry is to be useful, a personal Christ must be lifted up. A man in the inquiry-room had said to him, "It seems as if that man (referring to Mr. Moody) had his Friend quite close to him, and he was talking about him." Only eternity would reveal the good that had been done in the South of London. The night before, at the closing service, there were scores of anxious ones who came asking if it was possible to get a grip of the hands of the evangelists, and thank them for what had been told them about the Lord Jesus Christ; and tears of gladness flowed down many a furrowed cheek when they were asked to go home and tell God all about it, and thank Him for the messengers He had sent. One remarkable circumstance in connection with the Camberwell services had been in the attendance of a number of medical students from the various hospitals. Some of the medical men in the neighborhood had found time and opportunity to invite them to their houses to dine, and afterward had spoken to them about salvation. If only half a dozen young students were brought to Christ, what might not be the result when they were attending the sick-beds of those who should be committed to their care? The South London committee were one hundred strong, and they were going, by God's grace, to work shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in this blessed work.

Rev. Marcus Rainsford said he felt we were living in days which many had looked and longed for, but had not seen. He

thought that God had been working much more with the masses than the ministers. For his own part, he had learned much since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to London. Many prejudices had been broken down, many difficulties removed, and many a lesson learned that he would never forget. He had been taught by a costermonger how to preach the Gospel. He was talking to a costermonger one evening, and trying to show him the great salvation, when a bright-looking young fellow came up and quietly put him aside, saying, "Sir, I found Christ last week; I think I can talk to this man better than you." "Well, let us hear what you have to say." "I never heard such lingo," said Mr. Rainsford. "Now, Joe, s'pose it was all up wi' yer; mother starvin', wife starvin', children starvin', and the mackerel nowhere. S'pose I see yer lookin' very pale and sad and miserable; and, says I, 'Joe, here's a fat half for you.'" (I wondered what that was, but the other seemed to know all about it.) "I give it yer with all my heart. Away you go to Billingsgate and spend the fat half." (It means half a sovereign, and a sixpence means a "thin half.") "You get the mackerel, and bring it home; you get the money, and you bring home some bread; yes, there it be at home; now what would you say?" "I would say, 'Thank you; God bless you!'" "Well, say that to Christ, for He didn't give you the fat half, but the whole." And that was the Gospel as ably and spiritually preached, and as blessedly preached, as the Archbishop of Canterbury could preach it. After some further striking experiences, he expressed a hope that the work would go on after our brethren had left, and that many would be found to imitate their example in telling of Jesus to all around.

The Earl of Shaftesbury said, nothing but the positive command of Mr. Moody would have induced him to come forward on the present occasion and say but a few words in the presence of so many ministers of the Gospel. But as Mr. Moody had asked him to speak of what had occurred during the past four months, he did so with the deepest sense of gratitude to Almighty God that he had raised up a man with such a message and to be de-

livered in such a manner. And though Mr. Moody said they were not to praise him or his friend Mr. Sankey, yet if they praised God for sending them such men as these, they did no more than express their admiration of the instruments that He had raised up, while they gave Him all the glory. He had been conversant for many years with the people of this metropolis, and he might tell them that wherever he went he found the traces of these men, of the impression they had made, of the feeling they had produced, and of the stamp that he hoped would be indelible on many of the people. He could speak that as the truth as to many parts of London, and the lowest parts of London. Only a few days ago he received a letter from a friend of his, a man whose whole life was given to going among the most wretched and the most abandoned of the populous city of Manchester, and who spoke of the good that had been effected there by the preaching of Moody and Sankey. A correspondent in Sheffield had also written him that he could not satisfy in any degree the wants of the people; that they were calling out for tracts and something that should keep up the appetite that had been created. He said, "For God's sake, send me tracts by thousands and millions!" Even if Messrs. Moody and Sankey had done nothing more than to teach the people to sing as they did with energy and expression, such hymns as "Hold the fort, for I am coming," they would have conferred an inestimable blessing.

Mr. Sankey then sang the hymn commencing, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay," after which he said that when they got to their own country they would often sing this hymn again, and they trusted that God's blessing would accompany the singing of it. They asked their friends here to pray for them, and that the Lord would continue to bless them. They would be glad to hear from their friends here, and they trusted to hear that the work was going on.

Mr. Moody said he would ask them to spend a few moments in silent prayer, but before they did so, he begged to thank the ministers for the sympathy they had shown them in the past two years. They had had nothing but kindness shown them. He

also wished publicly to thank the committee, and also the stewards, who had manifested toward them nothing but kindness. He had also to thank the reporters for the press. He knew that he had made mistakes, but they had not reported his mistakes or his failings. In fact, they had all been kind. He also wished to thank the police for the considerate manner in which they had performed their duty. He had one favor to ask of them—he would not ask them to pass a resolution, for their hearts were worth more than a resolution—he asked them to pray for them, and to continue to pray for them as they had done for the last two years. He now asked them to pray for a short time in silence.

The congregation then bowed their heads, and, after the lapse of two or three minutes, audible prayer was offered, after which Messrs. Moody and Sankey hastily retired, in order to escape the painful ordeal of bidding so many of their friends a formal good-bye.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Farewell in Liverpool.

Turning reluctantly away from London where they had triumphed gloriously under the Great Captain Christ, they were received at the place of final departure from Great Britain, in the following manner :

About a quarter to three o'clock, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, with many well-known friends, were greeted by an audience that crowded every nook and corner of the Victoria Hall. The heartiness of the welcome found vent in a universal clapping of hands, which, however, Mr. Moody speedily stopped by a wave of his hand. Some kind friends had placed very beautiful bouquets of flowers on Mr. Sankey's organ.

The Rev. Mr. Aitken said he thought they could not meet in that hall without feeling that the departure of their dear friends for America very greatly enhanced the personal responsibility of all who called themselves Christians. The blessing which God had been pleased to shower upon His work in various parts of the land had put them on a vantage-ground, for they occupied a better position now than they ever occupied before in this land. He did not believe that the Church of Christ had ever occupied a better position in this land than it did at the present moment; and if that was so, their responsibility must be proportionately heavy. And if they allowed themselves to lose their vantage-ground and slip back into the dull routine of the past, they would have themselves to blame. The question before them was a very

practical one, and it was, How were they to push on the advantage? If they were really to avail themselves of the opportunity, they must expect further successes. He was apprehensive of Christian people allowing themselves to think that the period of reaction had come—that they had been having such great encouragement that for a little time they must rest on their oars. If they placed themselves in this attitude, they would have themselves to thank for it, if God turned the heavens above into brass, and made the earth as iron beneath their feet; therefore he felt it incumbent upon him to sound this note of warning. He thought that their attitude should be this: That they should thank God, and then rush on against the foe with fresh determination, believing that the victory was only commencing, and that inasmuch as God had given them a position of advantage, they must push it on and fight the battle out, until God in his own good time placed the crown of victory on their brow.

How was this to be done? God expected every one of them to come forward with the gospel of grace in their hearts; and if they realized their personal responsibility and went into the battle fully determined to win souls for Christ, England would very soon feel the results of their efforts. He desired to warn them against this season of revival being followed by a period of reaction. Before the present work closed, he thought that ministers of Christ, and also lay people, especially those who occupied influential positions, should ask themselves solemnly what were the permanent lessons which had been brought before them in this great movement. Mr. Moody had given himself up to the work of evangelization, and he (Mr. Aitken) could not help believing that the Church of Christ from a very remote period had practically ignored the evangelist's office. They had their local pastors, but he thought that the evangelist was more likely to be powerful in a locality where he was not permanently fixed than in his own country. If they were desirous to see God's work still carried on on a large scale, those whom God had in a large measure gifted with the power of the evangelist should consider whether they could give themselves entirely to the work.

He had done so, but he utterly disclaimed all credit on that score. He did not think he should have had the courage to take that step, but domestic circumstances had rendered it imperatively necessary that he should leave his flock in Liverpool. He had, however, long been convinced of this truth, that if a man was to be a practical evangelist, he must give himself over to the work; and he called upon God's people to take this matter into serious consideration, and say that the great work which had been undertaken must be followed up in all our towns and villages, for he believed that even the villages needed it more than the towns.

A great responsibility also rested on the ministers of Christ. In almost all the places where the wave of blessing had passed, there would be a large number of young converts who had given themselves over to God and wanted something to do. Their duty at this moment was to set all those young Christians to work. There were a great many ministers who fell into the mistake of trying to do all the work themselves. What was wanted to be done was to find specific spiritual work for those who had given themselves to God, and encourage them; and he wished to point out that unless this was done they must be the last persons to find fault with those extravagances which otherwise must develop themselves. If, instead of young converts being taken by the hand, they were left in the rear and not given any kind of encouragement, the result would be that they would either draw themselves up in their shells altogether, or rush into the opposite extreme.

It seemed to him that now was the golden opportunity; and unless they got their young Christians to work, they would have to regret it to the end of their days. If, after the departure of their American brethren, they resolved to have a holiday time of it, then good-bye to their usefulness, and God's blight would rest upon them instead of God's blessing; whereas, if they put themselves into God's hands, depend upon it this wave of blessing which had swept over the land was but the beginning of good things. He closed his stirring and practical address in the words of Wesley, which, he said, used to be sung at the close of his conferences:

"A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But send the mighty flood;
Awake the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God."

The Rev. A. N. Somerville spoke next, and it is not too much to say that the meeting was fairly electrified as "the old man eloquent" poured out the wealth of his declamation and illustration in a perfect torrent of burning words, accompanied by highly dramatic and expressive gestures. He said Messrs. Moody and Sankey did not want them to occupy time by throwing their arms around their necks and kissing them, but they had given them the motto, and that was to "advance." What, he asked, is our great encouragement? "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth; go ye therefore and teach (or disciple) all nations." Just before Christ ascended, He said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Judea and Jerusalem, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth." Why did the Lord Jesus tell us He had received all power? That He might confer power upon us. Mr. Somerville recounted the exploits of the mighty men in the days of the Judges, upon whom the power of God fell, and proceeded. The day has come when it will not do for us to remain within this little isle. Larger efforts must be made to proclaim Christ's name throughout the world. We read that Alexander the Great, while a young man (he died before he was thirty-two), crossed the Hellespont with only 35,000 infantry and 5,000 horsemen. He had provisions and money to last them only one month, yet they went forth and took possession of the world. What! Is Alexander the Great to be always spoken of as the only man who can do the like of this? Is Jesus Christ not strong? Why should we not gather round Him, and in the power of His Spirit take possession of the world? We must not only send out men to engage in this blessed work, but the whole Church must, by prayer and sympathy, by the voice of encouragement, and by liberal support, work together as one man for this great end. When I was in India, I felt that wherever I went I was borne up by the

sympathy and prayers of many dear friends in my own city of Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in London, and in many parts of the world besides, and I was strong through their sympathy. If a man is sympathized with and encouraged in that way, he will do twice as much as he would do otherwise. Mr. Somerville illustrated the power of sympathy by telling how Alexander the Great was traversing a desert with his followers, who were suffering greatly from thirst. Some one brought him a little water in a helmet, and as he was about to partake of the precious refreshment, he looked toward his followers, and seeing their sufferings, he refused to drink. His men were roused to action by the sympathy thus shown by their leader; they put their spurs to their horses, and sped on to a place where relief could be found. Speaking of the necessity of humility in Christian work, he quoted a beautifully apt simile, in the use of which he seems to excel. He said the Rhine, before it reached Basle, received no fewer than 1,200 tributaries. How was this? It was *by keeping at its lowest level.* If it had not, these streams would have flowed somewhere else. He roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement, that when he sat down they burst into applause, which no attempt was made to suppress.

Mr. Sankey then sang "My Prayer," a beautiful hymn of consecration. He prefaced it by saying that he would be able to go out and work better if we had the blessing of which the hymn told.

Dr. Barnardo then gave an address, in the course of which he said the question was frequently asked, "How shall we reach the masses?" He knew only of one answer: "Go and preach Christ to them." That must be the bait; but there must be something more than that. Not only must they preach Christ in His boundless love to a dying world, but there must be the hook —such an application of the truth as should enter men's hearts and draw them to the Saviour. What was the great prerequisite to success? It was given in the two words of our Saviour, "Follow me." That was the secret of successful service: there was no royal road; their brother Mr. Moody had no knack in it.

God help them to follow Christ, that they may be truly fishers of men.

Mr. Stalker, of Edinburgh, said he felt that the past two years had been years of great importance to the whole country, and would be remembered for many years to come as great years. One thing that had made them interesting and memorable was that religion had been made respected among the young men of the country. Young men had been apt to look down upon evangelical religion; but in the part he came from they dared not do that now, because, in all classes of the community, the very backbone of these young men had been won to Christ, and they were bearing themselves so in the ordinary business of life that it was impossible for those around them not to respect them. He never thought of this movement without his mind wandering away into the future; and he thought not only of the number of men who had been saved, but of the young men who were devoted to Christ going on in their various spheres—in the family, in social intercourse, in business, at the university, in their shops, as clerks, and in all the different walks in life—distinguishing themselves, and showing that their Christianity, instead of keeping them back, was helping them on; that their spiritual regeneration had been at the same time moral and intellectual regeneration; and that they were determined to be men in all the departments of life. He read often with pity the remarks made by some, of the weakness of those who took part in this movement. At the University of Edinburgh last April, there were only six or seven men who secured first-class honors, and three of these were head and shoulders in this work. Only one man got what was called a "double first," and that man he had heard addressing these revival meetings. That was the kind of revival of religion they were having now; and he thanked God for it with all his heart, for their preaching to young men was far more effective if they could show them that their religion was making them get on well in business, and do their business well, and come to the front in the ordinary walks of life. Let them seek to serve God by doing their work thoroughly, and at the same time, standing

on that vantage ground, exhort all their brethren to get that which had made men of them.

At the evening meeting, Mr. Moody spoke of Thanksgiving Day in America, the observance of which brings all the scattered members of the household together. We were strongly reminded of this by the great gathering of friends who had come from far-off parts of the country to be present at the farewell services and departure next day. Many who had taken an active part in the London services came down expressly to say good-bye to their evangelist brethren, and not a few had come from across the border, as well as the other English towns.

We have seldom had to record anything else but crowded meetings in connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, but this last evening meeting of all must have been—if that were possible—more crowded than any. As one of the local papers of next day puts it: "Every inch of space where a person could sit, or stand, or crouch, was occupied."

Mr. Sankey sang "I am praying for you," and before doing so he said: "When we are gone from among you, we hope that you will remember to pray for us, as we will surely remember to pray for you. Pray God that He may use us in our own dear land as He has used us here, and even more abundantly. May the blessing of God rest upon the singing of this hymn to-night."

Mr. Moody then commenced his address, and spoke for more than an hour, but to the very last there was the most rapt attention. By some means the gas could not be lit, and as the fading twilight deepened into darkness the scene became intensely solemn, as Mr. Moody's earnest and sometimes faltering words fell on the hushed and eagerly attentive multitude. At the close of his address he offered fervent prayer. He besought God's blessing on England and America, on the work among the young men, and on the ministers, his utterances anon being stayed by his evident emotion.

Mr. Sankey's voice found expression for the last time in the farewell hymn which he has sung at many of the towns visited, though not in London. As Mr. Sankey sang it, by the light of a

candle, to the justly popular tune of "Home, Sweet Home," the audience was much moved. It was the last time many of them will probably hear Mr. Sankey's voice, and we are sure none of those present will be able to forget it.

On Tuesday evening, after the general meeting, a few friends gathered at the Compton Hotel, and two or three hours were spent in an informal conversation on the subject always uppermost in Mr. Moody's thoughts—the best way to benefit young men—to conserve and utilize in the way of righteousness, for the glory of God and the good of men, the young manhood of Great Britain, America, and the world.

We believe that if one thing more than another will induce Mr. Moody to return to Great Britain, it will be the desire to weld together its Christian young men into a band of fellow-laborers, that, by the operation of the Spirit of God, shall be in the midst of many peoples as a dew from the Lord, and as a lion among the beasts of the forest. And to tell the truth, we expect that it will not be years before we see our brethren again among us.

The last service in England was held by Mr. Moody on the morning of their departure, so that we may say they left our shores "with their harness on their backs." Mr. Sankey was not present.

The hall was opened at seven o'clock, by which time considerable crowds had gathered at all the doors, and before Mr. Moody made his appearance at twenty minutes past seven there were some 5,000 or 6,000 persons in the hall. After praise and prayer, Mr. Moody read part of the first chapter of Joshua and twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus. He proceeded to give a short address to the young men, the first part of which was an earnest plea for a systematic study of the Bible and Bible characters, and for union with some organized body of Christians. He also urged on them the necessity of having some definite work to do, and not to attempt too many things at one time. "I have been wonderfully cheered," he continued, "during the past months by the tidings coming from Liverpool. I want to say from the depths of my heart, God bless you, young men. The eyes of Christendom are

upon you. Perhaps there has not been a place where the work has been so deep and thorough as the work here among the young men. I believe it was in answer to the prayers that went up for it when we were here six months ago. And now, as we cross the Atlantic, it will cheer us as tidings come that the young men are still advancing. Do not fold your arms and say, 'We will have a good time next fall.' God is just as ready to work in August as in July. If some have gone out of town on their holidays, the work should not stop; I think it is the best time to work when many are away. Every man ought to be worth the five or six that are away. Then the work will go on. The great revival at Pentecost was in the hot weather, and also in a very hot country. People think there cannot be any interest in the warm months; but if the prayer goes up to the throne, God does not look to see what month it is. He is as ready to bless in one month as in another. Let me give you the watchword we had yesterday afternoon—'Advance.' I hope there will be a fresh interest awakened in Liverpool as there has been in Manchester. I do not know of anything that has encouraged me more than to hear of the work going on in Manchester for the last six weeks. I hope Liverpool and Manchester will shake hands in carrying on the work, and let the lies of those skeptics who say it is only 'a nine days' wonder' be driven back. I cannot talk longer. I say from the depths of my heart, I love you; God bless you, and may the power of God come upon you this morning afresh."

After the hymn, "Free from the law," had been sung, Mr. Alexander Balfour said, "I do not know whether I am the proper person on behalf of this audience to say good-bye to our dear friend, Mr. Moody, and our absent friend, Mr. Sankey; but I feel that there must be some mouthpiece to say to them what we really do feel. We thank them from the bottom of our hearts and souls for what they have come here and done. Unless Mr. Moody had been a man like a cannon-ball for hardness of material, for directness of aim, and for strength of will, he could never have done what he has been privileged by God to do. His wisdom has been conspicuous in discovering this—that our young men in Liverpool

and elsewhere in this country have been greatly neglected, and in choosing them to be, for the future, not merely the recipients of God's grace, but the distributors of it. I do feel that Mr. Moody, in having given so much attention to our young men, has really done the right thing. Many know that Liverpool has been a curse to young men. They have come here and been led astray into all kinds of mischief and wickedness. How many broken hearts are there in this country because of the mischief done to young men in Liverpool! On behalf of the mothers and sisters of this country, I want to give Mr. Moody the most heartfelt vote of thanks that it is in my power to convey; and on behalf of thousands who shall be influenced by the young men in Liverpool, I want to convey to him the tribute of gratitude for what he has done. As President of the Young Men's Christian Association, I want to say this: That it is our purpose as young men to go on with the work; and, by God's grace, we shall not go back, but advance in our endeavor to do our duty before God and men."

Mr. Moody, in reply, simply said, "I will now shake hands with you all in the person of the President of the Association"; and the meeting having been closed, he returned to the Compton Hotel, surrounded by a large crowd, which sang, "Hold the fort," and the "Doxology" in the street in front of the hotel. Many of them lingered there during the hour and a half that elapsed before Mr. Moody, Mrs. Moody, and family, accompanied by a large number of friends, drove away to the landing-stage. They were followed by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitude. Mr. Sankey stayed at the residence of a friend, and so escaped much of the popular attention that Mr. Moody had to undergo.

A special tender was provided for the conveyance of the evangelists and their party to the "Spain"; and Mr. Sankey, who spent the night at Edge-lane, and most of the friends, went on board of it shortly before Mr. Moody. As Mr. Sankey passed across the landing-stage, upon which a large number of people had assembled, he was warmly cheered.

As Mr. Moody emerged from the hotel, a hearty cheer arose

from the crowd, and people rushed to the door of the cab on each side to shake hands with him, and bid him good-bye. The cab was, however, immediately driven away to the stage amidst renewed and warm cheering. For some time prior to the hour at which the special tender was to leave for the "Spain," people began to assemble on the Prince's pier and the landing-stage, and when Mr. Moody arrived, there were several thousands present. A wide strip of the stage was kept clear by the police for the party to walk to the tender, and as Mr. Moody went on board he was heartily cheered, which he acknowledged by bowing. When the company were all on board, the tender steamed away. As it passed down the river, the people upon the pier and the landing-stage cheered with increased heartiness, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. Their example was imitated by the people on the ferry-boats moored at the stage or crossing the river; and when the cheering had subsided, the people on the stage struck up one of the well-known hymns. The sorrowful countenances of many of the people showed that it was with no ordinary feelings of regret that they saw the evangelists going away.

The tender reached the "Spain" about an hour before the time for the ship to weigh anchor, and the interval was fully occupied in taking leave of the evangelists, and in receiving from them or conveying to them parting words of comfort and encouragement. Mr. Moody again urged those who have been his fellow-laborers in this and other districts to remain united, and to carry on the work with courage and determination; whilst on the other hand, there were very numerous expressions of the hope that a success equal to that of the last two years may attend the evangelists' labors wherever and whenever they may be resumed. Many of the leave-takings, from their intense earnestness, were very affecting. Only when the "Spain's" anchor was being raised, and the tender was upon the point of starting, could many of the friends tear themselves away. As the last of the people "for the shore" were leaving the ship, those who were already on board the tender sang the hymn, "Safe in the arms of

Jesus." As the "Spain" moved slowly down the river, the people in the tender, which was still alongside, cheered heartily, and the passengers on board the "Spain" replied with another cheer, and the waving of handkerchiefs and hats. As the "Spain" passed on ahead, the people in the tender sang the hymn, "Hold the fort," and afterwards the hymn, "Work, for the night is coming." Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey stood at the bulwarks of the "Spain" and bowed and waved their handkerchiefs until the two ships were out of sight of each other. Shortly before the tender reached Liverpool, prayer was offered up on board by Mr. R. Radcliff, and other gentlemen, for the safe arrival of the evangelists at their destination, and for the subsequent success of their labors, whether carried on in England or America.

PART IV.

A COMPLETE HISTORY

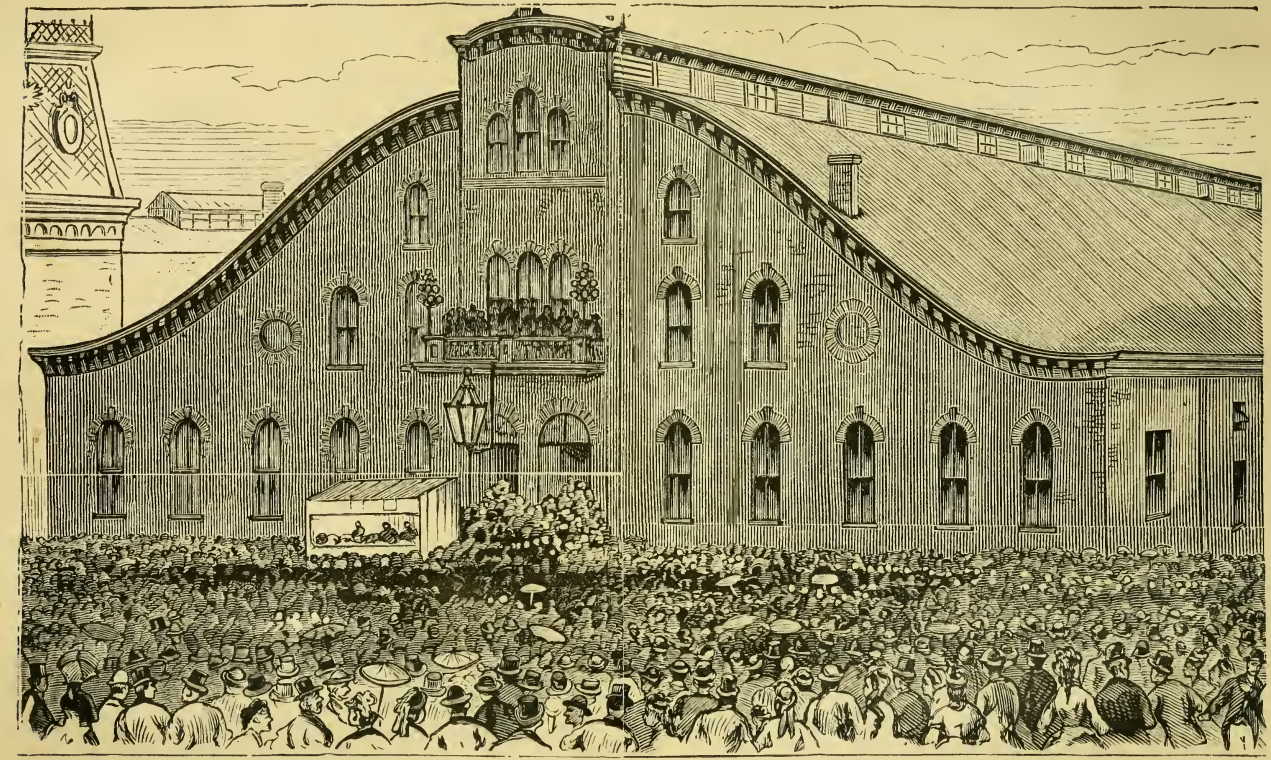
OF THE

CAREER AND WORK

OF

MOODY AND SANKEY,

IN AMERICA.



THE PEOPLE GATHERING AT THE RINK IN BROOKLYN

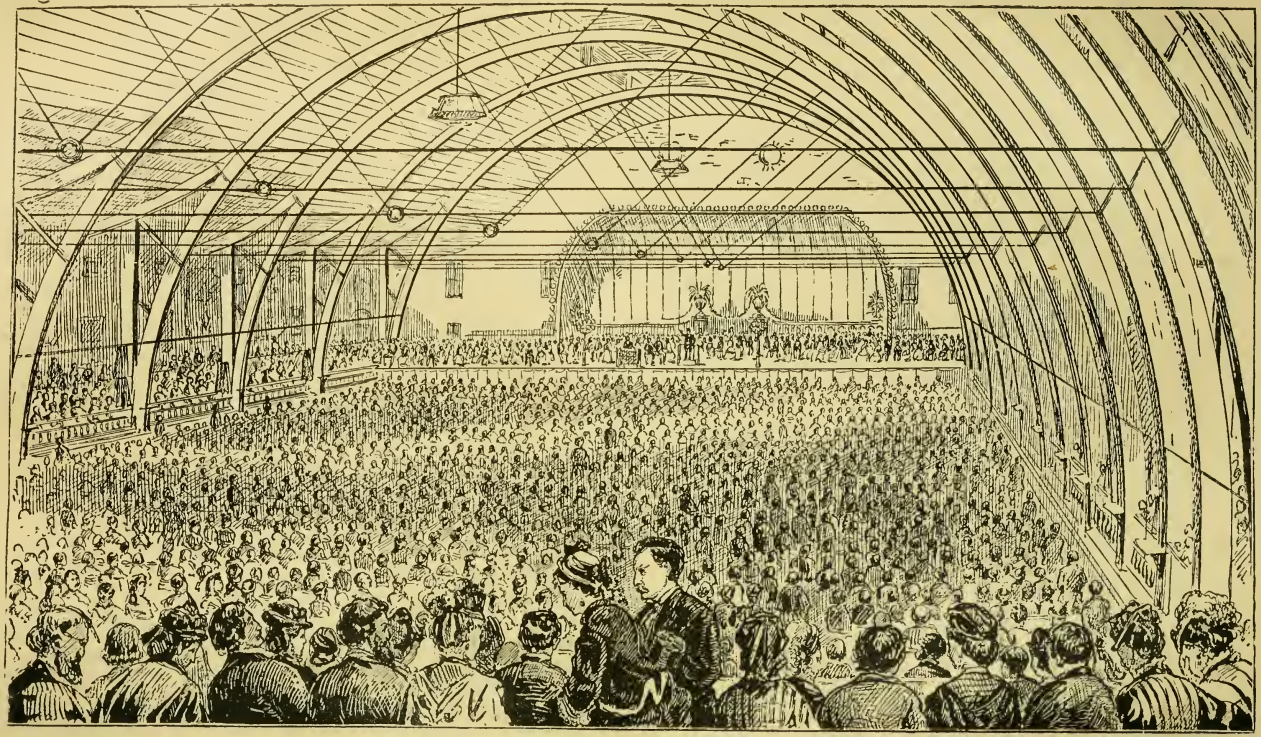
CHAPTER XXXVII.

Moody and Sankey in Brooklyn.

When their wonderful career was over in the old country, and they returned to their native land, these laborers felt the need of rest, and desired to greet once more their kindred from whom they had so long been separated. Mr. Moody proceeded at once to Northfield, Massachusetts, to the home of his mother, where he could rest, or gather strength for the work already marked out for him and his associate in America. For great expectations had been raised by their success abroad, and eager multitudes awaited their coming. While in Northfield, delegations visited Mr. Moody, requesting his services in various cities of the Union, whenever he felt able to resume the service temporarily laid aside. While reposing among the quiet scenes of his early days, the wants of the community pressed heavily on his heart, and his old neighbors were anxious to hear him preach again. He came among them as a conquering hero, bearing rich trophies and bright laurels. The pent-up fires of religious earnestness and fervor burst forth again, and he poured out his soul to the thronging multitudes, who gathered from far and near to hear the Gospel from his burning lips. The Unitarian pastor attempted to controvert and hinder him in his work, but was cast aside as a leaf before the whirlwind. The tidings flashed over the land that God was with his servants at Northfield, and raised expectation higher than ever. But there were some who doubted. They said, and with plausibility, that the songs were familiar here, and the direct address was characteristically American, and these men could scarcely interest and hold people as they had done abroad. The answer will be found stated in the compend we have made of the reports and editorials of the

press, for the benefit of our readers who may desire a record of these glorious events, that shall stir their hearts and show what God hath wrought. Mr. Moody, after long and careful consultation, resolved to visit Philadelphia first; but, upon urgent appeals from the City of Churches, he commenced there October 24, 1875. Money was freely subscribed and a perfect Union of Christians obtained. The services were arranged to be held in the Rink on Clermont Avenue, and prayer meetings, in Talmage's Tabernacle. The preaching on Sundays began at half-past eight, so as not to interfere with the regular church meetings. An afternoon preaching service occurred at four, and a meeting at nine P. M., for young men. From the journals we gather the events of the course of revival efforts, and arrange them in such order as may convey the best general view of the whole marvelous series, without stopping to quote the several sources of information.

All calculations with regard to the coming of the evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have been at fault. The numbers interested, the assistance at hand, the religious feeling awakened, have all been underestimated. This was not a result of mismanagement,—on the contrary, the management has been singularly good,—but a misconception of the depth and earnestness of the religious feeling which awaited the coming of the evangelists and stood ready at once to aid and to respond to their efforts. This religious spirit has been lately aroused in this country by various causes, chief among which we reckon the general trade and business depression which now, as always in the past, tends, while multiplying men's troubles, to quicken their sympathetic and religious feelings. The demonstration yesterday in Brooklyn was expected to be noticeable and earnest, but in its magnitude it has proved a surprise. The reputation won by Moody and Sankey abroad specially adapted them to lead in a general revival, and led all to anticipate a great following to hear them, but that three or four times the numbers in attendance would have to be turned away was wholly unexpected. And instead of an effort being required to awaken interest and arouse dormant feelings, it was soon



THE OPENING SERVICES AT THE BROOKLYN RINK.

discovered that the audience was as intensely earnest and sympathetic as the leaders themselves.

Some of the indications of this spirit, as betrayed at yesterday's meetings, are curious. The morning services were begun at half-past eight o'clock. Before six in the morning the crowd began to gather at the doors ; at eight o'clock over five thousand persons were seated in the building, and three thousand or more had been turned away for lack of standing room. In the afternoon twelve—possibly twenty—thousand were unable to gain admittance ; meetings had to be organized in neighboring churches (Mr. Sankey going from place to place singing his songs), while the sidewalks and house-stoops for blocks around were black with the constantly increasing crowd. Additional car-tracks had been laid by the street railroad companies to the doors of the building, and though cars were run at intervals of only one minute, many thousands had to wend their ways homeward on foot. The prayer with which the services were begun, though delivered by a minister whose manner is never impassioned and whose style is purely argumentative, was interrupted by frequent and fervent ejaculations from the audience, indicating the intense sympathy with the movement which existed. The songs of Mr. Sankey renewed and heightened these demonstrations, and the utterances of Mr. Moody raised the excitement, enthusiasm, religious fervor, as one may choose to call it, to the highest pitch.

These comments are founded on the reports of the first meetings, of which we have most glowing accounts, like the following.

It was early evident to the coldest and most sceptical person present at yesterday's services that the revival spirit was thoroughly aroused, and the people ripe for a great and enthusiastic religious demonstration. This feeling was manifested at the very beginning of the services, during the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Budington. Many familiar with the gentleman's manner thought that his selection for this duty was an error of judgment on the part of the managers. Dr. Budington has never made any claims to being a magnetic speaker. He is logical in style,

and his manner of delivery is polished but cold. His words would, probably, by their logical force, always keep for him the close attention of an intellectual assemblage, but they would not on any ordinary occasion arouse deep feeling or enthusiasm. Yesterday, before he had uttered half a dozen sentences of the prayer, fervent "amens" came from many lips, and there were other signs of profound emotion in the great throng.

The next opportunity which was offered for the display of this fervent and reverential enthusiasm was during the singing of the 120th Hymn by Mr. Sankey. Mr. Moody had said, immediately after reading from the Bible, "I am going to ask Mr. Sankey to sing the 120th Hymn alone"—a sharp emphasis on the last word. The instant hush of expectation as the great audience settled back prepared to hear something that should appeal to their hearts, was very marked, but as Mr. Sankey's magnetic voice and wonderfully expressive singing filled the great auditorium, the sympathy among his hearers grew and increased until it seemed as if, had he continued the sweet melody and earnest supplication, every person in the whole audience would have risen and joined with him in a grand musical prayer of mingled appeal and thanksgiving. The effect he produced was simply marvelous. Many responses, such as "Amen" and "Glory to God," were heard from all parts of the vast assembly, and at the close a great many men as well as women were in tears. Mr. Sankey's voice is a marvel of sweetness, flexibility, and strength. There is a simplicity about his vocalism which disarms the criticism that would apply to it any of the rules of art. It has a charm purely its own, which attracts and holds one with a power that is gentle but irresistible.

Mr. Moody's appearance during the delivery of his sermon was as one man standing in a sea of men and women. On all sides, and even in rear of him, were the assembled 5,000 persons, nearly all on a slightly lower plane than himself. Every one's attention was closely directed to him, and, in moments of intense utterance or emphasis of some religious truth, fervent responses came from every part of the room. And when, toward the

close of his sermon, he told his hearers that they must lay aside the world, its vanities, pleasures, parties, festivals, and its other gayeties, if they would "go up at once and take the land," the responsive "Amens," "Yes, yes," "Glory to God," and "Aye, aye," were very numerous, and came from every quarter of the auditorium. Mr. Moody's manner in the pulpit was not such as a trained elocutionist would use. He is evidently a man who in his diligent search for truths has made little study of forms. He is quick in his movements, and so rapid in speech that the swiftest stenographer present yesterday could not reproduce his language literally. He is earnest and vigorous in enunciation and gesture, and wholly without studied art. But as one listens, he becomes irresistibly convinced that an intense earnestness and unquestioning faith in the saving power of Christianity inspire the rugged, sinewy oratory of the speaker. Often neglecting a syllable and sacrificing a sound, not always correct in grammar or fluent in speech, he appears to the amazed listener a man who feels more than he can express, whose brain is big with great thoughts which speech—earnest and eager as Mr. Moody's language is—is incapable of expressing, and which, in their rapid delivery, tread so fast on each other's heels as to more or less mar each other's form.

The music is under the direct charge of Mr. Sankey. In accordance with his request the choir is composed of singers who are themselves Christians, and recommended by their pastors as such. It numbers 250 voices. There have been 500 names entered, so that there will always be a reserve force of as many more as are requisite from which to keep the ranks full. The singers have been undergoing several rehearsals, with a view to adapting themselves in various points of expression to the spirit of the words they utter. The last of these was conducted on Saturday night by Mr. Sankey. There will be one large organ to assist the choir and audience, and a smaller one upon which Mr. Sankey accompanies himself in his solos.

One of the papers said, near the close of the campaign: Moody and Sankey will advance upon Philadelphia, after their Brooklyn experience, as conquerors. There was great

anxiety about their success when they made their advent in Brooklyn a month ago. They had stirred up England and Scotland just before their arrival in this country; but still there were doubts whether the conditions here were as favorable as they had been there. The "evangelist" Varley and his assistants had carried on revival operations here last year, in the Hippodrome and elsewhere; but they were failures. Moody himself had worked among us with very slight results before he went abroad. Other revivalists had tried their powers in various places, and met with discouragement. But the very first meeting held by Moody and Sankey, on the 24th of last month, was a triumph, so far as it could be made so by the multitudes in attendance and the number of anxious inquirers. From then until now, the popular interest has not only been sustained, but has increased; and the meetings of the last two evenings, especially that of last evening, show that the revival is yet at its flood tide. It is from such scenes that Moody and Sankey go to Philadelphia. We are not surprised that the pious Philadelphians now look for great things, or that they expect a Pentecostal season without precedent in their city. We hope that, if they enjoy it, they will be the better for it, and that the fruits of it will be apparent to all observers.

Mr. Moody himself was not surprised at what was witnessed, for he said to the reporters: "I have nowhere found more impressionable audiences than in Brooklyn. In England, where I was successful, my friends counseled me against going into Scotland, saying that I could not move the cool, calculating spirit of the Scotchman; and when I started for Ireland, they told me that the volatile Irish were the last people in the world among whom I could labor with good results. But in both those countries there were as great awakenings as any I have ever seen. It made me think that hearts are the same all over the world."

"What has been the most encouraging feature of your reception in Brooklyn?"

"The union of the churches. All the clergy seem to be

working zealously and harmoniously and intelligently to carry on the work."

"And the most discouraging?"

"My inability to reach the great masses who ought to be saved. Still, they may be yet approached through the churches, for this movement has not stopped."

"Have you any estimate of the number of converts made?" asked the reporter, for Mr. Moody volunteers nothing to an interviewer.

"I have not one, and cannot make one. Many go to their own pastors, and do not come near the inquiry room, and many more of the wounded will be won if the work is carried on as it should be."

He said that he as yet felt no fatigue, and that he had been able to carry on four meetings a day in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for over two years, without breaking down. He expressed great satisfaction with the opening meetings, saying that he had never had a more encouraging outlook. Everything had been planned after the very best manner, and the indications of success were as satisfactory as any he had found abroad. The prayer meeting yesterday morning was more successful than he could have expected. In Great Britain these meetings were held at noon, but at no time was there a larger attendance than yesterday. Many of the meetings there had been overestimated in the numbers in attendance. He had yet to learn of a circumstance in this country that was unfavorable. In Brooklyn he had found a universal feeling of cordiality and support, and in all he had known of the other cities to which he and Mr. Sankey had been invited, there was the same unvarying encouragement. Some of the newspapers had stated that in New York there were some ministers who disapproved of their coming, but he had found the feeling there fully as universal and sympathetic as anywhere else. America differed in this respect from Great Britain. In the latter country he and Mr. Sankey were strangers, and many people regarded them at first from aloof, and it was only after they became better known and their work was understood that the

sentiments became cordial and the interest general. He therefore believed that a still greater work would be accomplished in the United States than on the other side of the Atlantic.

Said Mr. Moody: "I am the most overestimated man in this country. By some means the people look upon me as a great man, but I am only a lay preacher, and have little learning. I don't know what will become of me if the newspapers continue to print all of my sermons. My stock will be exhausted by and by, and I must repeat the old ideas and teachings. Brooklyn every Sunday hears a score of better sermons than I can preach. I can't get up such sermons as Drs. Budington and Cuyler and Talmage, and many others who preach here week after week. I don't know what I shall do."

It is interesting to note the interest excited by Mr. Moody in such men as Mr. Beecher, the prince of preachers, who said at one of his lectures, the impression he had gained in conversation with Mr. Moody was that the number of persons who had been converted from the outside world, while not inconsiderable, has not yet been large. This leaves the comforting thought, he added, that the greatest benefit of the meetings is yet to accrue. He spoke further, suggesting different methods to prolong the Christian meetings. He could not see how they could carry on the central meetings with continued success. If every church tried to be a little Rink, and everybody a little Moody and Sankey, they would fail because imitations were very inferior. Moody was no careless worker; no man had a more definite conception of the end he aimed at. "On last Saturday," said Mr. Beecher, "I had the pleasure of two or three hours' conference with Mr. Moody in my own house. I thought I saw the secret of his working and plans. He is a believer in the second advent of Christ, and in our own time. He thinks it is no use to attempt to work for this world. In his opinion it is blasted—a wreck bound to sink—and the only thing that is worth doing is to get as many of the crew off as you can, and let her go. All that is worth doing is to work and wait for the appearance of the Master, and not to attempt a thorough regeneration of a com-

plicated state of society. He thinks that Christ may come even to-morrow. I should be a burning fire all the time if I believed like that, but I do not say that I must believe like that to be a burning fire."

Mr. Nordhoff, an accomplished literary gentleman, wrote of the evangelists a capital review for the "Herald" from which we copy:

Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full, dark beard, rather small eyes and an active, energetic, but not nervous, habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful; his voice is unmusical, and indeed harsh; his enunciation is very clear, but somewhat too rapid, and can be heard and understood in every part of the Tabernacle or the Rink. In the latter place he has spoken to 7000 people. He gesticulates but little, and his gestures are evidently extremely unstudied. His style of speaking is entirely conversational, and hearing him perhaps a dozen times, I have never detected him in any attempt at eloquence. He is evidently, by his pronunciation, a Yankee, clipping some of the minor words in his sentences, as the farmers in the interior of Massachusetts do; but he has no "Yankee drawl." He speaks the language of the people, and has the merit of using always the commonest words; and that he had no early educational advantages is plain from his frequent use of "done" for "did" and other ungrammatical colloquialisms. In short, his appearance is not imposing; his figure is not graceful, but that of a farmer or hard-working laborer; his voice is not melodious, nor has it a great range; his language is not choice. His externals, therefore, are all against him.

In spite of all these disadvantages he has succeeded in attracting in England and here vast crowds day after day, which, at some of the Brooklyn meetings at least, are composed largely of cultivated people; he has, evidently, succeeded in interesting these crowds in what he has had to say; for nothing is more remarkable at the meetings than the absolute quiet and order, the attitude of interested listeners, which prevails among the audience. He has so entirely controlled his audiences that all

noisy manifestations of religious feeling have been entirely suppressed; and at the same time no one who has sat in the meetings at the Rink or the Tabernacle can have failed to see that Mr. Moody's manner of presenting his subject is to an extraordinary degree effective in moving the hearts of his hearers, in stirring devotional feelings, in producing a profound impression upon them of the importance of the message he has to deliver.

Indeed, it has been a common remark that the audiences were even more remarkable than Mr. Moody, for not only are they spontaneous gatherings; to some of the meetings admittance can be secured only by the presentation of a ticket, and these ticket meetings, where each person must be supposed at least to have had a desire to attend strong enough to induce him to take the trouble of securing a ticket, are as crowded as any others. Nor are convenient hours selected for the meetings. There is one from eight to nine in the morning, which yet has seen the Tabernacle filled with an audience, at least a third of whom were men. There is another at four o'clock in the afternoon, and again not less than a third of those present have been men. After the Rink meeting in the evening there has been held a meeting in the Tabernacle for young men exclusively, beginning at nine o'clock, and this, too, I have seen crowded, the large auditorium being on several occasions incapable of holding all who came. Nor is this all. Not the least remarkable evidence of the real and profound interest excited by Mr. Moody's exhortations is seen in what are happily called the "overflow meetings," composed of persons who could not gain admission to the regular meetings where Mr. Moody exhorts and Mr. Sankey sings, and who adjourn to a neighboring church to listen to some other preacher and to sing the songs which Mr. Sankey has made familiar to them. If any considerable part of the crowds who go to the meetings were composed of the merely curious these "overflow meetings" could not exist.

Nor is even this all. Mr. Moody does not hesitate to advise people to stay away from his meetings. He has repeatedly

urged that his labors are for non-church goers ; that he desires room left for this class, and he has taken special means to exclude from some of his meetings all who regularly attend a church—that is to say, he does not court his audiences, but the contrary. If you go to hear him it must be because you want to ; if you go the second time it must be because he interested you the first.

I have heard him a number of times, and always with interest and gratification ; and it seems to me that this arose mainly—aside from the interest which any thoughtful man may have in this subject—because he gives the impression of possessing remarkable common sense, the clear head of a business man, and a habit of attending to the one thing which he has on hand and making all parts of the audience do the same. The meetings are opened and closed promptly at the preappointed hour ; there is not even a minute of time lost during the meeting by delays ; his own prayers are brief, very earnest, and directly to the point ; and his exhortations are a running commentary on passages of Scripture which he reads rapidly, always asking the audience to turn to the passage. Indeed, so far as Mr. Moody is concerned, there is little or no " machinery." He opens a meeting as though his audience were the stockholders of a bank to whom he was about to make a report. He has the air of a business man to whom time is extremely valuable, and slow and tedious people are evidently a trial to him. In some of the prayer meetings persons in the audience take an active part ; and it happened not seldom in those that I attended that some earnest but indiscreet soul made a long and rambling prayer. Mr. Moody knew how to bring back the assembly to the strict object of the hour. In one of the morning meetings a clergyman made a very long, loud, and rambling prayer, full of set and stale phraseology. The moment he ceased Mr. Moody said, " Let us now have a few minutes of silent prayer ; that will bring us back to ourselves, and that's where we need to get." After a brief but impressive silence Mr. Sankey spoke a few words—pertinent, pointed, and forcible—of prayer, and the meeting proceeded.

I hope I shall not be thought disrespectful to the clergy if I say that the prayers some of them speak at these meetings contrast unfavorably with the brief and pertinent petitions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The formal and thread-bare phraseology of the former is strikingly inappropriate in such meetings as these, and seemed to me often to jar painfully on the feelings of the people around me.

Again, in one of the morning meetings prayers were asked by various individuals in the audience for people in whom they are interested. One asked the prayers of the assembly for his sister; another for her brother; one for her mother; sons for fathers; fathers for sons and daughters; wives for husbands; one for a church out of town; another for a church in New York. Finally a man shyly asked the prayers of the congregation for himself. Instantly Mr. Moody said, "That's right. I like that. I like to hear people ask prayers for themselves. That's where they are often most needed." Such an incident seems to me to show that he is not an enthusiast who has lost his self-possession; and indeed this is evident at every meeting. He is, of course, enthusiastic in his work, but with the sobriety of a business man or of a general in battle.

Again, he is never in the least afraid of his audience. Indeed, no one can hear him without feeling that he is entirely unconscious, as much so as a child. His own personality does not trouble him. Thus at the Rink one evening, while impressing upon the assemblage the importance of immediate conversion, he said: "I wish that friend over there would just wake up, and I'll tell him something which is important to him." And again, at another meeting, he said: "Salvation is offered to every man in this Rink, now, to-night, at this very moment; to that man there, who is laughing and jeering—the Son of Man comes to him to-night and offers salvation."

Though he aims to reach more particularly the non-church-going population, he concerns himself also about church-goers. "The churches," he said on one occasion, "need awakening; it is too easy now to be a church member. If you pay your

debts and keep out of jail, that seems to be enough." At a meeting for young men, held at nine o'clock P. M. in the Tabernacle, he said, "You don't need that I should preach to you. There is too much preaching. It's preach, preach, preach, all the time; and you, young men, have heard sermons enough here in Brooklyn to convert every one of you. What you need is to work among yourselves. Let the converted speak personally with the unconverted—friend to friend. Then you'll see results."

He has a good deal of dramatic power, and sometimes is very effective in a natural but strong appeal or statement. "When the prisoners at Philippi with Paul cried Amen," he said, "God himself answered them Amen!" Speaking of the probability that we forget none of the events of our lives, and that this is, perhaps, to be a means of punishment in a future state, he pictured an unrepentant sinner awakening in the other world, and his misdeeds coming back upon him. "Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!" he said, suiting the action to the word. "Do you think that Judas, after nearly 1,900 years, has forgotten that he betrayed his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver? Do you think that Cain, after 5,000 years, has forgotten the pleading look of his brother Able when he slew him?" he continued. In speaking of Bible incidents or parables he usually brings them in a dramatic form—as when he remarked, "If I want to know about some man in Brooklyn I don't ask only his enemies, nor only his friends, but both. Let us ask about Christ in this way. I call first Pilate's wife"—and relating her warning to Pilate went on to call other witnesses to the character and works of Jesus.

He has made an extremely close study of the Bible, and is evidently that formidable being, a man of one book, and thus he is able to give often a novel view of a Bible passage. Thus, speaking of Jacob, he remarked that his life was a failure; pointed out that Jacob himself had complained of it, and enumerated his tribulations, which followed his misdeeds. He enforced upon the audience the necessity of reading the Bible biographies not as though they were the lives of saints, but the truthfully written lives of mortal men, in which their bad as well as their good deeds were set forth for our instruction.

He has in perfection that faculty of epigrammatic statement which one often finds among the farmers and laboring people of New England, and this has sometimes the effect of humor. Thus, preaching at the Rink from the text, "Where the treasure is, there the heart will be also," he remarked: "If you find a man's household goods on a freight train, you may be pretty sure to find him on the next passenger train." On another occasion he told of a woman who came to him saying that she had sought Christ without avail. "I told her there must be some mistake about this, because an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour could not need three years to find each other." Speaking of persons who were ambitious to make themselves prominent, he remarked: "It does not say, make your light shine, but let your light shine. You can't make a light shine. If it is really a light it will shine in spite of you—only don't hide it under a bushel. Let it shine. Confess Christ everywhere." "Satan got his match when he came across John Bunyan," he remarked. "He thought he had done a shrewd thing when he got the poor tinker stuck into Bedford Jail, but that was one of his blunders. It was there that Bunyan wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and no doubt he was more thankful for the imprisonment than for anything else in his life."

Speaking of the goodness of God and of "grace abounding," he told a striking story of a rich man who sent to a poor friend in distress $25 in an envelope, on which he wrote, "More to follow." "Now," said he, "which was the more welcome—the money or the gracious promise of further help? So it is with God's grace; there is always more to follow. Let us thank God, not only for what he gives us, but for what he promises—more to follow." Contrasting the law and the Gospel, he said. "Moses, in Egypt, turned water into blood, which is death. Christ turned water into wine, which is life, joy, and gladness." Speaking of future punishment in one of his Rink sermons, he said, "God will not punish us. We shall punish ourselves. When we come before God He will turn us over to ourselves. Go and read the book of your memory, He will say." Urging the duty of immediate repentance and the joy in heaven over a

repentant sinner, he said, "If the President should die to-night, or if the Governor of the State should be shot, that would make an outcry here. But perhaps even so great an event would not be mentioned in heaven at all. But," said he, raising his voice a little, "if some sinner in this assembly were just now converted, there would be a great shout of joy in heaven." Dwelling upon the certainty of future punishment, he remarked. "Some people doubt it; they think God is so loving that He will make no distinctions in another world. But do you imagine that when men had become so wicked that God sent a flood to exterminate them because they were not fit to live on earth—do you suppose that when the waters came and drowned them, He took all this wicked generation into his bosom and left poor righteous Noah to drift about in his ark? Do you suppose that when His chosen people crossed the Red Sea, and Pharaoh's host were drowned, God took those idolatrous Egyptians directly to heaven and let the children of Israel wander miserably over the desert for forty years?"

Speaking of the real objects to be attained by prayer, he said, "If you have a thorn in your foot, you are to pray, not that God shall relieve you of the physical pain—He can do that too—but what you are to ask Him for is grace and strength to bear the pain patiently. We should thank God for our tribulations; they are sent to us as blessings; they bring us to Him." Again, "Many things we want God knows are not good for us; if He gives them it is that we may learn through suffering; if He withholds them it is because He loves us." Again he said, "Suppose a man going from here to Chicago, who knows me and my wife. When he gets there he goes to see her, and he says, 'I saw Mr. Moody in Brooklyn.' And then, when she is naturally anxious to hear all about me, suppose he goes on to speak about himself, to tell her how he felt on the cars and where he stopped, and what he said and did and ate. Would not she presently tell him that it was not him she wanted to hear about, but me?" Nor is he backward in impressing upon those who listen to him their own responsibility. "People attending these meetings during these two weeks," he

said, "will be either better or worse. They will not go away the same men and women. If I did not want to be a Christian do you think I would ever go where the Gospel is preached? If any of you have made up your minds not to be Christians I advise you to get up and go out at once. It is not safe for you to be here."

I do not know whether these passages which I have given from Mr. Moody's exhortations will seem to those who read them as forcible as they were to me who heard them. I took down at the time what appeared to me his most striking utterances, as the best way of showing wherein his power over his audiences consists. That he is a man of genuine power there can be no doubt. He has gathered, and held in silent attention, and deeply moved, some of the largest assemblies that any speaker has addressed in America; at least in our day. For my part I do not doubt that his words have left a lasting impression upon a great many men and women. And he has done this without frantic or passionate appeals; without the least of what we commonly call eloquence. He has none of the vehemence of Peter Cartwright or Elder Knapp, and he possesses none of the personal advantages or culture of an orator. Instead of all these he has a profound conviction of the reality of the future life; a just idea of its importance compared with this life and of the relations of the two, and an unhesitating belief in the literal truth of the Bible. It is, of course, his own deep and earnest conviction which enables him to impress others.

Mr. Sankey has an effective voice, a clear pronunciation, and, I should think, a quick ear to catch simple and tender melodies. His singing was, I suspect, more effective and affecting in England than here, because the hymns he sings were not as familiar to his English hearers as they are to Americans, most of whom have been brought up in Sunday schools, or have heard their children sing their Sunday-school hymns at home. He is evidently a favorite with the Rink and Tabernacle audiences, and he has a pathetic and sympathetic voice. But to me the main figure is Mr. Moody. Of course a daily paper is not the place in which to discuss his theology,

even if I desired to do so. Those to whom his creed is false or offensive need not go to hear him. But as to the general tendency and usefulness of his work, it seems to me clear that if there is a future life, it is useful to have it and its relations to the present life sometimes brought vividly before men and women actively and anxiously engaged in the daily struggle for bread. Mr. Moody addresses himself to a multitude thus absorbed; his exhortations raise them for a time out of themselves, out of sordid cares and engrossing pursuits, and present to them in a vivid, epigrammatic, often pathetic, always simple and natural way, the greatest questions and interests which can be brought to the consideration of a being gifted with immortal life. It is surely a great merit to do this, and to do it as these "evangelists" do it—calmly, without mere passionate appeals, without efforts to capture the imagination of their hearers, and without noisy or disorderly demonstrations among their hearers.

Turning, now, from this thorough and just estimate of these men to the results of their labors, we find many incidents of thrilling interest. The requests for prayer at the morning prayer-meetings revealed the universal awakening that has seized upon the whole people; and they also exposed the pitifulness of our human condition, by unveiling the vast variety of needs pressing on the hearts of myriads of sufferers. Says one report:

The requests for prayers exceeded in number those of any previous day. There were twenty-five for cities and towns, twenty-seven for revivals in churches; one for the evangelists now laboring in Minnesota, one for the Oswego State Normal School, one for a young ladies' boarding school; eight for Sunday-school classes; six for Sunday-schools; four clergymen for themselves; seventeen for drunkards; and four hundred and forty-seven for different persons, many being from parents for wayward sons and daughters, and from wives for their husbands. Mr. Moody then offered prayer.

Mr. E. W. Hawley then read requests as follows, all heads being bowed in silent prayer during the reading. Requests for a sceptic 88 years of age, who will not hear of Jesus; for a father,

three sons and a daughter ; for a daughter, father and mother sixty years of age ; for four sons and one daughter ; for two young men yesterday in the meeting in the church ; for a young lady who is a backslider ; for a mother who is sick ; for a daughter and son ; for a wife, husband and three daughters ; for a sister and three brothers ; for a person sick, that he may be kept from temptation and doubt ; for a young man, an only son ; for a sick mother ; for a brother that he may be restored to health ; two requests for backsliders ; for a person very sick, that he may be kept from temptation and doubt ; for a young man, an only son ; for an organized band of praying young men ; a father for himself and six of his family ; a wife for a husband given to strong drink ; four requests for church members who have an appetite for strong drink ; three requests for an aged mother ; for a friend in danger through strong drink ; three requests for husbands and wives ; four requests for unconverted husbands ; two requests of mothers for health of their sons ; for one who feels if she delays longer she will be shut out from God's grace ; a widow for six children ; for a husband and father bitterly opposed to attending church ; for sixteen young men by class-leader ; a request for wives given up to the intoxicating cup ; four requests for fathers from sons ; one for a nephew ; a father and mother for seven sons, two of them intemperate.

The reports brought into the morning meetings indicated the immediate results of the work : A woman came into the inquiry meetings broken hearted. She was a wife and a mother. After she had laid hold on Christ herself, she wanted us to pray for her husband and children Last evening she came in, leading that husband by the hand. That man got up and said he would accept Christ. This mother, six months ago, received a letter from her mother in England, asking that when our American friends (Messrs. Moody and Sankey) came to America, they would come to their meetings. Another letter was received from Scotland by an infidel from his mother. He last night came to the inquiry meeting. I talked with him. He had a fearful struggle. He was a civil engineer. For a good many years he had roamed around the world, preaching

against Christ. He did not believe that he preached. It was the devil in him. He was on a vessel in a storm, and as they thought the ship was going down, he, like a poor coward, fell on his knees in prayer. But after the storm he forgot it. For the last two days this man has been in terrible agony. He said: "I am in terror; my heart is broken. I'll lay down the weapons of my rebellion. I'll write to my mother in Scotland about it to-morrow." Keep on praying.

At the inquiry meeting there were two or three hundred seekers, many of them youths of from twelve to sixteen years of age.

A curious scene was observed at the entrance of the chapel of the Simpson M. E. Church. A man and woman of middle age and well dressed, coming down Willoughby avenue with the throng after the services in the Rink, stopped at the gateway in front of the chapel. After a moment of hurried, earnest conversation, the man stepped backward away from the woman toward the chapel steps, all the time looking reproachfully at her. He mounted the steps and was about to cross the threshold when the woman stepped quickly forward and, putting her face between the iron bars of the fence, said, in troubled tones: "I will not go in that place; you shall not; come away at once." She walked hurriedly away and the man followed.

Yesterday, at our Sunday-school, in place of the usual closing exercises, we invited the scholars to remain for a prayer-meeting. Five hundred remained. Twenty rose and asked for prayers, and seven, we think, found peace in believing. Last evening at the Rink very many souls were brought to Christ. In the inquiry-room it seemed as if all on each side of me were anxious to find Christ. Going home last night, as I walked down the street, I talked with three young men.—one of them was anxious, but hesitated. I said to him, "You can be converted before you reach yonder lamp-post, if you will." When within twelve feet of it he stopped still, and after a struggle said, "I will," with intense feeling. I turned to his companion, and after a struggle he said, "Yes, I too." The third companion still remained. We knelt down with him around the lamp-post,

and after a prayer he accepted Christ. The presence of God was felt in this city yesterday. Thanks be to His Holy name.

A man in the gallery said he wanted to say a word of encouragement. In the Rink a man sat before him, singing with a strong voice—a fine looking gentleman. Something said to me: "I must speak to that man. It was an effort. With trembling voice I said: "Are you a Christian?" "No; I can't say I am." I asked him to go to the inquiry-room. He said "No; it is to conspicuous." I said, "I'll go with you; people won't know which of us is a sinner." He said, "Perhaps, presently." I said, a few moments after, "Presently has come." He went with me, sat down and talked with me, and in one half-hour had given himself definitely to Christ.

Last night at the Rink I went to get a lady to come to the inquiry-room. I sent a lady to go for her daughter. She said, "I can't leave here at present." The lady who went for the daughter said, at the close of the Rink meeting, she felt so impressed that she must pray for some one who would not come to the inquiry-meeting. She rose up and prayed in the body of that church. Pretty soon the daughter came running into the church, almost out of breath, and said, "Your prayer has reached me. Nothing had ever reached me before your prayer." The mother also said, "Your prayer saved me;" and they sat down there and all were blessed together.

A man rose and related the conversion of a soldier with an empty sleeve, and a badge on his breast, revealing the shattered remnant of a noble man. His parents were members of the Reformed Church of Kinderhook. He came out of the army a drunkard. His wife and children returned from Sunday-school one day, and his little girl said to him, "Jesus loves you." He pushed her away in anger, and rushed out to a drinking saloon to drink. Just as he was putting the glass to his lips, a little girl rose, as if in a mirror, before him, and he seemed to hear ringing in his ears, "Father, Jesus loves you." He dropped the glass, and rushed out, and walked the streets all night in agony. He went home and said to his wife, "Betsy, I want you to pray for me." This man is now

laboring every day in Water street, New York, trying to save the lost drunkards there, without pay for his service.

Mr. Moody then related, in closing, a very affecting incident of the reconciliation of a prodigal son and stern father at the bedside of a dying mother, whose last act in expiring was to place their hands in each other's clasp. The story was so feelingly told that a spell of suppressed emotion seemed to sway the vast audience, and when Mr. Moody said, "Let us pray," while the people were silently communing, Mr. Sankey's voice plaintively breathed forth, "Come home, prodigal child." The spell was broken, and there was a wail of passionate weeping; the grief of the young man particularly, who sat near the platform, becoming almost uncontrollable. Mr. Moody noticed this at once, and checked the excitement by stopping Mr. Sankey at the end of the first verse, asking the audience to rise and sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

The self-restraint and the genuineness of Mr. Moody's work was never more signally displayed than in this slight circumstance. He might have allowed the excitement to have swept on till it became a religious frenzy, which would have been the case in a few minutes, and many mistaken religious leaders would have done so for the mere gratification of their own love of excitement. But Mr. Moody, realizing that mere excitement is not healthy, checked it, while that was possible, leaving to the influences of the Holy Spirit the completion of the work which had evidently commenced in many hearts.

Rev. Mr. Dixon, a colored minister, of Concord Street Baptist Church, said Friday morning the Lord touched him in the Rink, while Mr. Moody was preaching about Daniel, and he got up and ran home to his closet, and he was obliged now to ask the Lord to stay his hand, he was so full of the joy of the Lord.

The brother of Orville Gardner arose and said that Orville said to him, "Though I am a cripple and cannot walk, go and fight for Jesus." God is in Brooklyn and He will shake this place from top to bottom if we only trust in Him.

Rev. Mr. Murray related the conversion of a man of intellect

and character and a very dear friend, who was addicted to strong drink. The speaker invited him to go to the Rink meeting to hear Mr. Moody. He said: "I'll do it for your sake." He went and God touched his heart. On his way home he resolved he would crush his appetite and curb his profanity, and set up his family altar there for the first time in the history of his family. He met me the next day, and embraced me with tears of thankfulness that I asked him to go to the Rink meeting. We don't know what results come from little things. He asked me to come here this morning and ask you to bear him up in your prayers.

A young man in terrible agony and tears said he wanted to find Jesus. We told him how the best we could. He left the place greatly relieved. The next night he came to the platform with his face shining with joy. He went for his younger brother, and he was the next day rejoicing in Christ. Another young man came to the meeting at the Rink, and could not get in. He wandered around and went to the Dutch Church adjoining, which was empty. About nine o'clock the young man came into the young men's meeting and I prevailed on him to stay. That night God spoke to his conscience. He did not believe in anything. He went away saying that he would pray for himself. The next night he came and said, "Pray for me." Last Thursday morning, you may remember, I made a request for a young lady sick of consumption, asking that her pains might be relieved. God told me to rise that morning and make request, which I did. Friday morning her pains left her. She rose from her bed, made her little bequests of money and gifts to benevolent objects and friends. She sat up on her couch all through the evening, talking, with her mind perfectly clear. Pretty soon her senses left her, one by one. She says, "It is all dark now. I can't see, but it is all bright over there." Pretty soon she said: "I can't hear now. But Christ is here, all here; doubts are gone." At 1.30 A. M., Sunday morning she went to her rest. That prayer last Thursday morning for this sick young lady was answered. All through the last week I was praying for my own son, eighteen years old, my son

Walter. He attended meetings at the Rink several times without much feeling. He last night came out of the inquiry room with brother Sankey, relying on Jesus.

In the Simpson Church occurred a number of singular scenes. Inquirers and all who desired entrance were first directed into the main auditorium. A continuous stream of people poured in from all entrances, front and rear. Mr. Moody took charge of the meeting, and while the throng were crowding in, a number of hymns were sung. When the church was thoroughly full, Mr. Moody asked those who were inquirers and who were really in earnest about their salvation to pass into the inquiry room while the audience sang, "Just as I Am." Immediately the singing commenced, two long processions filed through the two doors into the chapel. They were composed principally of young men. After the inquirers had retired, Mr. Moody asked all who were Christians to rise. Very few were left sitting. While a hymn was sung, he went down an aisle and spoke to a few of these, and then after leaving the meeting, to continue as a prayer meeting, went into the inquiry room. The number of inquirers dealt with was estimated to be from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. A number of Mr. Moody's Christian helpers dealt with many of these. About fifty gathered about Mr. Moody himself, to whom he made plain the way of life. Among his coadjutors at present is Mr. Needham, the well-known Irish evangelist. Mr. Needham, as we announced, was to have sailed on the Spain on Saturday for Europe. His family were placed on board, and everything had been prepared for travelling, when about noon Mr. Moody and Mr. McWilliams came to endeavor to persuade him to remain and assist the Brooklyn work. He took two hours to pray about it, and concluded to stay. His visit abroad is therefore indefinitely postponed, perhaps until next summer. He has now no plans for the future, and will simply follow divine guidance. He will take charge of one of the overflow meetings, and in other ways aid Mr. Moody.

The Christian workers present last night were jubilant. One word was on many a tongue—"It's grand." An old gen-

tleman said: "The ice is broken." Dr. Duryea says a young man of his acquaintance, of very fine culture and wide reading, came to him, took his hand, and said: "Doctor, I'm going." He was the first to rise in the main auditorium when Mr. Moody called upon inquirers. He had read German writers on metaphysics, and become befogged and verging on Universalism, but Mr. Moody's sermon went home, and broke sunlight through the vapor and mystification in his mind. Cheering instances like these occur and attest the force of divine truth, while they uplift the courage of Christian laborers.

Many people ask, "How many people have been converted by the special services that are being held?" and they want to measure the good done by an arithmetical calculation. So many sermons preached, so many prayers offered, so many hymns sung, so many people gathered at the services, and so many converted, is the rule which some who do not understand the nature of religious work seek to apply. The number of conversions will probably never be known; certainly, it is not important that any accurate statement of this part of the work should now be made. There are, however, some questions which we have a right to ask. Are the Christians of Brooklyn being stirred up to holy enthusiasm and consecrated service? Is there any general awakening among the church members? Do they hear the call of the Master to go out into the highways and hedges—into the dark places of the city—to compel by their loving entreaty and earnest counsel the hardened and ignorant and depraved and self-righteous to come and listen to the good tidings of salvation? These are questions that may be asked, and to which answers in the affirmative can now be given. The churches of Brooklyn were never more alive to their responsibilities than now, and this gives hope that a genuine revival has already commenced, the ultimate result of which may not be estimated, and will never be known.

One of the most hopeful and encouraging features of the Brooklyn special services, conducted by the Messrs Moody and Sankey, has been the united and perfectly harmonious action of the ministers and laymen of all denominations of Christians.

Frequently may be seen thirty or forty of the city pastors gathered around the platform in the Tabernacle at the morning prayer-meetings, and all ready to do their utmost towards increasing the interest and success of the services. All minor differences have sunk into obscurity in view of the great work which is being carried on ; and there is no thought of sectarianism in the heart of any man or woman actively engaged in the work of winning souls. This union spirit was, it will be remembered, also a leading characteristic of the revival movement in Great Britain.

Another feature of blessing is an increased use of the Bible by the attendants, who are constantly urged and inspired to its study by the speaker's appeals and example.

Mr. Moody's habit of Bible study has been for the past five years to rise at five o'clock and give an hour in the early morning to the study of the Bible. This is one secret of his great Bible knowledge.

Mr. Moody's Bible is an interesting book. It was given him by a friend, and bears on the fly-leaf the words : " D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872.—'God is love.' W. Fay." The Bible is an 8vo volume, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. Though given Moody in the last month of 1872, it appears as if it might have seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn through with handling. But nearly every page gives another and more positive proof of the study Mr. Moody has given the Book. In the Old Testament many portions are annotated on nearly every page. Especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament, open the book wherever one may, the pages are marked and annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. Sometimes certain words are underscored ; again a whole verse is inclosed in black lines, with mysterious numbers or a single letter of the alphabet marked opposite. All around the margins and at the chapter-heads are comments on certain passages—an idea embodied in two or three words, with the more important word underscored. Turning to the texts of the sermons Mr. Moody

has preached in Brooklyn, one finds the burden of his themes often embodied one of those marginal notes. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be counted; while in some instances every space in the margin is filled, and hardly a sentence has escaped the evangelist's pen.

In combating men's trivial objections he said; one of the worst excuses is the old Bible. Of all the sceptics that I have ever heard talk against the Bible, I have yet to find the first one that has ever read it from back to back. They read a chapter here and there, and lay it down and say it is dark and mysterious to them, and they don't understand it, and they never will understand it until they are spiritually minded, for its truths are spiritually discerned. No unrenewed man can understand it. What he can know is that he has sinned. Everything tells you that in your experience in life. Your restless spirit and anxious soul, whether you acknowledge it or not, prove it. You can know from the Bible that Jesus Christ came to save you, a sinner, and prove it by trying it.

The Bible *ought to be read right through.* It is only then you can know the music, the swell, the cadence, the rapture and sorrow, the triumph and the tears, of God's Word. What would you know of your boy's letter, if you were to read the superscription on Monday, to look at the signature on Friday, and read a little in the middle of it three months afterwards? I get tired toward the end of July and I go away to the mountains. I take the Bible with me; I read it *through*, and I feel as if I had never seen the book before. I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it. It is so new, so rich, so varied, the truth flashing from a thousand unexpected and undiscovered points, with a light above the brightness of the sun. And that summer reading of the Bible is what I call tuning the instrument.

If anybody does not believe the Bible, he has never read it through; he may have read a little here and there, with general commentaries and criticisms between, but he has not read the whole. Once two men said, "We will disprove the conversion

of Paul." They read it through—and wrote a book in proof of it. So will God deal with all destructive critics who really make themselves masters of the situation they intended to overthrow.

It is wonderful, if you read the whole, how it gets hold of you somewhere. I have tried it ; and I appeal to you who know it best, whether you will willingly let it drop out of your fingers, when it has once got into the movement and necessity of your being.

One secret of his power is well described by himself: Mr. Moody chose his subject, "The Holy Ghost," and related an incident in his early life as an evangelist, when an old gentleman had said to him: "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." Mr. Moody said he had never forgotten the advice, and had profited much from it. "The Holy Spirit is a person. We get life through the Holy Ghost. We can have no revival save through Him. He gives hope. When He arrives we lean upon something more than human supports. Men often utter the prayers which they spoke twenty years ago. We only know how to pray when we have the Holy Spirit. There are two kinds of Christians. The one class are as an ordinary well, from which you must pump all their religion. The other are artesian, and send forth the waters of love continually. If we are full of the Spirit to-day, it is no assurance for to-morrow. We must keep at the fountain all the time. Think of Elisha, how he followed Elijah and at last received his robe and a double portion of his grace. That old farmer made the mightiest prophet the world ever saw. The Church is living too much upon old manna. They think one supply enough for their life." When Mr. Moody had finished the whole congregation sang the 128th hymn, "Come Holy Spirit."

Another Element of influence has been forcibly stated : here is our view of the case: Unselfishness is the greatest power in the world. The man who gladly makes sacrifices for the honor of God and the well being of mankind wields an immense power. When the Holy Spirit is allowed to enter and occupy, the hearts of men selfishness disappears. Selfishness and the Holy Spirit cannot dwell together. It is because of the absolute unselfish-

ness of these evangelists now working in Brooklyn that multitudes hear them gladly. They are earnest and enthusiastic, not seeking their own, but Christ's glory. They themselves are nothing—Christ is everything.

Persistent effort has been made by the enemies of pure and undefiled religion to discover flaws in the character and methods of these men. The world itself, which generally delights in truthfulness, and fair play, has frowned down the effort as dishonorable. Honest Christians know well the falsity of the accusation. These self denying men have no stain of Cæsar's gold about them. They are after souls, not money. They are engaged in heaven's mission, working to lift society from the debasing bondage of Satan to the blessed service of Christ. In self-sacrifice they are strong. Consistent and self-denying lives are yet largely an undeveloped power within the Church. Unworthy membership breeds much mischief. It was at this citadel of sin that Moody and Sankey directed their first shot. The sacred fort has in too many cases been betrayed into the hands of the enemy through the foes within it. The world is not reading God's word, but scanning closely the lives of Christian professors, and they find many grievous blemishes. It is because Moody and Sankey are like Enoch walking daily with God, that they are honored and successful. They have learned that most difficult lesson that we cannot serve God and mammon. They are fully persuaded that they are their brother's keeper; and men flock after them to hear the truths of the Gospel in all their grand simplicity; to learn from men who in their lives and labors present glorious examples of the blessed influence of the Gospel message. They are bold, yet most unassuming soldiers of the cross; not afraid of the warfare, but rejoicing in the conflict. It is upon such that the blessing of heaven descends. There is no difficulty in understanding the power of these men. It is of God. They are living obedient lives. If we fail to perceive the connection the fault is our own. The scales have not yet fallen from our eyes.

Mr. Sankey's singing has caused almost as great an awakening as his associate's preaching. Choristers have probably as

seldom adopted Sankey's songs as ministers have used Moody's sermons, but the power of song has been realized as never before, the artistic quartette with its soulless music is going out of favor, and congregations are being lectured, with good effect, about their neglect of one of the most effective means of worship.

A pervading sentiment of vigor of soul and the deepest sincerity animates him. He is possessed of all the enthusiasm which fills the speech of Mr. Moody, and brands his words on the minds and in the hearts of men as by fire. But it is enthusiasm subdued to the rhythm and melody of his songs, and stirs the souls of his hearers by the feeling it awakens of genuine and whole-souled praise, such as the devout heart in moments of religious exaltation may long for but seldom attains fully. This is the impression left by a first hearing of Mr. Sankey, as stated by many, and confirmed by the almost breathless silence during the execution of his solos, and the fervor with which the vast body of the audience join their voices to swell the chorus of praise. Another source of power to Mr. Sankey is the manner in which he subordinates and modulates the organ in the reinforcement of his voice. The effect produced is something which would hardly seem attainable were Mr. Sankey to sing to the accompaniment of some other person. Mr. Sankey sings and plays with his whole soul and body. He is, however, entirely free from anything which might be called a mannerism, and his passages of greatest force are executed with great vigor and animation of body, wholly natural, and suggested by th sentiment and stirring feeling of the hymn.

In explanation of the chorus, " Hold the Fort for I am Coming," he said that during the Rebellion one of the Union officers in command of a fort closely invested by General Hood, was almost persuaded, by the distress of his men, to surrender the position, when he received a dispatch from General Sherman to this effect: " Hold the fort for I am coming—W. T. Sherman." It filled the soldiers with confidence, they kept up courage and were saved. He exhorted those present to show an equally abiding faith in Christ and they would be saved.

Mr. Sankey produced a remarkable effect by the manner in which he rendered the last line, "Victory is nigh," and dwelt with redoubled force upon the word "Hold," until the vast chorus had caught the spirit and action of the leader. Mr. Sankey also sang the verses of the 18th hymn, "Rescue the perishing," but the audience did not respond as enthusiastically as usual in the chorus. After the services Mr. Sankey said that this hymn was new, at least he had not had it very long, and that a large portion of the audience was unacquainted with the tune. He was confident they would sing it with the usual force after hearing it a few more times. He expressed himself highly pleased with the interest the audiences had shown in the singing throughout the week, and said that feature of the meetings was very similar to their experience in London.

One of the most celebrated of Mr. Sankey's collection of hymns is "The Ninety and Nine." It was a favorite in England, and is much admired here. Several statements concerning its origin have been published which conflict with each other, and no one of them, Mr. Sankey said yesterday, is correct. The true facts in the case are these: Some time in 1873, Mr. Sankey being then in England with Mr. Moody for the first time, bought a copy of *The Christian Age*, a London religious paper publishing Dr. Talmage's sermons, and in one corner found this hymn. He had never seen nor heard of it before. It pleased him, and seemed adapted to religious work. He cut it out of the paper, and three days afterward he sung it at a meeting in Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, having composed the music himself. A short time after, he received a letter from a lady thanking him for having sung the hymn, and stating that the author was her sister, Miss Eliza C. Claphane of Melrose, Scotland. She had written the hymn in 1868 and shortly after died. She and her whole family were members of the Church of Scotland, and were not Unitarians, as stated in this country. Mr. Sankey replied to the lady's letter, asking if her sister had ever written any other hymns, and was told that she had written several others which were sent to *The Family Treasury*, a religious paper of which the late Dr. Arnot

was the editor, but only "The Ninety and Nine" was ever published. Mr. Sankey communicated with him, and received several pieces of manuscript. The only other hymn by the same author in Mr. Sankey's collection is the 43d, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus." He has been gathering hymns for the past eight years, keeping a scrap-book for that purpose. Many of them are found in the common Sunday-school collections, and were not known in England before Moody and Sankey introduced them. Since that time they have become the most popular hymns in Great Britain. While the evangelists were in Scotland they at first found difficulty in inducing people to sing their hymns, as the Presbyterians preferred their version of the Psalms. The evangelists were accustomed to sing the 100th, 23d, and 40th Psalms, or the 1st, 107th, and 125th Hymns of the collection, and then ask the Presbyterian to sing "Hold the Fort," which they usually did, and at length sang any of the hymns.

The record of God's gracious dealings by the agency of his honored servants in Brooklyn promises to be eclipsed by the brilliant display of divine mercy on their work in Philadelphia; and we may bring our review to a close by giving the keynote as struck by Mr. Moody the morning of his advent in the city of churches.

"Ah! Lord God! behold thou hast made the Heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm and there is nothing too hard for thee."

"And there is nothing too hard for thee." During the past two years, into every town and city that Mr. Sankey and I have gone, we always took this verse as the keynote to our work. We generally commence every prayer-meeting by reading this verse—nothing is too hard for God—and it was a wonderful help to us. Sometimes our ways seemed hard ways. Then we came back to the old text and these ways were freed from all darkness. It sometimes seemed as if some men could not be converted. But we came back to the old text, and flinty hearts would break. At Edinburgh I was told that a young man who was pointed out to me was the chairman of an infidel club. I

went and stood beside him, and asked him if he was thinking of his soul. He turned to me and said, "How do you know I've got one?" I thought it was no use trying, but then I thought nothing is too hard for God. I asked him if I might pray for him. He said, "You may pray if you like. Try your hand on me." I got down on my knees and prayed for him. His head was held up and his eyes did not notice me, and he seemed to say to the people that my prayers did not affect him at all. For six long months prayers were daily offered in prayer-meetings for the infidel. This was in January or the latter part of December, and a year afterward, or a little over a year, when we were at work in Liverpool, I got a letter from a person in Edinburgh, who said that the infidel was at the foot of the cross, crying for mercy; and just as we were leaving England we heard that he was leading a meeting every night. I was to give you this as our key-note—nothing is too hard for God. It is just as easy for God to save the most abandoned man as for me to turn my hand over. If this is God's work, we had better cling to it; if this is Christ's work, it is as lasting as eternity itself. I have a good deal more hope of this prayer-meeting than the meetings at the Rink. It is not preaching that you want you have plenty of preaching. You have plenty of men who can preach better than I can. You have plenty of men who can sing better than Mr. Sankey can. Let this be your key-note—nothing is too hard for God to do in His great power.

I asked my boy how God created the world. He said, "He spoke." That is all; "He said, let there be light, and there was light." He can convert the thief, the harlot, the most abandoned, and another class still harder, that is the self-righteous Pharisee. God can do it. Nothing is too hard for him. Let us every morning keep this text in our hearts, "Nothing is too hard for thee." Our God can do it. They tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the world, and our God created it. There have been eighty millions of other suns discovered, but these are only a fringe on the garments of God. Our God did it all. If, then, God is so

great, shall we not ask him for great things? We honor God by asking for great things. Alexander had a general who accomplished a great victory; and it pleased him greatly. He told the general to draw on his treasurer for any amount he wished, and directed his treasurer to honor the draft. The draft was so large that the treasurer was afraid to pay it. The emperor said, "Didn't I tell you to honor his draft? Don't you know he honors me by making so large a draft?" Don't you know we honor God by asking for great things? The church has been asking for little things too long.

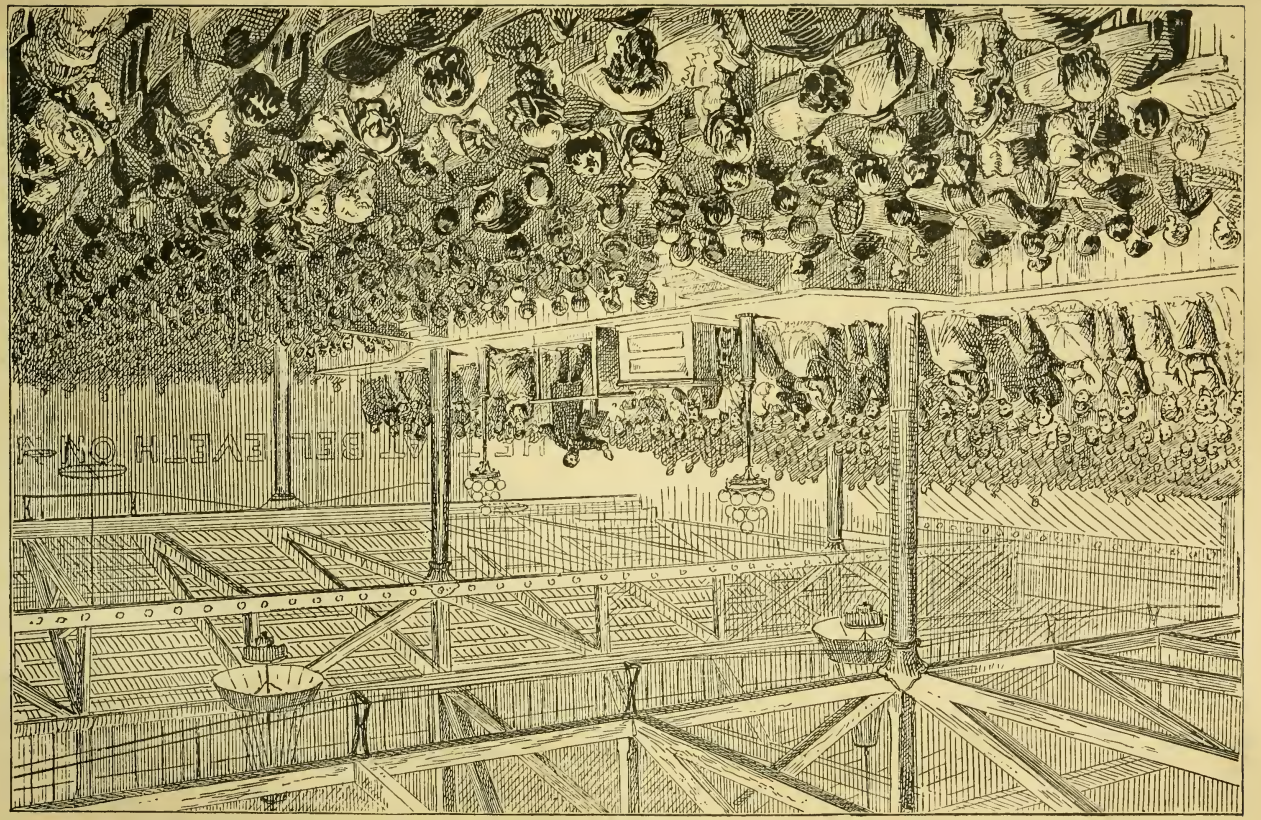
Let us go now to the 20th verse. "Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh. Is there anything too hard for me?" Just as if it pleased him. He says to Jeremiah, "Is there anything too hard for me? I am the Lord, the God of all flesh." God has shown us great things, but when we accept his truth we will see still greater things.

The next chapter, 3d verse: "Call unto Me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Now, my friends, let us this morning call upon God, and when we pray let us ask him for something. There are a great many who come for nothing, and therefore they get nothing. Let us come with some great burden upon our hearts —some great petition. Let us bring it before God. Let us try it. When a man was one time making a long prayer, and asking for nothing in particular, an old woman says, "Ask God for something, and see if he don't give it you." Let us ask for something, and we will get it. Let every mother ask for the salvation of her sons and daughters. Nothing is too hard for him. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God does answer the prayers of the faithful.

Between thirty and forty years ago, at a prayer-meeting which I held, there was a mother who had a very bad son. He was a very bad man; he was very profane and was one of the noted men of the town for his sin. And when the church was struck with lightning he said he would have given $25 if it had burned it down. During the past few weeks the Lord God has found him. He has resolved to stop swearing and come back

to church. I asked him to go down on his knees and pray. He answered that he had been on his knees all day. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God answers the prayer of faith. Let us pray.

Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this "Sweet Hour of Prayer." We thank thee for the privilege we have this morning of coming to this place and worshipping, and we pray that thou wouldst give us the spirit of prayer. Teach us how to pray. May we come and ask thee great things. Nothing is too hard for thee. So we pray that thou would take the whole country to thyself and lay it at thy feet. Do a work in this country that shall make all men embrace salvation. In answer to prayer may there go up a cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Teach thy servant to preach. Send him a message from the upper world to-night, and may his words come from the heart and go to the hearts of many. We pray for these mothers that are here this morning. May they pray for their sons and daughters, that they may be saved. We pray for these Sunday-school teachers who have unconverted scholars; may they labor and pray much. We pray that the children may be gathered into the fold of Christ. May the harvest be ripe, and may we come to this place carrying our sheaves, and Christ will have all the praise and glory. Amen.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Evangelists in Philadelphia.

Their advance on Philadelphia had been carefully prepared for by earnest, wise, and strong men, who arranged for a gigantic campaign corresponding with the greatness of their city, and the popularity of the men who had carried Brooklyn by storm. The freight depot, corner Thirteenth and Market Streets, was fitted up for the accommodation of twelve thousand persons, as many as it was probable the preacher's voice could reach. A grand choir of five hundred trained and superior singers was drilled to act as a choir to aid Mr. Sankey, and a union of churches effected, by which all the ablest and most efficient Christians were combined in solid phalanx. Unworn by the immense labors undergone in Brooklyn, the brethren tore themselves away from their friends there, and sped to the City of Brotherly Love, there to preach and sing of that Divine Love which is the theme of sermon and song by day and by night, wherever the evangelists set up their standard. Never had men equal advantages, and never was more expected of human beings. There was a feeling of need in the churches of something more than they had, and they were looking to the men whom God had so greatly honored, and stood ready to co-operate with them. In one branch of the church, this was the testimony: Rev. W. P. Corbit spoke with much earnestness. The Methodist Church, he said, was in a deplorable condition. The chief causes were a laxity of discipline and a want of praying bands. A speedy remedy for this state of things was needed. No new agencies were wanted. The Methodist Episcopal Church, worked by its own machinery, would take the world, if it were allowed to work. It is the pioneer church in this country. The remedy is in union of effort and activity. Preachers had been preaching their heads off nearly,

and yet were effecting nothing. There was a disintegration and selfishness about the Church. Each one of the church organizations thought of itself only. There was a jealousy among the preachers and lay brethren that ought not to exist. The only remedy is union. There must be a coming together, and a return to the old circuit system. Let the preachers and people gather together as Moody and Sankey have got them together. He did not depreciate Moody and Sankey, but they had many men in their own body who were just as gifted as they, or more so. It was not Moody, and it was not Sankey, but the power which they possess of bringing good people together to work for God.

In another quarter it was said, and we may understand the language as confession: The Church was never more aggressive than now. Machinery was never better managed. There never was so much of it. The display of strength was never finer. But all this may be only equipped and organized weakness. The Church is nothing if not pious. More than this, it is very little if not consistently pious. To be zealously affected in a good cause, is good only on condition that it be "*always.*" A church is an *ekklesia*—a company called out from the world. Its strength, therefore, lies in its divergence from the world. To be in it, yet not of it, is the double problem which our machinery and our spirit must combine to solve.

Christians themselves were ready to be touched with an electric shock by these surcharged evangelists. And this was early seen to be a source of weakness as well as of strength to the work. Sinners were to be reached by these fiery apostles, and the church members filled all the seats before them. So that the cry has been raised by one of the papers, and may be repeated throughout the land, that Christians may stand in the way of the fullest success of the monster meetings likely to be held all over the country.

The Brooklyn revival has been in certain features a sad disappointment to us who have taken an interest and part in it. Mr. Moody failed, it must be confessed, in his evening meetings at the

Rink to reach that outside class which he sought. The reason for his failure is so discreditable that we almost hesitate to give it. But it must be confessed that it was the dishonesty, the selfishness of excitement-seeking professed Christians, that made these meetings a partial failure. Mr. Moody tried his best to open the door into his meetings to those who are not church-goers, and to shut it against church-members. He begged these latter to stay at home. He plead with them; but they still would come. He then issued tickets, that were offered only to the non-church-goers; but the conscience-hardened professors would rob their unconverted neighbors of their tickets and lie their way into the Rink, and then have the face to stand up when all Christians were requested to rise, and thus flaunt their hypocrisy in the face of the evangelist. Our words are strong, but the responsibility of souls is on the head of these "Christians," who have yet to learn that Christianity means honor and truthfulness. We do not like to say these words; but we commend them now to the members of the Philadelphia churches. In a famine, that man, or crowd of men, were beneath all contempt who, with cellars stored with grain and their cheeks standing out for fatness, should crowd the bureaus of public charity, and prevent the poor from receiving the dole that should save them from starvation. But nothing better, nay, worse, has been the conduct of these greedy professors, very many of them from our cities, who have pushed the Brooklyn hungry, starving poor away from the Gospel feast. May the Lord not have mercy on their souls until they repent.

It is an unusual spectacle to behold Christians so eager to be fed or taught, and it is probable that the blessed results will appear in thousands of churches.

A Scottish Sunday-school teacher says: "I venture to send you the following letter from London, because of the reference to young women's meetings, which are already proving so useful to the many girls in our country who consider themselves too grown up and too dignified to attend Sunday-school. The letter tells its own story, but I may just add, in thankful acknowledgment of our loving Father's willingness to bless the feeblest attempt

of the weakest beginner, that that young lady was the very first stranger I ever spoke to about coming to Jesus. It was only the night before, while Mr. Moody was preaching, that I myself got into the sunshine; and when that next night she sat beside me looking so sad, I could not help saying to her, 'Jesus has made me so happy, won't you let him make you happy too?' She seemed just waiting to be taken by the hand, and went with me almost at once to the inquiry-room.

"I write now in testimony of the fact that I am one of the many, many 'church members' who will thank God through all eternity for sending Messrs. Moody and Sankey to our country; for, through their means, we have been led to exchange our hopes and fears for a glad *certainty*, and we can now say, '*I know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded that *he is able to keep* that which I have committed unto him.'

> "'On his word I am resting, assurance divine,
> I am "hoping" no longer, I *know* he is mine.'

"The following is the letter to which I have referred:

"'London, *October* 3, 1875.

"'Dear Miss ——: I feel that I have neglected this duty too long. I ought to have written to you before. You were the means in God's hands of making me one of his own children. Oh, how happy I have been since the night you won me for our blessed Redeemer! You do not know who I am, but possibly you may remember me when I tell you that you gave me a red hymn-book of Mr. Sankey's with your address in it. It was at the Agricultural Hall I met you, and you took me into the inquiry-room. After talking to me for some time you brought me to Mr. Moody, and Mr. Moody handed me over, with several other young women, to a gentleman from Newcastle, and before I left the inquiry-room I had found Jesus as my Saviour. How precious he has been to me since that night! I went to hear Mr. Moody that evening out of mere curiosity, and had you not taken me into the inquiry-room, possibly I should have gone

away unimpressed. Afterward I went several times to hear Mr. Moody at the Opera House. I heard the address to the converts there, and may the burning zeal I felt created in my breast that night continue. How I wish I had more leisure to work for Jesus, and more boldness. I became a member of a little chapel close to home soon after, and, as Mr. Moody advised, I went to the pastor first, and asked him for work. He found me something to do among the aged. One of my old people cannot read, and others are so old they cannot see. One poor old body is bed-ridden. It is very pleasant work, but I always felt I was not actually winning souls for Jesus, they being mostly Christians. I have been asking God for some time to open up a way for me, and now my prayer has been answered in a way I hardly expected. Our dear pastor has planned a young women's meeting, which is to be held one night in the week from half-past eight till half-past nine; rather late, but that is the most convenient hour for business girls, whom it is principally for. The plan is that each worker is to give out not less than one dozen invitations; these are to be given in the streets, as the girls leave their different business houses. There never has been anything of the kind done in this part of the vineyard. The invitations are very neat, and not like common circulars or bills. Outside there is printed an invitation and a warm welcome for Wednesday next. Inside there is a small address telling them how pleased we will be to see them; also, that if they are strangers from home in London, they will meet many who can sympathize with them, being also far from home. We had a large meeting of workers. I do not doubt success. It has been made a great subject of prayer, and God has promised that where two or three are agreed on one subject he will grant their request. Will you pray for us?

"'Etc., etc. C—— W——.'"

In this way the seed sown may yield bountiful harvests year by year. Mr. Moody, in his first sermon at Philadelphia, said: "Letters come in from all parts saying that the prayer-meetings are four or five times larger than ever before; the prayer-meet-

ing connected with one of the largest churches in New York, at which before only a few people attended, has, during the last few weeks, crowded the lecture-room; all this shows that the spirit of prayer is coming on the nation. God is ready to give us a blessing. I never had such large prayer-meetings in any of the cities in Great Britain as we had in Brooklyn. Some say this is all sensational. If you can get three or four thousand people to meet together and pray, not to hear some man, but to meet God, and call on God, it shows God is in the movement. This is no sensationalism or false excitement. If we can but stir up the people to pray, the blessing is ours. I would rather know how to pray like Daniel than to preach like Gabriel."

It was amazing to note how the subject of religion was handled by the secular press, whose readers numbered millions; and their utterances deserve to be gathered and reperused and studied, for their corroborative testimony to the importance and thoroughness of the movement. They used language like this, which deserves the consideration of professed Christians as well as worldly people: "With all this we are quite well aware that there is a large class of thin-brained, vacant-minded persons for whom life has nothing serious except personal discomfort, and who are most flippant over the weightiest problems of existence; and that these stand ready upon the slightest pretext to make the whole business a jest and turn it into ridicule. But however lightly they may treat the matter, however much they may burlesque the actors in it, and make of their zeal and devotion a mockery and a jest, one thing is certain, that no man or set of men can make a religious movement of the importance of this one ridiculous unless it be the men themselves who are engaged in it. So long as they are sincere and earnest and can forget themselves in the greatness of their work, nothing can withstand them, and certainly nothing can detract from their dignity or belittle their efforts. But the emotions lie close together. High religious sentiment is of a brittle edge, and easily crumbles into silly sentimentality. Faith lies very close to superstition; it is but a step from trustfulness to blind credulity. There are well-marked

metes and bounds which cannot be disregarded in the presentation of religious truths and the expression of religious sentiments and emotions. Within these limits the advocate or exhorter is invested with a grandeur of personal dignity which belongs to the man who is saturated with his belief, and who, in utter unconsciousness of self, is rapt in the contemplation of what he conceives to be the absolute and awful truth. These limits overstepped for an instant or by a word, and his power is gone. Between pathos and bathos the difference is less than of a letter; the step is that 'one' from the sublime.

"It should not be forgotten by the leaders in this revival movement that religion is by no means all emotional; that it rests on reason and common sense, which its ministers and missionaries must not affront by lack of logic, or shock by shallow illustrations and weak appeals.

"The attitude and act of prayer are beyond all other things in life invested with solemnity and clothed in mystery. It is the supreme act of faith; approached by the penitent with doubts and questions and infinite wondering; only slowly apprehended, and so immeasurably vast in its meaning to the helpless soul struggling upward on it, that man at his very best can only throw himself upon it in utter self-distrust and leave the rest to God. The questioning men and women, longing to learn the truth and to lead true lives, get no light nor comfort from any flippant illustrations of the power of prayer. They excite doubts instead of removing them; they confirm skepticism and awaken no conviction; they do not attract but repel the sincere seeker after truth. The work in hand is of too great moment to be handled without the profoundest care and the most thoughtful consideration of every word spoken and every act done.

"It cannot be denied that a 'revival of religion,' as it is called, adds largely to the merely moral strength of society and increases the number of those who honestly mean to do right. Every reader has known within his personal experience more than one instance of a bad nature made better, of a degraded character elevated, of an unwise life made true and rational, by the acqui-

sition of religious motives. Hypocrisy, humbug, conceit, vanity, fanaticism—these are words which fall easily from our tongues; but the fact remains that hundreds and thousands are really in earnest. These accessions to the right-doing side of the population cannot be otherwise than of good import. It is unfair to weigh ordinary spiritual experience against that of larger natures —of Fénelon or of Pascal, of Wesley or of Channing. The real question is, Have we here a man who has resolved to walk uprightly in this world for the rest of his days? If so, then society gains a good man in the place of a bad one, or one who might at any moment have become bad; a good citizen instead of a possible felon; a faithful mechanic or tradesman instead of a cheat; an honest merchant instead of a fraudulent bankrupt; a devoted instead of a neglectful parent; a good Samaritan instead of a liver for self alone. These surely are acquisitions which even the world need not despise.

"Apart from the more solemn profession of the religious convert, is his promise that he will be honest and kindly; that he will neither lie nor cheat nor steal; that whatsoever of good his hands may find to do, he will do it; that he will refrain from the vices which degrade and impoverish and kill; that he will no longer be selfish and ungenerous, and that his works shall prove the vitality of his faith. There has been so much loose talk lately about religion and churches and preachers, that we are in danger of forgetting that all our lives we have been surrounded by thousands of excellent men and women made gentlemen and ladies by grace, full-hearted and full-handed helpers of the sick, the needy, and the suffering, doers of the work whenever and wherever opportunity has offered, lovely in their lives and credible because involuntary witnesses of the reality of their faith. To the number of these a season of marked religious interest unquestionably must make large additions; for though the weak may fall away, though the most vociferous may grow silent and the warmest cold, there will always be a remnant of stronger natures abiding to the end."

The chief purpose of Messrs. Moody and Sankey is the con-

version of souls to Christ. What sort of men and women they expect their converts to become, their preaching and exhortations abundantly proclaim. Let us now look in upon them, the first Sunday in Philadelphia, Nov. 21st, 1875.

While the heavens wept over the departure of the evangelists from naughty Brooklyn, the driving rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of thousands who were anxious to attend the initial services of the expected revival. From every part of the city the worshippers came, and for almost an hour hurrying streams of humanity converged to a focus at the old exhibition building. The police arrangements, as indeed all the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors and the maintenance of good order, were perfect. By eight o'clock the grand auditorium was about two-thirds full, while the stage was occupied by over eight hundred persons, a large proportion of whom were ministers. Among the more prominent clergymen present were Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., of the Episcopal Church; Rev. R. M. Hatfield, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. W. P. Breed, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D.D., of the Baptist Church, the committee who have been training a class of three hundred for services in the inquiry rooms. Also on the stage were 500 singers selected from all the choirs in the city, and thoroughly drilled in Mr. Sankey's songs by Prof. Fischer. In the middle and close to the front of the platform sat the evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, and the "sweet singer," Ira D. Sankey, surrounded by the gentlemen who were mainly instrumental in persuading the revivalists to come to Philadelphia. Messrs. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker, who have had almost all the great work directly under their charge, were seated on the right of Rev. Dr. Newton, who presided over the opening services.

At precisely eight o'clock the doors of the vast auditorium were closed, and the hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

was sung with fine effect by the choir. Dr. Newton then made a

fervent prayer for the success of the movement so well begun, and asked for the blessing of the Holy Spirit on all workers in the cause. The 24th hymn,

> "Rejoice, and be glad!
> The Redeemer has come!
> Go look on His cradle,
> His cross, and His tomb,"

was next given out, and hundreds of voices in the congregation soon joined in to swell the harmonies of the great choir on the stage. Then upon the little platform or pulpit in front ascended the leading spirit of all this congregation of worshippers, Mr. Dwight L. Moody. His appearance created a momentary stir of sensation throughout the hall. Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full, dark beard, rather small eyes, and an active, energetic, but not nervous habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful; his voice is unmusical, and, indeed, harsh; his enunciation is very clear, but somewhat too rapid, yet can be heard and understood in every part of the building. He gesticulates but little, and his motions are evidently unstudied. His style of speaking is entirely conversational, but, though he seldom makes any attempt at rhetorical display, he possesses and uses with marvellous effect a dramatic power which clothes the most trite sayings with the thrilling beauty of fervid eloquence. But, after all, the great secret of his power over a vast assembly seems to lie less in what he says or his manner of saying it than in his personal magnetism, which affects those who are too far off to hear almost as strongly as those who crowd about his feet. Before Mr. Moody spoke the first word he glanced quietly about him for a moment, and almost instantly every whispered tone was hushed, every breath bated, and throughout the congregation of six or eight thousand persons not a sound disturbed the strange stillness which seemed to have been produced by some mighty strength of will possessed by the very unevangelical-looking gentleman standing on the platform.

"Now," said Mr. Moody, after announcing his text, "what is

the use of these special meetings? I have been asked this question often. Are there not churches enough? Are there not ministers enough, and services enough, and sermons enough? Yes, if sermons could save sinners, there have been enough preached to convert the whole of Christendom. We have only come to help you. In time of harvest extra help is always needed, and, my friends, the harvest is here now."

He closed an earnest sermon on work as follows:

"While at Brooklyn, one teacher worked night and day with her class, and one evening told me with heartfelt joy that she had twenty-seven young ladies in the inquiry-room. In less than two weeks the whole twenty-seven experienced a change of heart. Don't think because your children are little or young that they can't share the blessings of this revival. Bring them here, and we will save them. The power of Almighty God," added Mr. Moody, suddenly elevating his voice, "is in this hall this morning. *Do you doubt it?*" he asked, turning to the clergy upon the stage. "No," "No," "No," was answered. "Some time ago," continued the speaker, "a lady where we were stopping remained away from her Sunday-school, saying that there were only five little boys in her class, and one day could make no difference. Did you ever stop to think what there may be to save in five little boys? In one little tow-headed boy may sleep the Reformation. In another may be a Wesley, a Whitefield, a Bunyan. Little did Andrew know what he was doing when he brought Peter to Christ. May each one of you hunt up some Simon Peter and bring him to Christ; find some persecuting Saul and bring him to Christ. One lady in London, by tireless and prayerful labor, succeeded, by the assistance of her husband, a wealthy barrister of the metropolis, in converting one hundred and fifty of their friends and acquaintances. In speaking of it with grateful joy, she said, 'We did not work; we just laid ourselves out for Christ.' That's the way to do it. Don't count your strokes; just lay yourselves out. God help you to lay yourselves out for work. Go ye all into the vineyard! Don't wait for the harvest, for—hark!"

At this exclamation a thrill of indescribable anticipation seemed to pass through the breathless assembly, and then, after a pause, during which only the patter of the rain-drops on the roof could be heard, the speaker concluded with:

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?"

The tones of Mr. Moody's voice had hardly ceased before the same words were repeated by Mr. Sankey's musical voice in a beautiful hymn:

"Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

In the afternoon the throng was immense. For a considerable time before the hour for the commencement of the services the hall was crowded, and the number anxious and clamorous to obtain admission was greater than that within. Thirteenth, Juniper, and Market streets were filled with people, and all the doors were guarded by an efficient police force, who kept the multitude back. Such a sight has not been witnessed for many a day, and such a congregation, largely made up of earnest Christian men and women, has never assembled in this city. There were, according to estimates made by competent parties, fully thirteen thousand persons present, and the calculation does not seem to be at all out of the way when it is remembered that there are over one thousand chairs in the audience-room, all of which were occupied. The order throughout the services was unexceptionable, and prior to their commencement there was a stillness that is rarely observed. There was neither buzz nor hum, no one seemed inclined to even whisper, and while doubtless many were drawn to the place out of curiosity, the larger portion, by their demeanor, seemed to have but one object, that of promoting the work of the great revivalists. The ladies and gentlemen of the choir were promptly in their places; and punc-

tual to time the evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, made their appearance. The latter immediately took his seat at the melodeon, while the first-named took position at the stand, and never throughout the afternoon did he sit down, but kept his eye upon the audience the entire time. The services were opened by Mr. George H. Stuart, who gave out a hymn, and after it had been sung by the choir, Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., of the Beth-Eden Baptist Church, stepped forward and led in prayer. Mr. Sankey then gave out the 116th hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing." At the conclusion of the singing, Mr. Sankey said: "We will now sing, 'Here I raise my Ebenezer.' The audience will all join in the singing." The hymn was evidently popular with the masses, for it was sung with a hearty good-will. Mr. Moody then announced that he would read a portion of the first chapter of Joshua, which was subsequently made the text of his discourse. Mr. Moody spoke about twenty minutes. The two points of his remarks, upon which he enlarged and elaborated, were moral courage and enthusiasm, both of which, he held, were essential elements for success in the religious work. The address was stirring, earnest and effective, the speaker appearing to be anxious to reach the hearts of his hearers, and in this he was eminently successful, as more than one individual seemed to be touched by the powerful appeal made to take up the cross and enlist under the banner of the Saviour of mankind.

The hymns, "Hear ye the Battle Cry?" "Forward the Call," and "Hold the Fort," were sung by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus. No such singing has been heard in any of the churches, and the effect produced was all that the revivalists could have wished.

The revival movement gives promise of complete success. It is now the talk of all classes. On 'Change, in business circles, in social gatherings, on the street-cars and the trains, and in the greeting of friends in the street, the names of Moody and Sankey are on every tongue. The evangelists and their work are literally the town talk. "Have you been to hear Moody?" "San-

key's singing is better than a sermon;" "Did you hear the 'Ninety and Nine?'" "Wasn't that hymn, 'Nothing but Leaves,' impressive?" "Its Moody's earnestness that tells;" "What a team they are!"—these are a few of the thousand-and-one expressions you hear every day. There are plenty of sharp criticisms on the methods of the revivalists, and doubts enough are expressed as to the permanency of their work; but no one denies that they possess real power, unique in kind and degree, and wonderfully effective in awakening a new interest in the old doctrines of religion. A common complaint among the thoughtful people is that Mr. Moody's sermons have no direct application to the relations and duties of everyday life—that they do not aim to make men less selfish and cold-hearted and more charitable, genial, generous, and kind—that their sole purpose is to induce people to accept a certain form of faith, and to lead devoutly religious rather than moral lives. It should be remembered by those who make this criticism, that the great preacher is a firm believer in the immediate second coming of Christ. He is looking for the end of the world and the appearance of the Saviour every day and hour. No wonder, then, that he does not think it worth while to talk about business and social morality. He is perfectly consistent. Why should he try to tell people how to live, when the important thing is to prepare them for death and the last judgment? Why trouble himself about the affairs of the household, the street, and the mart, when he expects every moment to see the world rolled up like a scroll?

With few exceptions the clergy of the city are taking a hearty interest in the revival. Probably the Methodists are more active in assisting it than the other sects; but Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans, and, in short, ministers of all the Protestant denominations, attend the meetings in the Depot Church, and participate in the morning assemblies for prayer. The general feeling among the clergy is one of gratified disappointment at the character of Moody and Sankey's effort. They had expected to hear something much more sensational—they feared, indeed, that it would be objectionably sensational—and

they are delighted to find that Mr. Moody preaches only the soundest doctrine, and makes use of none of the theatrical devices of oratory employed by many professional revivalists. His earnest, direct, and humble appeals, his apt and familiar illustrations, and his way of preaching on a level with the hearts and heads of his hearers, is like a new revelation of the possibilities of pulpit oratory to many clergymen, whose well-turned periods and fine theological points have proved powerless to stimulate the faith of their congregations.

A Presbyterian minister, speaking to a friend after the meeting was over last night, said: "Moody's verbs don't always agree with his nouns, but I imagine that Peter the fisherman didn't talk very good grammar either. Moody's language, if not always elegant, never fails to convey the exact idea that he wants it to. Nobody can get a wrong or a doubtful meaning from it."

"I have been trying to get at the secret of his power," said a Baptist, "and I think it lies, first, in his own profound conviction, and second, in his constant repetition of the same idea, with just variation enough to keep it monotonous. By tireless reiteration he wears the truth of the Gospel into the stoniest heart. Faith in Christ is his simple and never-ending theme. Most ministers scatter too much. They seek to interest people's heads by a variety of topics. Mr. Moody hammers away at the heart with sublime persistence."

Just after the prayer-meeting this morning a Methodist minister, talking to a knot of brother clergymen, praised the revivalists warmly. "I declare it gives me new courage," he said, "to see people flocking to hear the Gospel in crowds larger than went to Barnum's Hippodrome last summer. Since the war it has often seemed to me that faith was dying out in the hearts of men. Any kind of a show or parade would draw a crowd, while we talked about the soul's salvation and eternal life to half-filled churches. I believe we are going to see a great awakening in this country. Moody and Sankey are the Lord's instruments to begin the work. We have had hundreds of better preachers than Mr. Moody, but they made no impression on the masses.

Why do thousands rush to hear him? Because the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of men, and he has been chosen to lead a great movement for the salvation of souls."

It would seem that the hold obtained by the evangelists on the unconverted masses is greater in Philadelphia than in Brooklyn. The attendance from this class is larger, and the impression produced in those who attend seems deep and influential. Mr. Moody pronounced the gatherings of the second Sunday more successful, in view of the attendance of the unconverted so early in the series of meetings, than at any other place in this country or in England. The week following showed an increase rather than a diminution of interest, and the third week opens more auspiciously than either which it follows.

The meetings of Sunday last were remarkably effective. The day was cold and wet; just such a day as would ordinarily give smallest attendance at religious meetings; such a day as would suggest to many a faint-hearted country superintendent the thought that it was about time to close the Sunday-school for the winter. But at eight o'clock on that dreary morning the Depot Church showed a gathering of some six thousand Christian workers; enough it would seem to cheer the heart of any doubting Elijah as to the faith and zeal of very many amid all the coldness and unbelief in this great city. When, at the close of his appeal to these workers to be "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," in their service in God's vineyard, Mr. Moody asked those who during the coming week would endeavor to lead at least one soul to the Saviour to rise to their feet, nearly one-half of all present rose in indication of this purpose.

At the Sunday-afternoon meeting for women, at least ten thousand were present. As nearly five thousand tickets of admission had been given to women who expressed a desire to find salvation, while many other tickets were distributed without question, Mr. Moody thought there were more than seven thousand unconverted persons in the audience; certainly a hopeful gathering at such a time and place. The appeal of the preacher was most earnest. As he told of the love of the Saviour for the lost,

and of the full salvation offered freely to all, all hearts seemed to throb as one in gratitude to such a Saviour for such a salvation. When he asked those who desired an interest in this salvation to rise and stand during his prayer, hundreds rose to their feet, and afterward repaired to the inquiry-rooms for personal converse and counsel. It can hardly be doubted that that evening hour was the birth-hour of many precious souls, then brought by God's Spirit into the life of Christian love and trust. At the evening meeting, which was for men, while the attendance was not quite as large as in the afternoon, there was great seriousness, and many rose for prayers and remained at the inquiry-meeting.

For one whole week Mr. Moody labored, not for the salvation of sinners, but for the regeneration of professed Christians. At every service hundreds of long-acknowledged church members listened with bowed heads and tearful eyes to the fervent exhortations of the evangelist, who, casting aside all preconceived notions of church work, and preaching only love to God and devotion to the Saviour, brought to their awakening souls a vision of the blessings of true holiness more beautiful than even in their most unselfish moods they had ever before conceived. He did not preach, "Repent in order to avoid the wrath of an angry God," and thus wring an ephemeral obeisance from weak knees but cold hearts; he preached Christ crucified; drew for his hearers convincing illustrations of the perfect love of the Father, and urged them, with tears in his eyes, not to kneel from a sense of duty, but to cast themselves at the feet of the Saviour, and, with a heart overflowing with love, there seek to learn how to win others to the straight and narrow, but pleasant path of joy and peace.

Rev. Dr. Breed said there was a wonderful power in self-consecration; the ungodly man had at all times a traitor in the citadel of his wickedness—a conscience which would compel him to yield when assaulted by a truly consecrated heart. He once heard of a young man who had been notoriously bad, but had suddenly been converted, and was moved by the Spirit to

go and pray with every one in the village. He started, and knocking at every door, was, in spite of his past reputation, admitted and permitted to pray. The man truly consecrated to God could always have the *entree* into any house or by the Holy Spirit into every heart.

Mr. Sankey said: "Will you please turn to the 90th hymn. In that we will find a verse which should give us great comfort if we do what that verse says. But before we begin, I wish to bear testimony to the fact that we can do no good without a broken and a contrite heart. Shortly after the Chicago fire, seven men, finding that their labors were apparently fruitless, determined to seek counsel of God, and assembled one afternoon in a gentleman's office, and there humbled themselves before their Maker. I saw these men lying on their faces on the floor, praying to be emptied of self and filled with the Holy Spirit. These seven men have since been greatly blessed and greatly honored by God in their labors. Two are in the West, one in Europe, and two in this city. Now let us sing."

Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of the singing, said: "Send thanksgiving, but praise to God is better. What we want to do to-night is to praise God for all his mercies, for all that we enjoy, and for all the glorious promises of an immortality. There is a great deal said at our meetings about prayer, but nothing about praise. In the Bible there are more passages referring to praise than to prayer. We want Christ, and if we are heard to praise him, then will we be able to get to him. What we want to-day is a praising Church. We can be praising God every day, even when in sorrow. If we go through the world all the time with a long face, we will drive men away from Christ. There are so many people always borrowing trouble and looking on the dark side of the picture instead of praising God, that they are only in the way of men coming to Jesus. A man once severely cut his hand, and said, 'Praise God,' and," said Mr. Moody, "I thought that it was a strange thing to praise God for. On asking the man why he praised God, he said he did it because his hand was not cut off. You can see, then, that in the midst of affliction one can praise

the Lord because it might have been worse. What we want is more sunny Christian men, who always have happy countenances; they go far toward making religion attractive and drawing sinners to a knowledge of their condition and the necessity of seeking the Lord. If men praise God and are happy in the Church, the fire will be caught by others and spread until the whole Church becomes alive, and all are happy in the knowledge that Jesus is their Master. If there are any who should be happy, it is those who are sincere Christians, those who have come to Christ. The first thing a young convert always does is to pray, and when, in praising God, he sings,

"'O happy day!'

how happy he is! If the ten thousand persons present could be induced to take Christ as their only friend and sing praises to him, there would be such a shout as to almost raise the roof. We want to see the time when the streets are filled with people filling the air with songs of praise to Zion. When that time comes the people will be happy, because they have found Christ. When we stray away from God, we don't want to pray; but when we return to God, then we want to sing his praises. What we want to-day is a Church of workers, and when we have that we will have a praising Church. When a man gets out of himself, becomes unselfish, and commences to work for others, he becomes a happy man, because he is doing God's service. If you want to praise God, go and do some work, lift up somebody, relieve the sick and comfort the heart-broken. By so doing it will be the best praise that we can give to God." The speaker said that some years ago he met a man who told him that he was going to take his family of five children to church with a smile. The man said to him, whenever he passed a house on a certain street he always looked at the windows where he saw children, and he always smiled upon them. Said the speaker: "Kindness to children is never forgotten; it is the way to reach their hearts and gain their affection." The children became so fond of seeing the man that they watched for him, and finally they said he was

so good and kind, that he must be a minister. They resolved one Sunday after he passed to follow him, and they did so; when they found that he entered a church, they also went in, and after service returned home and said that they heard the best sermon of their lives. They went again, and finally joined the church. The man said that he got them in with a smile. A crabbed and cross Christian never accomplishes any good; they are stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and prevent the building up of the Christian Church. Oh that we may have live churches! What we want to do is to get rid of these dead churches, with their cold forms and ceremonies, and have them filled with live, happy people. The speaker continued in this strain for some time, and urged his hearers to come to Christ and be happy. When they did so they would continually praise Him for His goodness.

Mr. Moody then gave out the 25th hymn, which was sung by the choir and the entire congregation, led by Mr. Sankey. The people seemed to be deeply impressed with it, and such whole-souled singing by more than eleven thousand persons has never been heard before in this city. It is in these words:

We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chorus—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Mr. Sankey next rose from his cabinet organ, behind which he had remained seated during the service, and said: "How many prodigal sons may be restored to their homes to-day! The re-

currence of Thanksgiving recalls to my mind a story told me by a very dear friend in Europe of a prodigal son who was saved by love. A wayward boy who could not be persuaded to do good, whose steps were only evil continually, was finally, at the request of his brothers, sent into the street. He went away, but on Thanksgiving day poor John, homesick and heartsick, returned. His father saw the poor wanderer at the door, and received him back to his arms. Then his brothers again demanded that the black sheep should again be cast out, but the father answered, 'No, no, my son John, I'll not cast thee out; come, gather around our board to-day.' This overwhelming love was too much. The long-lost prodigal wept, the family knelt with him and prayed for him, and to-day that boy is one of the hardest workers for Christ to be found in all Europe. A father's love saved him! Let us remember that. Our friends may cast us off, but our Heavenly Father will receive us if we only knock at the door. I will now sing you the hymn 'Ninety and Nine.'" Mr. Sankey here took his seat, and in a sweet voice sang with touching expression the words:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care;
Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, 'Tis of mine
Has wandered far away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

Never was our National Thanksgiving more perfectly symbolized than in the scene which yesterday morning gladdened the eyes of the Evangelists as they entered the old Exhibition building at Thirteenth and Market streets to begin their early prayer-meeting. The seemingly limitless auditorium, decorated as it is

in our national colors, with wide, beautiful expanses of pure white between the relieving tints, was almost filled with eager worshippers, whose very glances beamed with praise and thanksgiving, while, with many a benison and on silvery pinions, the light of opening day, descending earthward, poured in a flood of welcome through the glass-covered roof and rested on the picture like a dove of peace.

Large as the building is and ample as the accommodations are, last evening every seat was occupied, and around the walls men were standing. Such a gathering of males in this city has never before been seen, and it is a question whether in this country for such a purpose there has ever been such an assemblage. The order was perfect, not the slightest confusion or noise was observable, but all seemed deeply oppressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The stillness was remarkable, and throughout the entire evening a whisper, if made, might have been heard. While doubtless many were drawn to the place by curiosity, it was also true that many more were there with an honest purpose and with honest convictions. It has happened more than once that men who had no idea of conversion have been brought under the influence of the great revivalists, and such most likely was the case last night, when some two hundred sturdy men fearlessly stood up in that mighty assemblage and acknowledged themselves sinners, and as being desirous of leading better lives. The occasion was one long to be remembered, and could not but make a deep and lasting impression upon very many who stood back. The preaching of Mr. Moody is irresistible in its effects; so plainly is the teaching of the Saviour made, and so convincing is his argument in behalf of the religion of Christ and the great necessity of turning away from the paths of vice, that before a person is aware of it, he is unconsciously forced to make a public confession of his sinfulness and his desire to lead the life of a Christian. Greater interest could not have been manifested than was last evening, and a more respectful hearing could not have been accorded to any preacher.

"Go," said he; "go to some hovel where a drunkard reels to

every day. See the children run away and hide in terror when the besotted father staggers up the hill; see the pale, haggard-faced wife tremble; she bears many a scar made by that strong right arm on that defenceless body. Such a man may be here to-day. He may repent at last and secure the Lord Jesus. Then, in a little while, see what a change! The little children will climb on his knee and clasp their loving arms about his neck; the wife will wear a happy smile, and instead of the drunken song, you will hear:

"'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

or perhaps he will remember a hymn his sainted mother taught him, and on the evening air will come the words:

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"That is what I call regeneration. May the spirit of prayer come on this assembly this afternoon. You may see many kingdoms, but except you be born again you will never see the Kingdom of God. You may travel through your own country, and in California stand in awe before the great trees at which so many have wondered, but except you be born again you can never see the tree of life which stands in the paradise of God. You may stand on the banks of many mighty rivers, but except you be born again you never can see the river that bursts from the Throne of God and runs through His Kingdom. You may look with pleasure upon the jewelled crowns of the earth, but unless you be born again you cannot see the Crown of Life. You may meet with princes in this world, but except you be born again you cannot meet the Prince of Peace. A few years ago I met with a man who seemed happy and yet very, very lonesome. 'Have you no children?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I have one—in heaven.' He then showed me the picture of a beautiful child, about seven years of age, and said, 'I am glad she is in heaven, for while she lived I worshipped her, and when she was taken from me I almost cursed my Maker, for I was a

cursing man. And when I was still in this terrible mood I threw myself on the bed and at last I slept, and dreamed, I suppose, though it may have been a vision. I thought I was traveling along a desert waste, and at length came to a dark, fathomless river. I thought I heard the voice of my darling calling, "Father, come over; its beautiful over here." Then I saw my precious one amid a choir of heavenly beings, and she kept on beckoning to me until I attempted to cross, but found I could not ford the stream. While I was looking for some way to get over, I heard a voice from heaven saying, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I awoke a changed man, and now only live to meet her in that heavenly sphere where death can never again come. If my little one had lived I might have led her astray, but she is safe now, and I believe that a kind Father will let me follow her.' Oh! how many of you," said Mr. Moody in conclusion, "have little ones beckoning to you from the other side of the river of death? Have you children, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, godly fathers, or sainted mothers in the land to come? Only go to God, be born again, and meet them in the Kingdom of God." At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Moody called upon those who desired to be prayed for to stand up, and fully two thousand rose to their feet, and stood with bowed heads and glistening eyes while the leader offered up a fervent supplication in their behalf.

Charles M. Morton, of Plymouth Bethel, Brooklyn, then made a brief address, relating an incident of the recent meetings in Brooklyn, the reclamation of a man whose home had been broken up by intemperance. When the man had been converted he came to the speaker one day and said, "I have got back my home, my friends, my wife and my children, but something that my little girl said last night made me cry. She ran up to me, and, throwing her arms around me, said, 'Papa, you don't stagger any more now.'" Now it is just so with Christians when they get the Word of God in the heart; they don't stagger any more.

Hon. S. Farwell, of Chicago, spoke of some special meetings

now being held in Central Illinois, and said the workers in his State were listening for the key-note from the City of Brotherly Love, and were anxious for an interest in their prayers at one of the meetings in Mason, Illinois. The first convert was the leader of a company of actors who had been a few evenings before performing in the same hall in which the meeting was held. He was an intelligent, highly educated man, and is now preaching the Gospel. He says: "I have served the devil for thirty years. I am fifty-one years old now. All my time and talents shall be upon the Lord," and one of the first things he told the people after his conversion was this: "I have been behind the scenes. You don't know all that goes on there. Take my advice, you church members who have been in the habit of going to theatres, and don't go there again." That was pretty good preaching for a first sermon. He now goes about the street reading the New Testament, as he used to read Shakespeare, and he tells Brother Dean that every day he finds new texts that he never knew were in the Bible at all. That might be the case with all of us, for the Spirit will bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

There was one point which ought to be mentioned in this connection. It was a matter of experience with him that very often what prevents persons who are anxious from finding peace is some difficulty in their business. There is some little thing which they are not prepared to give up. It was so with a young man with whom he was speaking last night. He found that he was engaged in the liquor business, and he told the young man that unless he was prepared to give that up he would not have peace.

Mr. Moody spoke on the prayers of Jesus, and said He was the example, for He was praying all the night before He chose the twelve Apostles; and on every occasion where there was a special communication to Him from His Father in heaven, it came in answer to prayers. What we need is more of the praying spirit, that all who come to these meetings may be reached by the Spirit of God. Even those who are unable to get into the meet-

ings are sometimes in that way led to a spirit of reflection. A man came to one of the services and found the door closed, and the words of Scripture rushed upon his mind, "And the door was shut." He said, "What if the door of Heaven should be shut?" and was led to serious consideration, which resulted in his conversion. A lady in Brooklyn had been praying that her son might attend the meetings. She had tried to persuade him, but he had refused. On the last of the services there, the young man thought he would go to the Tabernacle for the afternoon meeting. He found the gates locked, the building being full. He went into the overflow meeting, and heard Mr. Needham. That afternoon he was converted, and his mother's prayers were answered. There is nothing for which we may not pray. Jesus prayed at the grave of Lazarus; and we may bring our dead sons and daughters to Christ that He may give them spiritual life.

Rev. Dr. Newton said he wanted to relate an incident which had been revived in his memory by the observations of Mr. Moody on prayer. Forty years ago, said he, I was a student in a theological college in New York, and was brought into intimacy with a graduate of West Point Military Academy, whose brother was a fellow-student of mine. The officer was a strictly moral man of sterling integrity, but not a Christian. His brother one day spoke to him, and asked if he would not become a Christian. His reply was: "What more do you want me to be than I am now?" and his manner was such that the brother said no more, but determined to pray for his conversion instead of arguing with him. The next winter the officer was ordered out West for frontier service, and his wife, who was a lady of high moral character and great attainments, was, in consequence, temporarily separated from him, and went to live at Providence, Rhode Island. While she was there a great work of grace was progressing in the parish. She was among those who were brought to the feet of Jesus; and after she was converted, the minister, at whose house she was staying, asked if she would not join the church. She said, "I can't until I have written to my husband. I have never taken a step that we could not take

together since we were married. I can't put a barrier between him and myself until I have written to him and told him of the change in my life." She immediately wrote; but before her letter reached him out on the frontier, he had written to her, and their letters crossed. He said that for several days he had a strange feeling, such as he had never experienced before. He felt that he was unworthy and a sinner, and that he needed pardon. He had no Bible in his tent, and borrowed one from a comrade; then he read about the way of salvation, and found light. He said in his letter that he had become a Christian; so when her letter reached him, the wife was in possession of the glad news that both were following Jesus. Who can tell the joy there was in that family? Although this occurred many years ago, and the dear fellow to whom I refer is now in heaven, the impression it made upon me will never be effaced, and I tell it to-day because it may lead others to pray for the conversion of those friends who do not now feel their need of Christ.

After silent prayer for a few moments, during which it seemed that every Christian heart was lifted to God in earnest supplication—for the most solemn stillness prevailed through the house—the meeting closed with the Doxology and benediction.

MEETING FOR DRUNKARDS.

One of the most interesting meetings yet held by the evangelists in this city was that set apart especially for the benefit of drunkards who had been unable to conquer the demon of alcoholic stimulus. The congregation was much larger than on the preceding day, and, as would naturally be expected, very different in many other respects. Several hundreds of Christian workers, who have been regularly attending all the meetings, remained away in order to leave as much room as possible to those who were directly affected by the curse of intemperance. A glance over the audience showed a large number of temperance advocates and missionaries, several clergymen, and a few regular Christian workers. Almost all the other faces were new. There were old fathers whose white hairs had almost been brought in

sorrow to the grave by the wayward steps of loved and almost lost sons; aged mothers, whose doubly refined features had been pinched by suffering, and once rosy, smiling lips blanched to whiteness by long-continued effort to choke back the sobs which will well up from hearts wrung by the anguish of seeing dear ones sinking into ruin; there were pale-faced, loving-eyed sisters, whose young lives had been nothing but woe instead of innocent, hopeful joy, and whose bright smiles had long given place to sighs over the downward course of some willful brother. Here and there could be seen the bloated faces of blear-eyed drunkards, who glanced wildly around as though the strangeness of the situation was so overpowering that it required a great effort of will to remain, and not a few were accompanied by mothers, wives, sisters, or, perchance, sweethearts, who, having exhausted worldly means, had determined to lay their burden before the Lord. The great majority of all those gathered in the Depot-Tabernacle yesterday afternoon were as sad-faced and tearful-eyed a collection of humanity as it would be possible to assemble in one place. Those who had not directly suffered by intemperance grew at once into sympathy with the hundreds about them, whose heavy sighs told the stories of unutterable anguish, and this influence increased until a cloud of terrible depression seemed to hang over the entire congregation. Every class of society was represented in this throng united so closely by such painful bonds. Close to the half-starved, long-abused, yet faithful wife of some besotted brute was seated the child of fortune and culture—child no more, but an old, old woman, whose only son, still in his youth, had fallen almost to the lowest depths of degradation. Near her was a man, every lineament of whose features was some index of nobility of soul and rare talents, but whose threadbare coat and sunken cheeks betrayed to all gazes the lifelong victim of an unconquerable appetite. Just behind this group was a young girl, whose face, sweet as an angel's, was already furrowed by grief. Beside her was a father, whom she seemed to worship, and this father, broken down in health and almost ruined in mind by the excessive use of liquor, seemed at

last to have resigned himself to hopeless ruin. He gazed about in a half-sleepy, half-childish way, and several times attempted to get up and leave his seat, but the hand of the child-woman held his very tightly, and each time he would conquer his restlessness and sit down. By far the largest proportion of the congregation were women, almost all of whom had evidently clutching at their hearts the agonizing image of some past or present experience with woe in its most terrible form. As the exercises proceeded it was interesting to note the change which gradually came over the scene. As Mr. Moody declared over and over again that the God who had once cast out devils could do it now, and would do it if only asked, and as fervent supplications for this Divine interposition were made, the cloud seemed to rise from all hearts, the noonday sun poured in upon the picture like blessed rays of hope; eyes long dimmed by tears beamed with a new light; lips so long tightly pressed by anguish smiled with a new-found joy, and dissipated faces lost their reckless look and became resolute in the strength of noble determination. It is probable that more than one slave was freed, and more than one heart made happy.

Rev. Dr. Newton read the requests for prayer. He said that as the day was set apart particularly for prayers for the intemperate only, only those which related to persons held by the demon of drink would be read. Among the requests were twenty for prayers for intemperate husbands; ten for drunken fathers; twenty-five from sisters for dissipated brothers; ten from widows for intemperate sons; one for a young man struggling to overcome the demon of drink; one from a sister for three brothers, one of them a hard drinker; one from a mother in Scottsville for an intemperate son; from a friend for a young man in Newcastle, England; from a friend for a young man who earnestly desires to reform; from a sister (long identified with Methodist missions) for an intemperate brother; from a Christian for an intemperate brother-in-law in Richmond, Va.; from a mother, whose only son was rapidly hastening to ruin; from a wife whose husband has almost beggared his family, and from friends for the Woman's Temperance Society of Plymouth Church. There

were forty requests for prayers for tavern-keepers' souls, that they might be turned from the road in which they were leading so many of their fellows; two requests for intemperate and ungodly men; one against the sale of liquor on the Centennial Grounds; one from a wife for a husband; one from a father whose son, once a professor of religion, was now hurrying on to destruction; one from a mother who desired prayers for a drunken husband and son; one from a Christian lady whose intemperate husband had come to believe that not even God could save him from himself; another from a sister for a dissipated brother; another from a mother for a son who is addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks; a doctor in Massachusetts desired prayers for himself—he had long been striving in vain to overcome the habit, and now asked for higher aid. Prayers were also requested for a brother who was once a professed Christian, but who now made the hearts of his friends heavy by yielding to temptation; a mother requested prayers for four children, one of whom was addicted to the use of wine. Prayers were asked for God's blessing on the Woman's Temperance Society and their "Home for Inebriate Women;" also, for the "Franklin Reformatory Home." A wife and daughter requested prayer for a father in the liquor business. Prayers were requested for four intemperate men, three of whom were the sons of three deceased elders in one Presbyterian church, and for three intemperate brothers, the sons of a minister.

Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith also offered a fervent prayer for the salvation of those who were unable to take even the first step towards saving themselves. He asked for comfort for aged hearts, for wives and daughters and sisters, so that they could feel to-day the joy of thanksgiving, and asked special blessing on those who were engaged in the unhallowed traffic, that they should be taught that all happiness on earth or in heaven would be lost if they should continue in their present course.

The congregation then rose, and with heartfelt earnestness translated into the harmonies of sound the words of the 3d hymn:

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford."

Mr. Sankey stopped the singing at the third verse and said: "Now we should like to hear every one in the house who believe that they do need the Lord join in that chorus:"

"I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh! bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee."

Thus adjured, every voice seemed to combine with every other to fill the grand auditorium with the musical reverberations of the beautiful supplication, and the waves of harmony rolled mountain high through the seemingly limitless structure.

The secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Cree, spoke of the case of a drunkard who had come into his office and asked special prayers for strength to resist temptation.

Another case was mentioned of a poor man who came into the inquiry-room with a heart almost breaking, and said he wanted the people to pray for him, but could not write a line, and was consequently unable to send in a request without help. It was also requested that prayer be offered for an unworthy son, who had for years resisted every effort to bring him into the right way, and also for his companion, with whom he had become united within a few weeks. Rev. Dr. Hatfield, in referring to the course of intemperance, said there was, humanly speaking, no hope for a drunkard. Only in rare instances could the victim of alcoholic stimulants be saved. But nothing was too hard for God to accomplish, and he wanted his hearers to try and have faith in what seemed an utter impossibility. At one time the speaker could not force himself to have full faith, but a number of instances which had since been brought to his attention, had proved to him how weak had been his confidence in God. One of these instances was the case of a man who was so completely ruined

by drink that when at last he showed some sign of repentance the speaker thought he must have some evil design. But the man was prayed for again and again, and these prayers were answered, for he has been a sober, industrious, respectable citizen for the last eighteen years. "Father" Martin next offered a prayer for the salvation of drunkards. Mr. Moody said he noticed an aged man the evening before urging a young man to go into the inquiry-room. Afterward, when he went into the room, he met that father and the youth together and prayed with them. The old man, with tears in his eyes, then said: "Mr. Moody, I live twenty miles out in the country, and came all the way here to-night to thank you; for this afternoon I received a letter from my son, who has been attending these meetings, and is now converted." "Is this young man also your son?" asked the speaker. "No," was the unexpected reply; "he is a stranger to me." "This," continued Mr. Moody, "was the most beautiful part of it. The old man had come to thank us for assisting in his son's conversion, and had seized the opportunity to urge some other man's son to seek the Lord. Now we ought to lift our eyes above all human belief, and remember that Christ has the power to help every one who asks for his divine aid. But some say, 'It has become a disease with me; I can't help myself; my soul don't need a physician; it is my body that is sick.' But don't you suppose Christ can heal the body? He has power over disease. The Great Physician never fails. Some mothers say, 'My son is dead to everything that is pure; dead to everything that's holy.' You remember the child that was dead and Christ raised it up when asked to do it? You will find him able to raise up any child of the flesh, whether dead or not. Christ has power over devils, over disease, and over death. In London I saw a great many incurable hospitals. They did not need anything of the kind when Christ was on earth. No case was incurable then. Now let us pray that he will cure this disease of drunkenness.

"Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for such a Saviour as Thou hast sent, and now we come to-day to ask that Thou wilt rebuke the devils who have taken possession of fathers, and

brothers, and sons, and cast them out; make bare Thine arm to save these drunkards; bless these strangers who have come to us to-day. They are strangers to us, but not strangers to Thee; Heavenly Father, help them, raise them, so that soon a band of men who are now the slaves of strong drink may be working for His glory. While the infidels are mocking and scoffing and saying, 'God cannot save drunkards,' O God! make bare Thine arm and show them Thy strength; show them that God can save the lowest drunkards, and it will be to Thy great glory. Amen."

The 56th hymn was then sung as follows:

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

Chorus—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!"

Rev. Dr. Breed arose and said he had long felt the strongest sympathy for those who were suffering from that particular evil, and he knew there was not a minister living who did not feel in the same way. In all such cases the man was still the same. It was only the appetite which was unconquerable. All had heard of the member of Congress, who, when asked to sign the pledge, said, "Sign it, yes; and then I would cut off my right hand if that would compel me to keep it." Don't think there was no hope. A lady of this city, who once had a drunken father, many and many a time had gone out to look for him at night, and, finding him in some saloon, would stand in the cold and snow until he came out. The touch of her hand would turn him, and he would follow her staggering to their home. One evening, while the keen winds of winter swept down every street, and a freezing sleet covered everything with a coat of ice, she attempted in the same way to lead him home, but he staggered and fell on the pavement. She bent over him, trying to revive him, and when he

returned to consciousness her hair was frozen to his lips. She succeeded in getting him home alive, and in less than one month afterwards he completely reformed. A converted rum-seller in the audience then arose and said he was once a dealer in the accursed stuff, but now thanked God that he would never again touch the hell-distilled fluid or raise it to the lips of a brother. Rev. Dr. Newton prayed earnestly that all who were struggling for salvation might be saved by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and that those who had sunk so low that they had no desire to rise might be brought to see the terrible error of their ways and helped to redeem themselves before it was too late. The congregation then united in singing the 89th hymn:

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Chorus—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

This hymn was sung with a will, all joining most heartily in the chorus. It was then announced by Mr. Moody that another meeting of the same character would be held next Friday noon, and the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Sankey, with all his enthusiastic love of the Father, for whose worship all hymns were written, never forgets that flesh is very weak, and must be helped by all the means which can be provided. He therefore usually selects hymns for the opening praise with a light, joyous melody, which soon brings all hearts into sympathy, so that, as the services proceed, the majestic movement and grand harmonies of familiar long-metre hymns do

not roll ineffectively around souls still insensible from worldly influence, but sweep in resistless waves of music along the tenderest chords of the human heart, lifting the soul far above the burden of clay which weighs it to the earth.

When a meeting is held specially for young men, it is always better that those for whom it is intended should take the most prominent part in the exercises; but every one who has had the management of such gatherings will readily appreciate the difficulty that is always experienced in carrying this rule into practice. What is needed to make young men's meetings full of interest and productive of benefit is short addresses, prayers, and little crumbs of experience incident to a young man's life; and when twenty or thirty participate within an hour, each contributing to the spirituality of the occasion, there never need be any fear of a dull meeting. A word of encouragement from an old Christian, who has a young heart, is always welcome and beneficial; but when the aged brethren monopolize three-fourths of the time, as is sometimes the case, with long, prosy, and wearisome sermonizing, all the soul of the meeting is effectually stamped out, and the time is, of course, then wasted.

Throughout the series of deeply interesting gatherings of young men, held in the North Reformed Church, Brooklyn, under the excellent superintendence of Charles M. Morton, this difficulty was not unfrequently encountered; and the same evil began to show itself in the meetings held here nightly.

A happy suggestion was, however, made and acted upon. Mr. Moody announced on Sunday that the following evening a fathers' meeting would be commenced at Dr. McCook's church, Penn Square; "and henceforth," said he, "nobody over forty years of age will be admitted to the young men's meeting. I put the limit at forty, because that will just allow me to go there when I want." The fathers' meeting was accordingly held on Monday night, and last evening it developed into a parents' meeting, both fathers and mothers being invited to attend for prayer and conversation in regard to the conversion of their children. Mr. John Field has been chosen as the leader; and it seems likely that

this new feature will speedily become one of the most important auxiliaries of the revival work. The leader last evening delivered a brief but very impressive address, relating an incident connected with his own personal history which touched every heart; then the meeting was opened for prayer and short testimonies, many petitions being offered for unconverted parents and children out of the ark of safety.

Said Mr. Moody: "I was never more shocked than on one occasion when a father said to his son, after he had returned from a meeting of this kind where he had given his heart: 'My son, I always hoped that you would become established in business before you gave attention to matters of religion;' but I don't believe one father out of ten millions would say such a thing as that. It is better to go up to heaven from the poor-house than to go down to hell in a gilded chariot. What is there to be gained by losing your soul and thinking only all the time of riches?" The speaker said that he would rather lose his eyes ten thousand times over than to lose his soul. He then narrated an incident of a little child who had been run over and killed, and the news was taken to the father by the superintendent of a Sunday-school in Chicago, and when the superintendent told the father he arose like a wild man and rushed to the mother, and she cried out to be taken to see the child; but the good man told her that the child's body was so mangled that it could not be recognized by her. The superintendent said to Mr. Moody that he would rather do anything again than to bear such news to a family and witness such a sight. The speaker said that it would be better to lose everything than lose your own souls. The little child went to heaven; it would be far worse to have borne the news that their little child's soul had been lost. Let the news go up to heaven to-night, "Saved." Strive to enter heaven by the straight way. A man has but to will to do a thing, and it will be done. God has done all he can for you. He has sent his only Son to save you, and if you will to be saved you will find comfort, peace, and happiness. It is for you to decide to-night whether you will serve the Lord or will take the side of Satan. Since the fall of

Adam, Satan has been an usurper; he has no right to this world. The Son of man has come to seek and save; he is here now to seek and save. Are you willing to be saved now? No matter how dark and deep your sins may be. He can pardon your sins if you will only come to him. Christ comes to you to-night to carry you over the dark river, if you will only let him. Sinners, won't you come to Jesus to-night?

Meeting for Women.

The afternoon service, which was exclusively for women, may be said to have commenced the actual work of the revival. The meeting was one never to be forgotten by any who were present. At two o'clock the doors were thrown open, and the crowds began to pour in until before half-past three all available space was crowded. More than eleven thousand women gathered at this religious service, the ushers and reporters being the only men allowed on the main floor. By far the larger portion of the occupants of the platform were ladies representing the upper and middle classes, while here and there could be seen poverty-stricken needle-women who in their battle for life had been unable to find time to think of the life to come. Fully three hundred members of the combination choir were in their seats, and on the stage were many prominent clergymen. Said the evangelist: "You have seen the murderer before the court of justice. If he had a mother she was there with him. She was not ashamed of him, but would say, 'Guilty or not guilty, he is my boy, and I love him.' How such a mother clings to her son's side every moment possible! How she watches every witness who comes to testify against her own! How she weeps and prays with him in his narrow cell, and when at last the verdict comes in 'guilty,' the loving heart-strings break at last, and the mother is carried fainting, almost dead, from the room. But her boy still lives for a few hours, and she comes back. She follows him to the scaffold, and suffers a thousand deaths while he is suffering one." At this point the loud sobbing of a woman in the audience be-

came so painful that for a moment the speaker could not proceed. Recovering himself, he said: "Such is a mother's love, and yet your Heavenly Father loves you more dearly, more devotedly than a mother ever can." All who desired to be prayed for were then requested to rise, and at least three thousand persons stood up.

Inquiry-Meetings.

Mr. Moody then arose and said: "I want to say a few words to you to-day about the inquiry-rooms. Many persons talk about them as though they were something new, and ask what is the object of such places? We have been much hindered in our work by people who, night after night, come as spectators, as though we were all on exhibition. I think it is very strange that any Christian should not understand the object of inquiry-meetings, for they are not an innovation. Look at the third chapter of Luke and at the ninth verse: 'And now also the axe is laid at the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. And the people asked Him, saying, What shall we do then?' Then there was an inquiry-meeting at once. The people became anxious about the salvation of their souls, and wanted to know what they should do to be saved. 'He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.' That was an inquiry-meeting. All the people wanted was a little advice, and that was given them. 'Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto Him, Master, what shall we do? And He said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.' That was another inquiry-meeting. 'And the soldiers likewise demanded of Him, saying, And what shall we do? And He said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.' You see all classes of hearers were asking, 'What shall we do?' They were given special answers for special cases, and that constituted an inquiry-meeting. Even John could not preach so plainly but that his hearers

wanted more expounding. The object of inquiry-meetings is to answer those who have special questions to ask. Many persons may be affected by a good sermon or touched by a fervent prayer, but each one may have peculiar difficulties to overcome, and unless these can be presented to some Christian who, having been through the same trials, can advise how to get rid of them, even the most anxious souls may go away discouraged, and, what is worse, remain away. In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew we read, 'Now Jesus sent the multitude away and went into the house; and His disciples came unto Him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field. There was another inquiry-meeting at once. Even the faithful disciples of Jesus had questions to ask as soon as opportunity offered. In the fifty-first verse we find that the Master himself opened an inquiry-meeting, for it says: 'Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things? They say unto Him, Yea, Lord.' There, you see, He was encouraging them to make inquiry. This is the only way the Truth can be preached and be made effective. We must get right in among the people and answer the numberless questions which confuse groping minds if we wish to bring souls to Christ. If there were more inquiry-rooms there would be more effective preaching. In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew we read: 'Then came Peter unto Him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?' This was an inquiry-meeting started by Peter, and it is a very good thing that Peter went to the Lord with that question, for otherwise we never would have had this blessed answer: 'Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven.' Christ always encouraged His followers to come to Him, and He was always ready to answer their inquiries. The preaching that does bring inquirers is just the kind the devil does not want.

"Another inquiry-meeting is told of in the 19th chapter of Matthew: 'And behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?' In the 24th chapter of Matthew, still another inquiry-meeting is

spoken of: 'And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?' These all show how they used to have inquiry-meetings in the days of Christ. In the 2d chapter of the Acts we read: 'Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart and said unto Peter and to the rest of the Apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' In the 8th chapter of the Acts we hear of an inquiry-meeting that did not take place after a sermon or in church, but way off in the desert. Philip found a poor eunuch out in the desert and quieted his anxious spirit by telling him it was only necessary to believe in order to be saved. The eunuch was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing. The Bible is full of accounts of inquiry-meetings. While Paul was at Rome there was at all times anxious persons hastening to his house and inquiring, 'What shall we do to be saved?' They did not go there to kiss Paul's great toe, but to find the way of life. Some people say you should not speak to persons after they have been listening to a good sermon, for you may disturb the seed already sown. Don't you know it's the devil who is most apt to disturb the seed? We should not only sow it, but harrow it down. All the workers in the inquiry-rooms should carry their Bibles and have them ready for just such cases. When the inquirer is seeking for light, you need not talk to him; hold up just the right passage from the Scripture and let him read it. The third class are those who are not convicted of sin. I met a man last evening who acknowledged that he had not been in a place of worship for eight years, but still he was very anxious to have me understand that he was not a bad man, though he did admit that now and then, when he became angry, he would swear. Now I knew the only way to do in his case was to get the law on him. So I turned to the 3d chapter of Romans and read to him: 'And it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one.' Then I turned

to Isaiah and showed him that the thoughts of the Lord could not be his. The only way to convict a man is to bring the law of God to bear on his conscience, and then when he fully feels his wickedness teach him to lift up his heart in prayer to God. There is generally in the inquirer either the spirit of the Pharisee or the spirit of the Publican. God be thanked for the spirit of the Publican. Don't give comfort to the Pharisee, or to the unconvicted. Show them plainly their wickedness. But when they are convicted and feel that nothing ever can wash away their sins, turn to the 1st chapter of Isaiah and show them the 18th verse: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' What more comfort could be asked than this? Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors, yet the Lord can make them white."

The inevitable question, asked and answered so often, What is the secret of the power of these men? recurs to each new community where their influence is directly exerted. The frequent motive behind the inquiry is personal desire to enjoy and employ this secret in the service of Jesus. This becomes every honest worker, and justifies the attempt to unveil the hiding of their influence, for the information and inspiration of those who would fill the earth with redeemed souls. And, again, in the midst of our gathered threads, we insert the answers to this problem, that they may be woven into the beautiful robe of their wonderful career.

There are two points here to be considered: 1. The occasion met these men, and, 2. They proved equal to it. If the capability had not been in them, they would have dropped into obscurity like hosts of others. But it is no less true that for lack of occasion great powers often lie concealed, not only from the world, but even from him whose they are. In Chicago, hundreds, even thousands, gladly heard Mr. Moody, and he there proved his efficiency in every department of the work he undertook. Had he not, it is by no means probable that a larger opportunity would have opened to him. When the enlarged opportunity was

given, he showed a breadth of comprehension, a depth of insight, a control over large masses, and a mastery of the myriad details of a great undertaking, such as his work in Chicago never would have called for. There is another consideration. Mr. Moody's powers have had development; his capabilities have not only been educed, but they have been improved by exercise.

Mr. Moody talks as if he knew just what he wanted to say, and was determined to say it. In this he is an example to Sunday-school teachers.

Mr. Moody's Christian experience was of a most positive kind; and a vivid realization of the appalling fact that on every hand men were perishing eternally moved him to the work which has now grown to such great proportions. In awakening the consciences of the unconverted and stimulating the activities of Christians, he possesses a rare power that none can fail to recognize. Herein lies his greatness. No one will claim for Mr. Moody the richness of language, the resistless pathos and humor, the wonderful mimicry and dramatic power that characterize the great temperance orator. But Mr. Gough does not more thoroughly hold an audience than Mr. Moody. We have heard the latter when every eye and every ear in his vast audience were riveted upon him—the place, the man, all else in the universe forgotten, while his homely sentences and pointed illustrations issued forth hot and glowing, radiant with quaint touches of imagination, and varied by occasional sallies of quiet humor, the whole saturated with sincerity and marked by the simplicity of a child-like faith. This was oratory of the truest sort. There are many men who talk as effectively as Mr. Moody *for a little while*, or occasionally. They can get the sympathy of an audience when they chance to be in the vein; but it is a very different thing to be *master* of an audience. Mr. Moody is always that; at his best superlatively so.

A minister who went to hear Mr. Moody preach was surprised that there was so little of plan or of argument in his discourse, that it was made up so largely of declaration and appeal, and he wondered how such preaching could prove so impressive. In-

deed, he was sure that a sermon of that kind was not likely to convince an unbeliever; it seemed, in fact, only addressed to those who admitted the truth of the great facts which the preacher emphasized. The minister was pleased with Mr. Moody as a man. He admired his earnestness and his desire to win souls to the Saviour; but he could not think his sermon as a sermon amounted to much. Something else than such preaching, he was confident, gave Mr. Moody the ears of the multitude.

Yet, just here, that minister made a great mistake. It would have been a blessed thing for him and for sinners about him if he had recognized, in what he counted the lack of Mr. Moody, one of the sources of Mr. Moody's special power as a preacher. That minister thinks it always his duty to argue with unbelievers. He is a little in doubt himself on most points, and he sees that others are. He opens discussion with them in every sermon, and at the sermon's close neither he nor they are quite convinced. He does not rest down on the Word of God with such positiveness that he has no thought of its being in question. Hence he never proclaims, declares, preaches the truth in confidence. He is called a good sermonizer, but his sermons neither convince unbelievers nor arouse the careless to seek salvation; nor yet do they reassure distrustful Christians. If he would but believe with Mr. Moody's confidence, and declare the gospel with Mr. Moody's positiveness, he would have more of Mr. Moody's success in bringing his hearers to a sense of their danger, and to an acceptance of the full salvation to which he points them.

Two men were riding in a street-car together. One was a skilled infidel and controversialist. The other was a simple-hearted Christian layman. The infidel sought to provoke an argument as to the Bible and its truths. The believer's response was: "I cannot argue the case with you. I am not competent to that. But this I do know. With all my heart I trust the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I only wish you had the joy in him which I have." The infidel's unexpected answer came promptly: "There you have got me. I can't answer that." The assurance which enables a child of God to testify for Christ and his salva-

tion is more effective than the most carefully constructed arguments for the reasonableness of God's plan of redemption.

The one unmistakable cause of the great interest attending these two brethren is the conviction that God is with them. Among the natural agencies which he is using through them are:

(1) An irrepressible ardor of personal conviction;

(2) The simplicity, quickness, and brightness of the speaking;

(3) The speaker's utter forgetfulness of himself; no parading of his own sanctity, or humility; of his own goodness or badness, or of himself in any way.

(4) An unaffected, loving regard for his fellow-men; a real and affectionate interest in them; and a hearty, genial way of showing it.

(5) The entire naturalness of manner wins and holds attention. There is none of that straining after effect which is so apparent and so odious in some professional "revivalists;" no solemn farce, no cant, no sentimentalism. He appears to be among evangelists what Walter Scott was among writers—a sturdy, wholesome, *manly man*.

Mr. Moody owes none of his success to fiery enthusiasm, sensational exhortings, or clever advertising, as many devotees, not to religion but to special church organizations, so confidently asserted. He owes it all to simple earnestness, unerring judgment, and that never-failing conservator of human effort—method. Most of his brothers of the cloth, knowing that their congregations are composed of representatives of many classes and conditions of life, and honestly desiring to preach and pray as much for one as another, forget that homœopathic principles cannot be extended to include the soul diseases which the Great Physician came to cure, and thus continue to dilute the current of their endeavor by attempting to preach on all sins and to all sinners at the same time, until such infinitesimal portions are dispensed to those who need special aid that their work is, after all, but love's labor lost. Mr. Moody, from the very start, has been as systematic in his work as an astronomer laboring to master

the secrets of some newly-discovered planet. He is not content with simply giving his life to the cause of religion, trusting to some higher power to carry home the arrows shot at random, but so husbands his strength, so concentrates his energies, and so persistently directs his efforts to the special work of the moment, that every word is made to tell, and each succeeding sentence carries more and more conviction to the hearts which it is intended to influence. It will be remembered that, contrary to all precedent, the evangelist commenced his work of regeneration, not with the unconverted, but with professed Christians. Ignoring the sins of sinners, he preached only of the sins of saints.

For one whole week this unexpected but perhaps not unnecessary prelude to the regular programme was continued, and during that time it is possible that not a few really earnest and devoted lovers of their Master discovered that in the crowning grace of charity they were sadly lacking, for Christian bounty should be as boundless as the sea and Christian love as deep. During the past week Mr. Moody has worked exclusively for those who, while not doubting the truth of Revelation, have failed to follow its teachings or come into full sympathy with its consoling spirit. These divided from the Christian workers, the professed infidels and unbelievers in the plan of the Atonement, were again subdivided by Mr. Moody's system of teaching into as many different classes as their varied needs seemed to require. For each special services were held, at which special arguments and appeals were employed to reach their particular cases. There were meetings for men, meetings for women, meetings for mothers, for fathers, for young men, for parents, and last, but not least in importance, for drunkards. At each one of these assemblages the services, from the opening prayer to the benediction, were conducted exclusively and most heartily for the spiritual benefit of the class which had responded to the call.

Curious as it may appear, the great evangelist seems instinctively to have adopted in his spiritual warfare with Satan precisely the same tactics which, originated by the first Napoleon, was the secret of his numberless and marvellous victories. Napoleon

never made a direct movement until he had so divided the battalions of the enemy that by a *coup d'etat* he could concentrate his whole force on one subdivision, thereby gaining a certain victory without material loss, and thus continuing until the enemy was reduced to fragments and routed. The evangelist, in his crusade against evil, follows exactly the same plan. Instead of imitating the Church and firing indiscriminate and ineffective rounds into the well-trained ranks of the enemy, he persuades the sinners to divide themselves into clearly-defined classes, and then concentrates his whole force on the separated fragments, with, as a result, an amazing number of unconditional surrenders. But, besides Mr. Moody's earnestness and attention to system, there is back of all an overpowering strength of will, made peculiarly effective by a large amount of animal magnetism. These qualities combined would raise any man of ordinary intelligence above his fellows; but when this power is controlled by intense religious feeling, it not only raises the leader above his fellows, but his fellows above themselves. Who shall describe the evangelist's preaching? He is not oratorical or rhetorical or even logical. His brightest ideas are not æsthetic, and his most effective appeals are not pathetic. Still, he has the faculty of selecting out the very arguments or illustrations which will most affect the particular heart he desires to touch, and of presenting those arguments or illustrations in such a gleaming light of plausibility as to throw into a shadow every opposite thought which chance may evolve. When speaking to parents, he invariably tells of the beautiful children who stand beckoning to their loved papa and mamma from the summerland; when talking to sons and daughters, he adjures them by their white-haired father or sainted mother to hasten onward to the place of pure delight where all who love may be again united. He appeals to husbands to reform for the sake of their loving wives and innocent children, and to wives to come to the Father for the sake of their wayward husbands and helpless babes. There may be art in such methods of making truth patent, but with Mr. Moody it has the effect of the perfection of art—artlessness.

The Harvest Gathered.

The third week of the evangelists' labors among the unconverted in Philadelphia, drew to a close on Saturday, Dec. 11th.

At the end of a fortnight their special work, that of arousing members of churches to activity and individual effort, was probably as far advanced as in Brooklyn when the evangelists had ended their month's labors; but, then, it must be remembered that the City of Brotherly Love had caught inspiration from the glorious and successful meetings in Brooklyn, which will always be remembered as initiatory of a revival that promises to be widespread, if not national, in its influence and extent. There were some difficulties to be overcome when the work was begun in Brooklyn, which did not present themselves in Philadelphia. When the evangelists came here on the 21st of November, it was no longer a matter of doubt that in their own land, as well as in the British Isles, great crowds would be attracted to listen to Mr. Moody's earnest talks and Mr. Sankey's sweet gospel sermons in song. Something of the methods by which the multitudes were to be reached and brought under religious influences had begun to be appreciated; the efficiency and important mission of the inquiry-meeting were recognized, if not generally, at least in part; and so the special work in the City of Churches, while it has brought forth lasting fruit in the conversion of many souls, and might have been still more effective had it been of longer duration, was also influential here in Philadelphia, and in many cities and towns, through the medium of the press, as sounding the preliminary bugle-notes which called the Lord's hosts to battle.

There have been held during the last three weeks thirty-eight meetings addressed by Mr. Moody, nine of them being specially for Christian workers, fourteen for the general public (these had an average attendance of eight thousand), and fifteen daily prayer-meetings, at which the gatherings have been on the

average about three thousand. If the congregation had been composed of new faces at every service, more than two hundred thousand of the citizens of Philadelphia would have been reached, but most probably half of each audience has been made up of substantially the same people. Of the remaining one hundred thousand, however, there is every reason to believe that a large proportion were of just the class sought to be reached in these special services—namely, those who are strangers to religion. Many who have not been attending any place of worship for a length of time, have come into the depot church and heard the Gospel faithfully preached. Thus it will be seen a widespread influence is being exerted throughout the families of this great city by these special meetings beyond that which could have been brought about through the regular services at the various churches.

A great work has been done amongst the young men. Meetings are conducted each evening by Mr. John Wannamaker in the Broad and Arch M. E. Church, at which the average attendance has been little short of five hundred. Here many conversions have taken place; young men have learned to talk to young men, and with loving entreaty and kind sympathy lead them to Christ. Mr. Moody spoke to those who gathered at this meeting, and incited them to band themselves together for a canvass of the city, that they might bring many strangers to the meetings and make their influence felt in all parts of Philadelphia. Not only was this work recommended, but hints were thrown out that a still more important mission might be given to the young men of this city. Philadelphia, he said, was a great centre, and there are hundreds of towns and villages in all the surrounding country where special meetings might be held and become productive of most wonderful results. "A thousand young men are wanted," he said, "to devote themselves to Christ's service."

Excursion trains are running almost every night, bringing in hundreds to the meetings. Thus the village churches and country ministers will be aroused, quickened, and encouraged, and a spirit of energy and Christian zeal very widely infused.

Women's meetings are being held every afternoon in Dr. McCook's church; but with one or two exceptions, these gatherings, although attended by four or five hundred persons, have not been as profitable or enlivening as they might be made. One defect has been that the singing is not sufficiently hearty or congregational—not more than one out of twenty of the sisters seem to take any part in the service of song. There is also a tendency to long speeches; and altogether greater heartiness needs to be infused into the meetings in order to make them as useful as such services are designed to be.

Judging from Mr. Moody's own words, the results have been more than satisfactory—they have been surprising. More converts are believed by the evangelists to have been made during the past week than in any other week ever spent in America. The inquiry-rooms, so often explained and so ably defended by Mr. Moody, have been full almost every evening, and a large proportion of those converted have at once become workers for the salvation of others. There were on Sunday three regular services; the first in the morning for Christians, the second at four o'clock for women, and the third in the evening for men. At the early morning service the evangelists were greeted with a congregation of over 6,000 Christian workers, supported by an excellent voiced and well-drilled volunteer choir of 500 members. This choir has been so perfectly trained, under the direction of Mr. Fischer, that it has become one of the best organizations of its kind ever drawn together in the city. The services opened with the 11th hymn,

I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth friends be few;
And now He's watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh! that my Saviour were your Saviour too,

which was sung by the whole congregation with much spirit and rare grace of expression for a body of 6,000 or 7,000 singers, most of whom were strangers to each other. The words, "For

you I am praying," were repeated in the softest of echoes. The 87th hymn,

> Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
> Thou art scattering full and free—
> Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
> Let some droppings fall on me.
>
> *Chorus*—Even me, even me,
> Let Thy blessing fall on me,

was next sung by the choir, led by Mr. Sankey, whose sweet voice rang out pure and clear above the multitudinous harmonies, like the notes of a silver flute amid the fortissimo tones of a powerful orchestra. Wm. B. Dodge, of New York, then made a prayer, asking that in the spirit of the hymn just sung all might move forward through the day, and that the Lord might grant to each and all a Sabbath day's blessing. He prayed that all might be quickened in their efforts for the advancement of His glory, and that clearer views of the beauty of salvation, as well as of the pains of eternal death, might be given. He prayed that His servant, Mr. Moody, should be strengthened and be able to speak like a dying man to dying men. The 79th hymn,

> Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
> Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
> Sowing the seed by the fading light,
> Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
> Oh! what shall the harvest be?

was next announced. This, whether regarded from a Scriptural, poetical, or musical standpoint, is one of the most beautiful hymns in the collection; and it has become such a favorite that nearly all singers have learned it, and now as the familiar notes of the chorus are touched by Mr. Sankey, the sweet melody, rich harmony, and rather intricate movement are perfectly followed by thousands of voices. The last verse, "Sowing the seed with an aching heart," was sung with affecting expression by Mr. Sankey, and as the echoes of the solo died away the choir could be

heard repeating the chorus in whispers of melody. Mr. Moody then arose and read a part of the twelfth chapter of Romans. After which the 170th hymn,

> Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying,
> "Who will go and work to-day?"

was sung by Mr. Sankey to the beautiful tune of "Your Mission," which became such a favorite with the martyred President Lincoln.

The theme and spirit of the two compositions are very similar, the latter being religious, while the original, though far from irreligious, was still better adapted to secular than purely devotional occasions. Mr. Moody made a fervent prayer, thanking the Father for the success of the past three weeks, and asking for blessings on the week to come. He prayed that all the workers in the harvest-field might be strengthened and filled with zeal for the work. The congregation, with Mr. Sankey, sang with inspiring earnestness the 110th hymn to the familiar tune of Antioch. As the stanzas were concluded, Mr. Moody arose and preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "Occupy till I come." Luke xix. 13. He said the Church had been divided by some one into four very familiar classes. First, there were the destroyers, who found their way into almost every congregation and proved destructive to prosperity, as well as peace and harmony. Then there were the obstructors, who continually opposed every movement, whether for good or ill. Next came the idlers, and finally the workers. "Now, which of these four classes do you belong to?" continued Mr. Moody. "I shall judge no man ; take your places as you please; but if you have faith in Christ you must desire and occupy till he comes. The Church seems to have gone into camp and become demoralized. Some of its members have gone in simply to sleep and rest. I heard of one man who left one church where he had been a hard worker and wanted to enter another, but said he did not want to do any work. 'Oh!' said the minister, 'you have made a mistake; you should apply to my neighbor, who is pastor of the

Church of the Heavenly Rest.' I think very many more churches could appropriately be named the Heavenly Rest. Some people think because they can do but little their efforts are of no use. When Moses told Pharaoh that his God could remove the plague of the frogs, Pharaoh said, 'Oh! I don't think much of your God if he is the God of such an insignificant little thing as a frog.' 'Yes,' replied Moses, 'but there are a great many of them.' Let us remember that we may be little, but if there are only a great many of us we can do a great work. We must remember that each one of us has talent peculiar to himself. I can't sing like Mr. Sankey, or carry on business like Mr. Stuart; I am not an organizer like Mr. Wannamaker, yet if I use my half a talent as such a man as Rev. Dr. Dodge uses his ten, I will receive the same reward." Mr. Moody here spoke of a number of interesting instances of men using for the Lord such talents as he had given them, referring particularly to a Quaker in London, who, being unable to talk, sing, or otherwise labor, had expended his fortune in printing and circulating tracts. "This man," said Mr. Moody, "has already sent out more tracts than all the American and the London publication societies combined, and he is now in daily receipt of piles of letters from people who have been converted all over the world."

The speaker also told of a gentleman of fortune in England who had spent the past nine years in searching through the slums of London and educating the gamins whom he rescued. Referring to the responsibility which all Sunday-school teachers assumed, he told of a little girl who was converted by her teacher (who probably afterwards forgot all about the child); that child grew up, became the mother of ten sons, all of whom were led into "paths of peace," and six of whom became ministers of the Gospel. Mr. Moody continued at some length exhorting those who had already received the Saviour to do all in their power to save others. At the conclusion of this sermon, those who were willing to try to save even one soul during the week were called upon to stand up, and fully two-thirds of those present rose to their feet. The persons who desired to become Christians

were next requested to rise and one-half of the remainder stood up.

The women's meeting in the afternoon was thronged with worshippers, every available space being occupied and thousands being compelled to turn sadly away from closed doors. Mr. Moody opened the meeting by announcing the 37th hymn—

Tell me the old, old story.

This was sung by the ten thousand voices with an effect hardly to be described. Wave upon wave of the richest harmony swept in great billows of musical sound from one end of the mighty structure to the other and finally seemed to die away among the sunbeams which rested gently upon the windowed roof. The last verse was so inspiringly rendered that at Mr. Moody's request the lines were repeated. After a few moments spent in silent prayer Bishop Simpson offered up a supplication imploring the Father to send on every one of the vast assembly the blessings of His grace, that all might feel that Christ had made them whole. He thanked the Lord for the wonderful effusion of His Spirit which had accompanied the labors of His servants, and prayed that they might see the multitude turning from worldly ways to paths of holiness and peace. A new hymn,

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,

was next sung as a solo by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus:

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.

Mr. Moody then read from the 12th chapter of St. Matthew the parable of the ten virgins, and as he concluded Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the new hymn, "The wise and foolish virgins." The latter part of this hymn is an adaptation of Balfe's "Too

Late," and was rendered by Mr. Sankey with rare beauty of expression.

Mr. Moody next read a few verses in the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, in which the parable of the marriage supper is written. "I wish," said Mr. Moody, "to call your attention to the words, 'I pray thee, have me excused.' Though 1,800 years have rolled away, we find people still with one consent praying to be excused. It was not a pestilential hospital to which they were called, but to the marriage-supper. To-day the King of kings sends an invitation to every human being to be at the marriage-supper, and yet how many want to be excused. Suppose the Lord should take you all at your word and then lay the hand of death upon you? What a wail would go up from this city of Philadelphia! Suppose He should cease trying to compel you to come in, and just quietly shut the door upon you, have you ever tried to think of the anguish which such a change would bring? If all who wanted to be excused should be taken away, the grass would soon be growing in the streets of Philadelphia. There would be a good many shops shut up, there would be no saloon-keepers left, and I would have a very small audience here to-morrow night. Now, look at the excuses which these three men gave: the first said he had bought some land, and must needs go and see it. Now, when men buy land they go and see it before buying it, and even then would not start off at supper-time. The answer bears on its face the fact that it was a downright lie. The excuse was manufactured. The second man had a more absurd excuse than the first. He said, 'I have bought a yoke of oxen and must needs go and prove them.' That excuse was manufactured also. Men don't buy oxen and then prove them; they prove them first and buy them afterwards. More than that, the morning not the evening is the time to prove oxen. That excuse shows in itself that it's a lie. Then the third man could not come to the supper because he had married a wife. Why, if he had a wife, this fine banquet was just the place she would most like to attend. That excuse also was manufactured. Just notice how miserable all these excuses are. Now, I want to

ask this audience just one question, Have you got a better one? Can any one get up here and say, 'Mr. Moody, I have a good excuse'? I never saw any one in my life who had a better excuse, and few have as good ones, yet even these, poor as they are, are manufactured. Look at some of the excuses we hear in the inquiry-rooms. Some say, 'Oh! it's so *hard* to serve the Master.' This is a mistake, Christ is an easy Master. 'The way of the *transgressor* is *hard*.' I stand here as a witness that my God and my Saviour is not a hard Master. Another excuse is that the inquirer don't understand the Bible. Now, I don't believe that excuse will stand the light of eternity. I never met skeptical people that have read the Bible from back to back, and I know there is no book more misjudged. People will seldom judge of a new book until they have read it, but they willingly judge God's book before looking into it. More than that, the Bible was not made to understand. Don't give up the good old Bible until you can get a better book. You won't want to stand up before God and say: 'Lord, I was not saved because I did not understand the Bible.' Others excuse themselves on the plea that there are so many hypocrites in the Church and they don't like such company. Now, I admit that there have always been hypocrites in the Church, but is that a good excuse? If every man on the face of the earth is a black-hearted hypocrite, is that any reason why you should be? But if you don't like hypocrites you had better go to Christ, for not one of them shall sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Stay away, and you'll go with the hypocrites through eternity. Again, I fancy that there is one in the audience who says, 'I am so vile that Christ won't receive me.' I know there is not one of you who can show me a place in the Bible where it says any one is so wicked that forgiveness is impossible. There is not a mother in the congregation who would not forgive a wayward child, and there is not a sinner in this assembly who cannot obtain forgiveness of the Heavenly Father." Mr. Moody concluded with a touching incident in his own experience, relating in affecting tones the simple story of a brother lost for years and years, but

at last found and clasped in a forgiving mother's arms. All who desired to be prayed for were then requested to rise, and about 3,000 stood up, and afterwards, while the congregation united in singing the 91st hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," passed into the inquiry-rooms. These rooms soon became filled, and the overflow were provided with seats in the large hall on the northwest corner of the building, where Mr. Moody himself prayed and talked with those who had been affected by the services.

The Depot-Tabernacle was crowded to repletion at the services held in the evening, and the most encouraging part of it was that the 11,000 persons assembled were all men. It has frequently been asserted that while Mr. Moody's touching prayers and simple addresses, combined with Mr. Sankey's singing, might easily attract large audiences of ladies, it would be impossible to fill the structure with representatives of the masculine gender. It has been proved by Mr. Moody, beyond doubt, that the consciences of men can be easily reached by honest, earnest endeavor, and manly argument, when showy but soulless phrases would hardly penetrate beyond the ear.

Jesus, lover of my soul,

was sung by the united tones of at least ten thousand male voices, led by the clear sopranos of the choir, with an effect as grandly beautiful as surprising. Rev. Dr. McCook then offered up an opening prayer, beseeching the Father to hear the supplications of his servants as they asked for mercy and forgiveness. He prayed that His Holy Spirit might descend and fill the great multitude as in the days of Pentecost, so that all could be won in sweet and holy subjection to Jesus Christ. He asked for faith to lay the petition from all before the Lord in the name of Jesus; and blessings were particularly asked for those who were seeking Jesus. At the conclusion of the prayer Mr. Sankey took his seat at the organ, and with marvellous power of expression, sung the 6th hymn:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.

Mr. Moody then called attention to the 14th chapter of Luke, beginning at the 16th verse. After the parable of the marriage-supper had been read Mr. Sankey sang the 81st hymn:

The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory,
Beckons thee on.
Ref.—Room, room, still room,
Enter now.

Day is declining and the sun is low.
The shadows lengthen,
Light makes haste to go.

The refrain was sung by the choir in the softest of musical whispers, having the effect of the distant melody of heavenly choristers. Mr. Moody then arose and repeated the sermon of the afternoon, on the subject of the "Supper of the Lamb." While the leader spoke of the three excuses, and showed how absurd they all were, the attention of the vast audience became more and more intense, until, as he began to exhort his hearers to come to Christ, to forget self and seek the forgiveness of a loving Master, the vast sea of faces, as if by some irresistible fascination, turned fixedly towards the speaker, and every glance became fastened on the lips from which Christ crucified was preached. Then, as he concluded and called upon those who desired prayers to stand up, several hundred strong men arose, and trembling with emotion, waited with bowed heads while Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the 38th hymn:

Come home, come home,
You are weary at heart;
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh! come home!

As the echoes of the song of invitation died away Mr. Moody lifted up his hands in prayer, saying: "Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this invitation to be at the marriage-supper, and we pray that we all may accept it. As these who stand up pray to God, 'Be merciful to me, a sinner,' may Thy Holy Spirit search them out. May these young men have courage given them, and let them not be ashamed of the Word of God. If there is a prodigal child here, oh! help the wanderer in his efforts to return." At the conclusion of the prayer over 1,000 men accepted the invitation to go into the inquiry-rooms, and as the throng were pressing forward the vast assemblage sang the 86th hymn:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

This hymn was repeated, and with each stanza hundreds more arose and joined the throngs pouring into the rooms where the Christian workers waited to receive and comfort them.

Never was the Gospel Truth presented to erring man with greater force, and at no time since the inauguration of the meetings have such great results been seen. Hundreds flocked to the inquiry-rooms, all anxious to know more of the love, mercy, and tenderness of the Saviour, and very many more left for their homes for the first time giving any heed to the warning words of Him who came upon earth to call men to repentance, and who died that sinners might be saved.

At the Monday morning roll-call Mr. Moody said that, as usual on Monday, the early meeting would be devoted to reports of progress from all sources. He began by reading an affecting letter from a convert, who was spoken to only a week before. In the note the writer said he had not been in church ten times in as many years. But when he listened to the sermon his heart broke, and returning home, after being spoken to by Mr. Moody, he wept for his sins, and, finally, surrendered unconditionally to Jesus. A man in the audience next arose, and told of two brothers who started out one Saturday morning, became intoxicated, and continued in that state until Sunday afternoon, when

their mother requested prayers for her wayward boys. Both afterwards went separately and accidentally to the revival meetings, and, to the surprise of both, they met each other in the evening converted men. Mr. Cree spoke of a young man who, after many struggles, rose for prayers, and was finally converted. Rev. Mr. Culver spoke of the work at the Grace Mission, where fifty persons went into the inquiry-room, and thirty declared they had found peace. Many more cases had been noted in the congregation. A clergyman in the press-box said that at a previous service he spoke to a man who happened to be seated at his side. The man acknowledged that he had come to scoff. He went to the inquiry-room and was converted. Mr. Sankey referred to three men who had spent the whole of the morning meeting scoffing at the services, but who, upon being spoken to in a kindly manner, were easily led into the inquiry-room and soon afterwards led to the foot of the Cross. A number of clergymen gave the most encouraging accounts of the progress and effect of the revival in their churches. Several young converts present related their experiences in their journey from darkness to light.

A young man in the back part of the audience arose, and in a trembling voice thanked the congregation for prayers and work which had helped to bring him, broken-hearted and repentant, to the foot of the Cross.

Rev. Dr. Newton next called attention to the total absorption of the woman, in the chapter just read, to the will of God. She had a submission and a sublimity of confidence which all Christians should endeavor to emulate. When she was asked if all was well, she answered, though she knew the child was lying cold and lifeless on his bed, "It is well." "Let us, too, remember," continued the speaker, "that even if our prayers should not be answered, even if our dearest joys should be stricken from our lives, we should be able to say 'It is well.' The great principle of this movement should be entire submission to God and unfaltering confidence in his love."

Mr. Geo. H. Stuart next arose and related an affecting incident of a man who came into the inquiry-room on the previous

night, and after long years of infidelity at last was able to return to the wife, who had been so long praying for him, a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey also spoke of two cases for which he desired special prayers: One was a man who came to him night before last and said he was one of eleven children, and all had become Christians but himself. He said he had once come to the meeting in hopes of finding Jesus, but could not. He came again on Sunday, "And then," continued the man, "when I heard Mr. Moody tell of that little child beckoning from the other side of the dark river I thought my heart would break, for I had lost my only child only three weeks before. Oh! cannot you help me?" "I prayed with him there on the street where we met," added Mr. Sankey, "and he went home with a changed heart." Another case mentioned was that of a young girl who was converted on the previous evening and afterwards informed Mr. Sankey that she was the niece of an eminent clergyman in Belfast, Ireland, with whom the speaker had long been acquainted. "I told her to write to him at once," said the speaker, "and to tell the uncle who had so often prayed for her while he has been carrying on the good work that his loved one had found Jesus clear across the sea."

Love to Christ will enable us to make sacrifices for him without feeling it to be a hardship. In illustration of this, Mr. Moody related a touching story of the wife of an Indian missionary giving up her children to the care of Christian friends in this country so as to go back to the mission field where her own and her husband's labors had been before greatly blessed, and saying, just before she parted from them, "I want to say good-bye without a tear, for I would not like my children to think that it cost me tears to serve Christ." Then besides working from love, let us also put ourselves in sympathy with the people we want to influence for good. A man who had just come out of the penitentiary and had no friends, was won and his hard heart broken by just the kiss of my little girl. Let us put ourselves in the place of those who are in trouble and distress; get in sympathy

with them ; then tne Lord will bless our efforts. We must have a heart to weep with those who weep. I heard a beautiful story told by Mr. Mingins, in New York. He said a lady came into the office of the City Mission and wanted a few tracts. She didn't feel as if she could do very much of active work for the Lord, but felt like giving away a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to jail, a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disordered, but the lady's heart went out in sympathy toward her. She found the woman after she came out of jail, and just went and folded her arms around her, and kissed her. The woman exclaimed, "My God, what did you do that for?" and she replied, "I don't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it." The woman said, "Oh, don't kiss me any more, you'll break my heart. Why, nobody hasn't kissed me since my mother died." But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly, Christian life, won to God by a kiss.

There were those who were affected to tears, so pathetic and yet so strikingly truthful were the words of the revivalist. All who heard him could not but have been convinced that the speaker was in earnest, and that he felt that the obligation that rested upon him was so great that unless he presented the truth in a manner not to be mistaken or misunderstood he would be coming short of his duty. The meeting was beyond question the most effective yet held, and showed the great power possessed by the evangelist. The singing of Mr. Sankey was in keeping with the preaching by his co-laborer, and very many were visibly affected by it. A spirit that can scarcely be understood and may be ascribed to the Most High seemed to pervade the place.

At a meeting presided over by Mr. Wannamaker, he said: "These are golden days for Philadelphia. But a little while and we were all under a shadow. The traveller who has been to Interlachen will remember a feeling coming over him as of some impending shadow of gloom. It was in some such shadow that we were until now, like a mantle covering us come these days of brightness. To-night let this vast congregation join in the solemn

prayer, he continued, to the Lord for the great and glorious work that is now progressing amongst us." The hymn,

> Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come,
> Go look on His cross and His tomb,

was sung in such a beautiful and touching manner that an old gentleman sprang up at its conclusion from his seat in the platform and exclaimed: "I have frequently heard it said that Jesus loved a musical heart more than a musical voice. If that is so I can tell you that here we have learnt how both can be united?" The old gentleman's remark appeared to intensify the quiet feeling felt by every one present as the musical sounds in waves of melody rolled along the peaked roof of the immense structure. Mr. Wannamaker at this moment requested the choir to sing

I am so glad that our Father in Heaven.

"I want to utter a word of thanksgiving," said Mr. Sankey, "for having been permitted to witness in this dear land this glorious spectacle. Often in the British islands have Mr. Moody and I wondered, and hoped and prayed that we might be able to spread the old story amongst you all. When your chairman came to us in England and told us that a wave of prayer was going through this city, we were encouraged. We now praise the Lord in our hearts that we have come, and that our efforts have been beneficial in their results.

A gentleman arose and said that although he had attended every communion in his church for the last thirty-two years, he never knew what it was to carry Christ in his heart until two weeks ago. A city missionary, who has been holding meetings along the wharves, said that within the last week he had been more than ever successful. Degraded men and women had fallen on their faces before the Throne and cried for mercy, and every day the good fruits of the present revival were becoming more and more manifest, even among the outcasts who would never enter a church or any building where Christian people

would be willing to congregate. Mr. Wannamaker acknowledged that in all his experience he had never seen so encouraging a revival among the young men. Every service had been crowded, and there never had been sufficient time to accommodate all who desired to speak or pray. "This depot," continued the speaker, "may be from this day forth the starting-point of many trains to heaven. Only keep on praying, and before spring comes to us again five thousand young men will welcome it as Christians."

Said a gentleman: "Among the most conspicuous persons at the Rink in Brooklyn was a man of over fifty years, by profession a reporter, apparently of the sensational sort. Entering into conversation with him the second evening, we found him partly intoxicated, ribald, sneering, and professing infidel principles. Inquiring further concerning him, we found that he had been several times in the city jail, for misdemeanors committed while under the influence of liquor, although originally a man of culture and polish.

"Time passed, and at one Friday evening meeting the same man, conspicuous by his commanding figure, sat in a back seat at the Simpson Church. I accosted him once more, and this was the answer:

"'I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody, who under God has been the greatest blessing of life to me. I have given up my engagement, the temptations of which are such as no Christian can face. And I am a Christian, a new creature—not reformed, you can't reform a drunkard; I tried that a hundred times—but regenerated, born again by the grace and power of God. I have reported sermons many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant till I heard Mr. Moody's address on "Love and Sympathy" ten days ago, and I would not have believed there could be so much sweetness in a lifetime as had been condensed into those ten days. My children know the change; my wife knows it; I have set up the family altar, and the appetite for liquor has been so utterly taken away, that I only loathe what I used to love.'"

The most interesting part of the meeting was the story told by

Mrs. Keen, of the way in which she was led, when 19 years of age, to give herself entirely to God; of how many times she felt that she must give up everything to God before she could work for him, and how at a ladies' meeting she was afraid to rise and say that she would give up her will to God because the ladies would say she was such a young giddy girl. It would be all gone to-morrow, "and," said Mrs. Keen, "they did say so. But I felt from that hour a different being. That it was all between God and myself, and it mattered not if I was thought singular, so long as I had this sweet feeling of rest and peace in my own soul. The thought came, Can I give my will to Him? but I said, Lord, I take Thy will to be mine, so mine must be Thine."

At the close of the morning service an inquiry-meeting was opened in Rev. Dr. McCook's church, and was continued all the afternoon. The attendance at this meeting was very large and the converts many.

Mr. Moody arose and said: "I will open the meeting with a very few remarks about the inquiry-room. We have a great deal of trouble with people coming into the inquiry-room on outside business. One man pressed past the ushers yesterday and wanted to shake hands with me just because I was born in New England; another wanted to see me because I once lived in Chicago; others want to present requests for friends; others want to talk on all sorts of subjects, and because I cannot attend to them think I am very rude. Now I don't want that impression to get abroad, and therefore ask all who desire to talk with me on purely personal or general subjects, to try and find some other time for seeing me." The leader next read from the 5th chapter of Romans, beginning at the 7th verse. Continuing, he said in all cases where persons had been blessed in the Bible they were asked to go home and tell their friends, and when they did this, either then or now, many more souls were at once led to Christ. He hoped that all young converts would confess Christ before the world, and thus be the means of leading hundreds and thousands of souls to the Saviour.

"After a man is a Christian I would work him day and night.

I believe that for one man killed by over-work in the cause of Christ ten thousand die from laziness."

Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of his address, read a letter which he had just received from Manchester, in which a lady stated that all on behalf of whom she had requested prayer during the services in that city had been converted, except one, her brother, who had left his wife and family after bringing disgrace upon the family, and whose misconduct was breaking his father's heart. "This is really a story of grace," said Mr. Moody; "for this lady says in her letter: 'If he would but come home there will be no reproach. Nothing but love.' Perhaps this man may have wandered in here this afternoon, or he may be in this country. Let us pray that he may be brought back, and that his family may rejoice over the return of the wanderer.

After preaching his famous discourses on Heaven, Mr. Moody turned the tide of men's thoughts very sharply, and preached on "Hell," taking as his text two words from the parable of Dives and Lazarus, "Son, remember." "I can well imagine," said he, "that if you had known what I was to preach about to-night many would have staid away; but I cannot afford to have it said that I held services in Philadelphia for four weeks and never once spoke about hell. 'Son, remember.' These are the words of the Lord himself. If any one of you has a servant, and you send him with a message, if he keeps back a part of your message because he thinks it too harsh you would dismiss that servant at once. I must deliver the message that the Lord has given me as I find it; and if you have any quarrel about these words it must be with God and not with me. The thought that we take memory with us into the other world is very solemn. We talk about forgetting things, but the fact is we never forget. Twice I have been very near to death; and all my past life came rushing back upon me; everything that I had done crowded upon my memory. My whole life came up before me, tramp, tramp, tramp. When God says, 'Son, remember,' all the past will be recalled. We talk about God's book of record; but we will need no one to tell us what we have done, for He makes

every man keep his record. Talk about God condemning us; why, we shall condemn ourselves; we won't want any one to condemn us. Memory will come up against us, and there will be no need of any witnesses to prove our guilt.

"A man who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it just to oblige a friend who said there was plenty of time for his boat to pass through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the lightning express came thundering on and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and his life since has been spent in a mad-house. The first and only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were: 'If I only had!' and he has gone constantly repeating the vain regret. That will be the cry in the lost world, 'If I only had!' That is the cry of men who were living in Philadelphia a year ago. Ask the man in prison what it is that makes his life so wearisome, and he will tell you, 'Memory, memory.' And in the prison-house of hell it is memory that makes the place so awful—to think what they might have been if they had but accepted Christ when He was offered to them. A young man met the deacon of a church one Sabbath morning and asked him the terrible question: 'How far is it to Hell?' 'Young man,' was the reply, 'don't mock such a serious reality, you may be nearer to hell than you think.' They had only just turned the corner of the road, and ridden a few yards, when his horse threw him and he was picked up dead. Some of you went out of this building last night laughing and making merry; you mocked at the idea of heaven, and when its joys were offered you, you kicked them away like a foot-ball; but the time will come when you will remember that service. Some may go out to-night and drown the memory of this text in drink, but it will come up in the other world and then you can't drown it in drink. No doubt all the six thousand years Cain has remembered the terrible sin he committed, and has heard the voice of that loving brother whom he murdered. Has Judas ever forgotten how he betrayed the Son of God with a kiss? How that word has gnawed away at his conscience these eighteen

hundred years! I tell you there is coming a time when you can't forget. Memory is the worm that dieth not. It is the same Bible which speaks of heaven that tells us of hell. There is no place in heaven for unprepared men—for those who are unredeemed. Besides, what are such men going to do if they get there? Do you think that these rumsellers, who are destroying so many souls, bodies too, as well as souls, and making so many widows and orphans—are they going to heaven without repenting and turning to God for salvation? Or these men that are cursing and blaspheming God—can they join in the songs of heaven? Your own reason tells you no. Now mercy and salvation are offered, but in the lost world there will be no 'Jesus passing by,' no praying mother, no praying wife there; they will be in another world, and between these is a great gulf fixed. Remember, you have got a praying wife to-night, perhaps she is sitting by your side. You can be saved to-night. God offers you salvation and mercy, and warns you, and pleads with you to be saved.

"It is but one step out of yourself into Christ. Perhaps a loved minister has been pleading with you for many years—there will be no ministers there. You may laugh and scoff at these meetings—but there will be no special meetings in hell. And this service to-night will come to you by-and-by; you will remember how the preacher plead with you from this pulpit, and how Mr. Sankey sang. There will be no young man there putting his hand on your shoulder and asking you to be saved; no Sabbath-school teacher to lead you to Christ. Why not say now, 'I will turn to the God of my mother; I will this night seek salvation,' for God says: 'Then shall ye find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'

"I have heard people say, 'These meetings make men worse instead of better.' That is true—no one can pass through these special meetings without becoming either better or worse. When people have been stricken down by your side, and you still go on living in sin, you will soon get more and more hardened. The sermons that now move you will make no impression."

Mr. Moody related an incident of a man in Chicago who twice

determined to give his heart to God, but never had the courage to acknowledge Christ before his ungodly companions. When recovering from a long sickness, he still refused to come out boldly on the side of Christ, saying: "Not yet, I have got a fresh lease of life. I can't be a Christian in Chicago. I am going to take a farm in Michigan, and then I will profess Christ." "I asked him," said Mr. Moody, "How dare you take the risk?" He said, "I will risk it; don't you trouble yourself any more about my soul, Mr. Moody. I have made up my mind." I never left a man with a sadder heart in my life. The very next week he was stricken down with the same disease. His wife sent for me, and she said, "He don't want to see you, but I can't bear that he should die in such an awful state of mind. He says, "My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a week." I tried to talk and pray with him, but it was no use; he said his heart was as hard as a stone. "Pray for my wife and my children, but don't waste your time praying for me." His last words were: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and then the angels bore him away to judgment.

Dr. J. Wheaton Smith offered the closing prayer, and from two to three hundred persons entered the inquiry-rooms, while the congregation sang: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The number of workers in the inquiry-rooms is gradually increasing; frequently upwards of forty clergymen, with many other Christian men and women, were engaged in conversation with those who are anxious to find salvation.

Prayer for the intemperate was again the theme of the noonday meeting, as on the two previous Fridays. There were not less than five thousand persons in attendance. Mr. Moody said he would again call attention to the new birth. "I don't know," said he, "of any other refuge for a man addicted to strong drink. Unless Christ give him a new nature, all his good resolutions and his efforts to reform himself will be of no avail. You can't find anything in Scripture which will justify a man in the belief that he can reform the flesh. It is only when the new life is given by God that he can resist temptation. Flesh is flesh, and you

cannot improve it. Some one has said, 'God never mends anything; He creates anew." It is of no use to go and tell a man he ought to reform; just tell him to give up trying and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. God does not put a new piece into an old garment. When God saves a drunkard He takes away all the appetite. Then a man does not have to give up the drink; he does not want it any more, has no desire for it. Why I would just as soon go and eat mud as go into a saloon and drink. I have got something better.

"Some say, 'Oh, but I want something as a stimulant.' Suppose you do, you can get better stimulants than drink. When the Spirit of God fills a man's heart, and he gets thorough acquaintance with his Bible, he has the best kind of stimulant. God wants every poor drunkard to become a partaker of the divine nature. Of course the natural man don't know what we are talking about; we must be born of God before we receive spiritual strength; with God's life in us we shall overcome. A man who has been intemperate for thirty years, and who would drink five glasses before breakfast, has just been reclaimed; he says that all the appetite has been taken away. God can do this for every poor drunkard in Philadelphia, and he has done it for many during the last week or two."

Mr. Moody then read a letter from an inquirer who, while trying to do right, knew his love for Christ was not the motive. He had come to a meeting hoping some word might be spoken which would help him to decide the question, What should he do to be saved? Mr. Moody continued: "It is better to have love for Christ than to lead a blameless life without love. Now, the subject for to-day will be backsliding; but I wish to say, first, that very few who call themselves backsliders ever slid forward; they entered the church for some personal, social, political, or business reasons, and when they left it they were no worse than when they went in. Now, I want to speak to those who have really once been born of God. Such men may have slid backwards, but they are never satisfied, for any man who was once converted finds the world spoiled for him. In the 2d chapter of Jeremiah

you will find the question, 'What iniquity have your fathers found in me?' What iniquity have you found in God that you should leave Him? That's what the question means. A backslider don't leave a congregation or a people; he leaves God. In the 19th verse you will find the words, 'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee.' Do not think God can let such faults escape. The backsliders are the unhappiest mortals on the face of the earth. They seem to think it's a very light thing to break God's law, but God will punish them. God says to the backslider, 'I am married to you; I am merciful; but only acknowledge your sins and I will forgive you. Turn, O backsliding children! saith the Lord, for I am married unto you.' What words can be more beautiful than these? Why is it that these men have left such a Father? If you will only come back now you will have a warm welcome. But I believe many backsliders are still Christians outwardly, but they have been moving away in heart. They neglect secret prayer and become very formal in public devotion. Now, one very great comfort is to treat Christ and think of Christ as a personal friend. If I should go from here to Chicago, I should bid good-bye to my friends here before I started; but did you ever hear of a Christian going to Christ and saying: 'Oh, Christ! you have been a dear friend to me, but I must bid you good-bye now. I am going away from you, and never expect to call again. Good-bye, for I am going back to the world?' Did you ever hear of any one backsliding in that way? I never did. You do not bid farewell to Christ; you just run away from him without saying a word. All you need do now is to come back, and Christ will receive you."

Sunday, the coldest day of the winter, seemed most forbidding for an early service. Nevertheless, at the eight o'clock service a congregation of seven thousand gathered to listen to Mr. Moody's address on "Daniel." Anticipation of a rich feast seemed written on many faces, for a goodly number had heard of the remarkable impression made by the delivery of this address in Brooklyn and in the cities across the Atlantic. Mr. Moody

had an audience more sympathetic and thoroughly earnest than perhaps any that has gathered on previous Sunday mornings. All had gathered expecting to obtain a blessing and to learn some great lessons from the life of one of the greatest Bible characters; and we venture to say no one went away disappointed. The meeting had been advertised as specially for young men, and probably three-fourths of those present were of that class. The address was a rapid review of the life of Daniel; and great emphasis was laid upon the fact that at the age of seventeen he and his companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were not afraid to come boldly as God's servants. When ordered to eat meat and drink wine from the king's table, which had been offered to idols, and therefore was forbidden to the Jews, they refused. That is often the turning-point in a young man's history to be able to say "No," when the first temptation of city life is presented to him. During an address which lasted three-quarters of an hour the most wrapt attention was given throughout.

Mr. Moody spoke in the afternoon in continuation of his last Sabbath afternoon's subject, which was on the text, "I pray thee, have me excused." Many people, he said, made the doctrine of election an excuse why they cannot accept salvation. He believed that the world had nothing to do with that word election; it was only intended for the church, not for the unconverted; the only word that the unconverted have to do with is "whosoever;" Christ settled the question by telling John to write, "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely." "Do you think that God offers the cup of salvation to all men, and then, just as you are going to drink, he snatches it away, and says, 'Oh, but you are not one of the elect?' God doesn't do anything of the kind. Some young people say that religion is going to make them gloomy, and they want to enjoy life before they accept salvation. Who told you that lie? Pardon for the condemned, bread for the hungry, a feast in the wilderness—are these likely to make men gloomy? None are too young, and a marriage feast is just the thing likely to make the young happy.

Some people stumble over their intellect, and say they can't understand religion. There are hundreds of things we believe that we cannot understand. Many parts of the Bible I don't understand; but I am not going to fight against my Lord with my puny reason.

"That excuse will not serve us on the last day. We can't say then that we didn't come because God gave us too much reason and intellect. Some make the excuse that they are too bad. We preach a Gospel for the very worst; but you can't clothe yourselves with your own righteousness; you must have the righteousness of Christ. Many think they must prepare themselves. God wants you just as you are in all your guilt and rags. If you come as princes He sends you away as beggars; if you come as beggars He sends you away as princes. Just because our hearts are so bad is the reason we need a Saviour; the harder the heart, the more need you have of Christ. Nobody tells us we must weep over our sins so many hours; it ain't necessary to shed tears to get into the kingdom of God. Feeling is the last plank the devil throws out just when a man is almost ready to step on the Rock of Ages. All you have to do is to believe—not believe yourselves, but believe in Christ. You can't give a reason for not accepting the invitation. All your excuses are a tissue of lies. Do you say you have not time? Make time. Say, as a lady did last week, 'I won't leave this room until I have found salvation;' and she went out soon after rejoicing in sins pardoned."

At the close of the sermon no less than five hundred rose for prayer, and a very solemn feeling was prevalent throughout the vast assembly.

In the evening the same sermon was preached by Mr. Moody to a crowded audience, of which the greater portion were men.

The afternoon service was the most effective in results of any that has yet been held. Three inquiry-rooms were thronged. Those who sought religious conversation were for the most part such as were evidently under divine influence. It not unfrequently happens that persons embrace the invitation to the inquiry room

just for the purpose of airing their religious crotchets, or seeking the evangelist's opinion upon some peculiar tenet to which they may be attached. Some are anxious to have an argumentative encounter on a doctrinal point, or an intellectual set-to as to the reasonableness of some plain statement of Scripture. All such receive the cold shoulder from both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, as well as from most of their fellow-workers; and the cavilers and questioners are beginning to learn that the inquiry-room is no place for them unless they come prepared humbly and honestly to seek direction from the Holy Spirit through conversation with Christian men and women.

Rev. Dr. C. D. Cooper said: "Probably no man has ever addressed a more distinguished congregation in this city than that to which Mr. Moody preached last night. While we are asking blessings for others, do not let us forget to pray that the words spoken in the ears of the President, his Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and many members of the Congress of the United States, might prove to each one of them words of salvation. What an influence would go out through the distant parts of our beloved land if truth and righteousness should prevail in the hearts of all who fill important offices at the seat of government."

Rev. J. Wheaton Smith then prayed very fervently for the distinguished men who were in the congregation last evening. "We pray," said he, "for the Chief Magistrate of these United States. We thank Thee, O God, for what Thou hast wrought by him in the past, and for the honor given him amongst men! We pray for a still greater glory to rest upon him—the crown of a forgiven sinner. Help him to feel in the discharge of his important duties that there is a duty which he owes to himself in regard to his own salvation."

The occasion of these remarks and this prayer was this: A large party of gentlemen from Washington, who were invited to visit and inspect the Centennial preparations, took occasion to hear the evangelists, and on Sunday evening, the 19th, the following distinguished persons were upon the platform: President

Grant; Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy; ex-Gov. Jewell, Postmaster-General; ex-Secretary Borie; Hon. George Bancroft; Judge Strong, of the United States Supreme Court; Governor Hartranft; ex-Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey; ex-Governor Bigler; Hon. Thomas A. Scott; Col. Fred. Grant and lady; Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Judge Buell, of New York; ex-Speaker Blaine; Hon. Morton McMichael; General Patterson; General Garfield; Senator Christiancy, of Michigan; Senator Wallace and wife; ex-Senator Cattell; Congressmen Wells, of Mississippi; Thompson, of Massachusetts; Purham, of Florida; Judge Pierce; Messrs. George H. Stuart, G. W. Childs, and John C. Bulli.

When these prominent and well-known men appeared on the platform there was quite a commotion in the congregation, and many evinced a disposition to applaud.

Bishop Simpson made the opening prayer, and pleaded very earnestly for a blessing upon the President and his Cabinet, for the Governors of States, and all in authority.

It was with great difficulty that Mr. Moody preached on Sunday night. He had contracted a severe cold, and the exertion of speaking during the early services of the day, and conversing with the inquirers for an hour besides, had rendered him very hoarse. As he warmed up in his discourse, however, his voice became, for the time at least, stronger and clearer, and he spoke with almost his wonted earnestness—at fully his usual rapidity. Governor Hartranft, on leaving the building, said that he had heard so much of Mr. Moody's power to influence a great popular assembly, that he had in advance formed a very high estimate of his ability as a public speaker. After listening to him he had come to the conclusion that all his friends had told him of Mr. Moody was by no means exaggerated.

President Grant expressed himself as greatly pleased with the entire service, being especially gratified with the singing of Mr. Sankey. Ex-Speaker Blaine thought Mr. Moody was a wonderful man, and others of the distinguished visitors who occupied seats on the platform expressed themselves in similar terms of gratification.

During the progress of the revival, the question often recurs as to the results achieved by such vast expenditures and labors. These are well summed up in the following paragraphs:

Thousands of men and women gather every day in the week out of the busy masses of this great city to hear the gospel of Christ preached in simplicity and directness. Very many of these hearers are not in the habit of church attendance. They are told plainly of their need of salvation, and urged to yield themselves to the service of the Lord Jesus. Many others of them are professed followers of Christ, who have been cold and inactive in his service. They are called on to be up and doing for their Master, and are told just how and where to work for Him. Each day hundreds of the unconverted from among these hearers ask the prayers of Christians in their behalf, and enter the inquiry-rooms for personal conversation with God's children as to their needs and duty. Many of the church members also are beginning Christian work with new zeal and new efficiency. Many of those who have not been avowed disciples of the Lord Jesus declare their readiness to trust and serve Him heartily. Moreover, hundreds of requests from those outside come up daily for special prayer, and on these calls God's children plead with Him for answers of peace accordingly. There are meetings for particular classes from time to time. Christian workers are appealed to as such. Sunday-school teachers receive special instruction. The unconverted are invited and addressed by themselves. Young men are brought together and counseled religiously. Drunkards are talked to plainly and prayed for earnestly. Women and men meet by themselves, and sermons are preached for their exclusive benefit.

All this in itself is a great matter. No ordinary curiosity would bring together such audiences day after day for weeks together. Mr. Moody is now well known, and most who cared merely to see and hear him have been gratified. His style of preaching is so simple that many who hear him wonder at its power; but there is no diminishing of the crowds in attendance week by week. No undue excitement gathers and holds these

hearers. All is quiet and calm at the meetings. The preacher makes no effort to sway his audiences by strong appeals to their passions. The choice he sets before them is simply that which the gospel offers wherever it is faithfully proclaimed. The interest in the meetings is a healthy interest in the cause and truth which they represent. The fact that it is exceptional—or unusual—only makes it the more important. Men of marked influence in the community, who have been known in almost every sphere but that of personal religion, are from time to time seen in attendance at these meetings, on the platform or in the body of the house. Even if they come from curiosity alone, there is reason for rejoicing that they are at last curious in this direction. It is well for them to turn aside from their usual occupations and hear the gospel preached. If many who are accustomed to follow their lead in other things imitate them in this, there will be a gain thereby. It is a good thing to have it fashionable for sinners to listen to straightforward earnest appeals to repent and be converted.

The record of these meetings is given day by day in the daily papers. The words of the preacher are repeated by the press throughout the country, so that hundreds of thousands have the gospel preached to them morning and evening from one week's end to another, through this agency alone. Editorial comments in the secular papers on this theme are frequent and pointed. Indeed, both Christians and the unconverted have been wisely counseled and cautioned by many a secular paper "leader." This in addition to all that the religious papers have to say on the same important subject; and it can hardly be doubted that the tone of the religious press as a whole has been elevated and bettered through the influences of which these meetings are an outgrowth. It can safely be asserted that never before was so much prominence given by the secular press of the United States to religious matters and to the direct presentation of Christian truth. The revival of 1858 bore no comparison with the present revival in this particular.

In the churches of Philadelphia there is more than a common

interest in Christ and his salvation. This is true almost without exception, even if in any instance the pastor himself fails as yet to perceive it; for the churches are not so shut out from the prevailing current of popular feeling that they can be excluded from an influence as general as that which now pervades this community. Those pastors who participate most heartily in the special revival meetings naturally share most richly in the attendant blessings; yet all have new opportunities of hopeful work in their fields of church labor. If there is no considerable gain in any of these churches, it will not be because there is no special interest in religious things in that church and in the community about it. On all sides unsaved men and women are unusually ready to be conversed with, prayed for, taken by the hand and led to a waiting Saviour. All who make the experiment of introducing the subject of personal religion, in conversation with those whom they meet in business or in social intercourse, find signs of this peculiar readiness—one of the most hopeful signs in any season of revival.

These results are in themselves great results. If they are to be counted unimportant, then may also the ordinary preaching of the gospel in our sanctuaries, and the attendance thereat of Christians and of unconverted hearers, be looked at as of little worth, because so few new converts are made each week, so little progress is marked in Christian attainment, and so many days of attention to the world and its interests follow each day of pausing to consider the things of God. The beginning is good. "The end is not yet." How much more is to come out of this revival work cannot now be known. Up to this time there is every reason to rejoice in what God is accomplishing through this agency.

A weighty responsibility rests now in the churches, and on all Christian workers in this city, and elsewhere as widely as the knowledge of these revival meetings extends. God is doing great things before us all. He has called the attention of the community to the theme of personal religion. Multitudes who were thoughtless on this subject a little time ago are now thinking about it earnestly. They are easy of approach. They would like

to be talked with. They are not yet ready to go to any pastor's study and ask the way of salvation; not yet, perhaps, to go into the inquiry-rooms at the Depot Church. But they are thinking of themselves as sinners in need of a Saviour, and the one thing lacking to turn their steps thitherward may be a word from a Christian believer of their acquaintance. If this harvest time passes and they are still unsaved, others than Mr. Moody and his immediate co-workers in the present series of meetings will have a share in the blame. Systematic, earnest, untiring work on the part of Christians far and near, in the line of direct, personal visitation and appeal, to induce those who are now without a trust in Christ as their Saviour to come to Him in penitence and faith, is the urgent demand of the hour. "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Mr. Moody says truly, that the test of a revival is the prominence it gives to Bible study, the power it has in turning men to the examination of God's Word, that they may learn therefrom of their danger, their need, their duties, their encouragements, their helps, and their hopes. From the days of Nehemiah down to the present time, every true revival of pure religion has shown itself in a new interest in God's law and testimonies on the part of leaders and people.

Hence it is that the present great revival is a blessed and hopeful revival; for it secures a prominence to God's Word beyond anything which has been known since "all the people" of the Jewish nation "gathered themselves together as one man into the street," to hear and study "the book of the law of God," "day by day, from the first day unto the last day" of the protracted meeting which followed their return from captivity.

Never in the best days of olden time was there anything like the present interest in Bible-study, in the home, in the Sunday-

school, in the social religious meeting. More people are studying the Bible than ever before. A larger proportion of all the people are engaged in this study. The study is more systematic, more intelligent, more thorough, and more fruitful than at any former time. This interest in Bible-study is not by any means exclusively a result of the meetings led by Mr. Moody. It is a result of the work of God in which the Moody meetings are a single element, and of which they are an evidence rather than a cause. But Mr. Moody works in the line of God's providence in this particular. He values Bible-study. He urges it on all. He leads many to it. Through his labors and appeal Bible-study increases, and its methods improve.

It was a remarkable and a most gratifying fact, that at the early morning meeting last Sunday, at the Depot Church, on a dark, damp, chilly day, from six to eight thousand persons came together expressly to be told how to study the Bible to best advantage. Mr. Moody said that he counted it the most encouraging meeting he had ever attended in America. If he had been told five years ago that that number of persons would come together for such a purpose, on such a day, in the city of Philadelphia, he would have said that the man was crazy who suggested it. A very large proportion of all present at that meeting had their Bibles, and used them freely, and very many in the audience were taking notes freely, as Mr. Moody told of the methods he valued in the effort to search out, and to profit by, the truths of the Bible. It was pleasant to hear that building "rustle wi' religion," as the thousands of Bible leaves were turned together at the leader's call.

If Mr. Moody's work in Philadelphia had no other result than the bringing of disciples, old and new, to the more intelligent and systematic study of the Bible, it would prove a rich blessing to the entire community. The entrance of God's words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple. God's words are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The believer is to be sanctified by God's truth. God's Word is truth.

How to Use your Bible.

I have been wonderfully cheered, said Mr. Moody, in going to the young men's meeting, to hear so much scripture quoted. Any revival that don't bring people to their Bible is a sham, and will last only for a few weeks; but if the people are brought to love the Word of God, there will be a revival that will last 365 days in the year.

In Nehemiah viii. 2, we read that Ezra, the priest, brought the law before the congregation both of men and women in the street, and he read therein from morning until midday; and in the eighth verse, it is said, "they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." I can imagine the priest reading the passage over twenty times until the people understood it. Bible Christians are all the time rejoicing in the Lord, for the Lord is their strength, but the people who neglect their Bibles are in a backsliding state.

Mr. Moody quoted Jeremiah xx. 9, to show that Christian men are constrained to open their lips and speak for the Lord. He said: If the Holy Ghost is our Teacher, we will understand the Word of God. The best thing to interpret the Bible is the Bible itself.

There are three books every Christian ought to have. The Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and the "Bible Text-Book," published by the Tract Society.

Newspapers only tell you what has taken place; this book tells you what is going to take place. Take up one subject at a time. Take up "love," and spend a month upon it. Take a concordance and go through the Bible with it upon this subject, and then you will be full of love, and there will be no room for malice and hatred in your heart. After that take up "faith;" it is better to go to the Word of God and get faith than to pray for it. Then take up "blood;" it shows the way to heaven. Now take up "heaven," and spend months upon it. Then "prayer." We do not know how to pray as we ought to. Nine-tenths of us read

the Bible just to ease our conscience. You do not get the whole Bible by reading it in that way. In family worship people often put a mark in their Bible to know where they left off. I hoed corn when a boy, and I used to put down a stick to know where I left off; so it is with reading the Bible. The only way for us to study the Bible is to take up one subject and try to master that subject. A man said to me, "Can you recommend the best Life of Christ?" I said I could recommend four—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A man had better spend a year over these four Gospels than to run over the whole Bible. If a man studies Genesis he has a key to the whole Bible. It is the beginning of everything, and then the other parts of the Bible will unfold themselves to us. Let us take the Bible up with some object in view—to get at some truth. In California the best gold is found at the greatest depth; and so with the Word of God, the best part is deepest. Here is some law document; it is uninteresting. Now suppose it is the will of some man, giving you a great inheritance, you will become interested. This Book tells me of this inheritance. What can the geologist tell you about the Rock of Ages? He can tell you about the rocks of this world. What does the astronomer know about the bright and morning star? He can tell you about other stars. God did not tell Joshua how to use the sword and fight in the promised land, but he told him to meditate upon the law day and night, and no one could stand before him. These words apply to every one here. This sword cuts right and left, and with it a man can cut his enemies right up to the throne of God.

A man filled with the Spirit dwells much with the Scripture. Peter quoted Scripture at the day of Pentecost, when he was full of the Holy Ghost. This is the sword of the Spirit. What is a man good for if he has no weapon? We don't know how to use this sword; we should get into the habit of using it. David says: "Thy Word have I hid in my heart." A good thing in a good place for a good purpose. If you lose your health, you lie upon your bed and feed upon the Word of God.

When you meet together to dine it is better to bring out the

Bible than to bring on wine. I was glad in England at seeing that done in a great many of the houses of the upper classes. An Englishman said to me, "Moody, did you ever study the life of Job?" I said, "No, I never did." He said, "If you get a key to Job you get a key to the whole Bible." "What has Job to do with the Bible?" He said: "I will tell you. I will divide the subject into seven heads. First, Job, before he was tried, was a perfect man untried. He was like Adam in Eden until Satan came in. Second, he was tried by adversity. Third, the wisdom of the world is represented by Job's friends trying to restore him. See what language they used. They were wonderful wise men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulties. Men are miserable comforters when they do not understand the grace of God. Job could stand his scolding wife and his boils better than these men's arguments; they made him worse instead of better. Fifth, God speaks, and Job humbles himself in the dust. God, before He saves a man, brings him down into the dust. He does not talk about how he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked, but he says, 'I am vile.' Seventh, God restores him, and the last end of Job was better than the first. So the last state of man is better than the first. It is better than the state of Adam, because Adam might have lived ten thousand years and then fallen; therefore it is better for us to be outside of Eden with Christ than that we should be in Eden without Him. God gave Job double as much wealth as he had before, but He only gave him ten children. He had ten before his calamity came upon him. That is worthy of notice. God would not admit that Job had lost any children. He gave him ten here and ten in heaven.

We want the Word of God so hidden in our hearts that we will be constrained to speak of Him. Many flinty hearts and scoffers have come to the meetings, but before they left they have been converted to God. A man while in a saloon picked up a newspaper containing a report of one of the meetings, the first line of which was, "Where art thou?" The man was struck with it, and said to himself, "I am not in the right place," and left. He came to the meetings and was converted, and is now, said the speaker,

leading a Christian life. We must take the Bible without prejudice, and not as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. He advised all to have a Bible which they could call their own, and to get the best that could be procured. It might be said that it cost too much money; but so much the better, it would be valued all the more, and would stand usage longer. He had carried the Bible he now used to California and to Europe and back, and nothing would induce him to part with it. It had been a great comfort to him, and he had found much pleasure in it. It might be argued that the kind he recommended is too large for a man to put in his pocket. Then carry it under your arm; you should always be willing to show your colors. In studying it, it would be well to have a copy of Cruden's Concordance and a Scriptural text-book. These three books make a very good library. There is no better book to study the Bible with than the Bible itself. It is the best news-book that there is. The newspaper only tells of the news of the day, while the Sacred Volume tells of what will take place. The Book should be taken up topically; that is, take "love" as a topic, and see how much the Bible has to say upon that subject. By that means you learn all about it, and can readily answer any question that may arise upon that subject. After that the word "blood" can be taken up, in order to find out how often that word occurs in the blessed Book, and how it is used. So other topics might be studied, such as "Faith," "Heaven," "Charity," and very many others. By this means a very good knowledge will be obtained of the Bible. Those who do it in that manner will be surprised at the amount of information that they obtain and the interest they will take in it. The Book will become very precious to them, and they will never want to be without it. A man once asked the speaker what was the best life of Christ. He replied that he did not know. Matthew wrote a very good account, so did Mark and Luke, but the speaker liked John's account the best. Some people read the Bible as though they did it merely to ease their conscience. They take it up, perhaps, and read a chapter without reflection, and then lay it aside with a mark indicating where they left off, just as they

would do with any other book. If you ever expect to understand the Word of God you must study it; you must, as it were, dig and delve through it. A great many people carry the Bible in their hands instead of their hearts. The speaker then illustrated how the Book should be used. He said that if he were to go and hear Dr. Newton preach a sermon he would turn to his Bible, which he always carries with him, and on the margin mark down some of the heads of the discourse, with the date, and five years after these heads would freshen his mind upon the sermon. He said that every one in studying the Bible should make notes on the margin of any matter bearing upon particular passages. It impresses the subject upon the mind, and in after years, if the necessity occur for a recurrence to it, an explanation can be given at once. The speaker gave some further illustrations showing how he had impressed sermons upon his mind at the time of their delivery by making notes upon the margin of the leaves of his Bible, and how he had studied up the subject.

In connection with these valuable instructions, as to how to study God's Word, the following letter from Mr. Moody to "the recent converts in Great Britain" will have an interest to many in this country; not only to "recent converts," but to some who have long been counted as believers.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: Since returning to America, in response to my invitation, I have received precious communications from many of you. Were it possible, I would gladly reply to each; but, as I have not opportunity for this, I shall avail myself of the columns of *The Christian* to send to you all a few words of greeting.

I praise God continually for what he has done for you in saving your souls through the blood of Jesus Christ his Son. You are much on my heart, and in my prayers. But most glad am I to know, that when I cease to remember, Jesus himself hears each one of you in continual remembrance before his Father. You are graven upon the palms of his hands (Isa. xlix. 16), and written upon the heart of his affections (Ex. xxviii. 29); and of

you he has said, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28).

You have taken the Lord Jesus for your Redeemer, and it has become eternal salvation unto you. Now, Jesus is something more to you. He has become your High-Priest. His great business in heaven to-day is *to represent you*—your needs, your infirmities, and your trials. I want you to know this very fully; for no other truth can give you more daily comfort, or more firmly establish you in a constant holy walk. Having died to save you, Jesus lives to keep you. At the cross he washed you from the condemnation of sin; at the mercy-seat he will cleanse you from daily defilement.

Some of you have written me how old besetting sins are annoying you. Take them straight to Jesus. Don't rely too much on yourselves in overcoming them; don't follow human advice too much, or copy the example of other people too much in gaining the victory. Spare yourselves this weariness. Cast it all before your blessed Advocate, and let him bear you and your burdens too.

And do not, above all, forsake your Bibles. You can never separate Jesus the Word made flesh from the written Word. He who proclaimed himself *the Way*, declared also that he was *the Truth*. Pack your memory full of passages of Scripture, with which to meet Satan when he comes to tempt or accuse you; and be not content to simply *know*, but strive to *obey* the Word of God. *Never think that Jesus has commanded a trifle, nor dare to trifle with anything he has commanded.*

I exhort the young men to be sober. Exercise yourselves unto godliness; run the race according to Paul's motto, "Looking off unto Jesus"; draw your inspiration and power directly from himself.

I exhort the young women to great moderation. Your sphere of testimony may not be public; your place of usefulness may not be large; in your own homes "adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour." Keep one little thought in mind—"I have none but Jesus to please." And so make your dress as simple as you

know will please your Lord; make your deportment as modest as you know will commend itself to him.

And for you all, "among whom we have gone laboring," our prayer is, "That your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere, and without offence, till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God" (Phil. i. 9, 10, 11). Mr. Sankey joins me in Christian love.

Your brother in Christ, D. L. Moody.

Brooklyn, November 12, 1875.

Among the most effective presentations of truth made by the evangelist are the discourses on Noah. Mr. Moody preached from Genesis, chapter vii., verse 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark." He said it was a loving invitation from a personal God. This communication came to Noah, that God would destroy the world, that his Spirit would not always strive with man. This was one hundred and twenty years before the flood that he told Noah to build the ark. Grace always precedes judgment. You find that when Christ came into the world He came in grace, and then judgment followed. Mr. Moody's description of the entry of the animals into the ark was very touching. God shut the door of the ark. As in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the last days. He told an affecting incident of a mother who told Mr. Moody that her daughter wanted her to go into the inquiry-room. She went into the room with her daughter, and they were both blessed. He mentioned a young woman who was converted at Edinburgh, and was killed by an accident on a railroad. At the conclusion of the sermon some five hundred rose for prayers. This was one of the most solemn meetings ever held.

In his second sermon he said: Some persons say that they do not believe that there was a flood, and others say that they believe in the New Testament, but cannot accept the Old Testament. It won't do to reject any portion; for if you do, you will

have to reject it entirely. The speaker said that he firmly believed that there was a flood, and there is abundant testimony to prove it. He was not present to defend the Bible, for it defends itself. He had a message to deliver, and he would do it to the best of his ability. He then went on to describe the ark built by Noah, and said that the old man was ridiculed and made fun of, but he had faith in God and obeyed His commands. The speaker had been hooted at after leaving the meeting in the afternoon, but he did not care for it, for he knew that every man who stands up for Christ or endeavors to serve Him must expect to be jeered at and ridiculed. The people thought Noah mad; but did you ever notice that the man who is mad thinks everybody else mad? There are many who think that the men who serve the Lord and preach his word are mad. What about the man who deals out death and damnation, and robs his fellow-men of their brains and money, and robs their families of support? Is that man who brings about so much wretchedness insane? Oh! no! no one calls him insane. The man who goes home and beats his wife and cruelly treats his children is not called mad. But the one who works for Christ and cares for his family is mad. The speaker then went on to describe the gathering together of every living thing in the ark, the closing of the door by God, and the great flood that followed, which lasted forty days and forty nights. This portion of the discourse was the same as that given in the afternoon. He said: Thank God the door of mercy is now open. He begged all who would be wise, while God is offering mercy, to step within the door ere it be too late and the door is closed. The speaker said the past year had been the best of his life, and he has prayed that the last Sunday of the year would be the best that he has yet experienced by the conversion of hundreds and thousands of souls. When God shuts the door it will be too late—the day of grace will have passed. The last day and the last hour is coming, and don't you think of it? Oh! it may be that you will never again have the opportunity of coming to Christ. The time is coming again when God will judge the world. It will be consumed, as the Lord has said, by

fire. "Come thou and all thy family into the ark." You may go away from the hall and laugh at and scorn Christ. Oh! but you may be called away without being able to see Him. Come to Him, now that He is offered, or you may never again receive the message. In 1857 there was a great revival, and all over the country people were flocking into the churches. There were men who then tried to write it down, but it was of no avail. The same effort is being made to write it down now, but they are not able to do so, because it is God's work. Oh, men! come into the ark while the invitation is yet being made. He then related an incident of a young lady who attended the meeting without any concern for herself, but before the service was over she said she would be in the ark before the afternoon was over. The young lady went to the inquiry-room and there sought Jesus. He then related another incident of a mother and daughter who attended one of the meetings last Monday night. The latter was a convert, but the other was not. He noticed them, and talked to the mother. Afterward he observed the two in close conversation, and, on going up to her, she said that she had not been induced to come to Christ by anything he had said, but through what her daughter had told her. He inquired how many fathers present were out of the ark. "Oh!" said he, "don't stand in the way of your children; come in and bring your whole family, before the door is closed." He then referred to a man who, on being converted, told how he had treated his mother; that while she was praying for him, he left home because he could not stand it. Finally he heard that his mother was sick, and he thought that he would go home, but he again thought that if he did, he would have to become a Christian to live under the same roof, and he decided not to go. Subsequently he heard that she was very sick, and he started for home, and on reaching there he found that his mother was dead. He then visited her grave, and he cried to God for help. He was thus left without father and mother, and he then cried to God for help and found Christ. The man told his hearers in Chicago that he would give all in the world to have his mother and father back, and he besought

those who had mothers not to treat them unkindly. Said Mr. Moody, "Won't you now come in the ark and be saved, for the door may be closed when it is too late for you?" An invitation was then extended to all who desired prayers to stand up. A large number of men responded to the request.

Ex-Mayor Story of Boston then most fervently prayed in behalf of those who had risen.

So clear and unmistakable is the plan of salvation presented that the most illiterate can readily understand it. There is no chance for the slightest excuse; no one can plead ignorance after hearing the warning words of the evangelists, or say that the opportunity was not offered them of coming to the Saviour. Some of the most remarkable instances of conversion have taken place, and many who attended the meetings with no thought of becoming Christians have, under the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey, been induced to enter the inquiry-rooms and make an unconditional surrender of their hearts to the Master. Every day the number of converts is being largely increased, which shows conclusively that the power of the revivalists is not of themselves, but of Him who has called them to do his work.

Old 1875 Shrouded with Prayer.—The Great Watch Meetings.

No outside attractions of holiday week drew away from the meetings at the Depot Church. Indeed, at no time before was the attendance uniformly so large, day by day, and the seriousness of the hearers so general. The interest of the week culminated in the watch-meetings of Friday night. The building was packed to overflowing, and crowds outside vainly sought admission. There were three meetings during the evening, one beginning at nine, one at ten, and one at eleven o'clock. Mr. Moody preached earnestly at each service.

"Should any people faint," said Mr. Moody, "I hope the ushers will carry them right out, and don't let me see three or four thou-

sand people straining their necks just because some one has swooned away." After a general chorus of the hymn, "Rejoice and be glad," Mr. Moody read the thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. "Grant, O God," prayed Mr. Moody, "that if there be any here who have made resolutions to do better during the coming year than they did in the blessed year that is closing, that their resolves may be taken away from them, and cause them instead to put their trust in Thee." "For the last time in this old year," said Mr. Sankey, "I will sing you the Ninety and Nine. Let us ask a blessing upon its singing." The popular hymn was well rendered, and the evangelist smiled a heavenly smile of satisfaction. "A man cannot serve two masters," said Mr. Moody. "I couldn't belong to the Democrats and to the Republicans at the same time. You remember the border men in the late war when our army got among them. Oh! they were all Union men, red-hot; and when the Confederates came, then they were all Southerners, and the result was that both parties hated and plundered them. None of you, except infidels, would say that you wouldn't want to become Christians some time. Why not decide to-night, in the closing moments of the old year? All the good men named in the Bible were men of decision, and the others, Pilate, Agrippa, and the rest, wavering—'almost persuaded.' When Egypt was so troubled with frogs that the king couldn't stand it any longer—it was frogs, frogs, nothing but frogs everywhere; he couldn't move his foot without treading on a frog—he called Moses, and says he: 'Moses, I want you to get rid of these frogs for me.' Moses says: 'When?' 'Why—a—a—to-morrow,' says the king. He had no decision, and wanted to keep the frogs for another night. You must come down with the 'I will!' If there's no God to punish sin—if there's no hereafter, let's turn our churches into theatres; if the Bible is a tissue of lies, let's build monuments to Voltaire and Payne; if there's no hell, 'let's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' I believe that the hand of God is upon this nation, and that things are going to be worse if there's not more repentance. I know what keeps men from deciding; it's some darling sin. 'I like to

play cards and I can't give it up;' 'I love my rum-bottle—oh, my darling rum-bottle, how can I part with you!' Sinner, this may be your last chance to decide. Oh, for Christ's sake—for your own sake—trust, believe! throw yourself into the arms of the Saviour, who alone can bless you with a Happy New Year."

Ten o'clock was announced, the first service closed, and several thousand departed, their seats being taken by new-comers. At eleven o'clock occurred a repetition of this egress and ingress, and the last portion of the watch began.

A little after ten o'clock, Mr. Moody called the Rev. Dr. Plumer, an aged minister, to what he called the "witness-stand," and interrogated him as to his Christian experience. It was a novel way of doing things. Mr. Moody asked questions as if doubting the Word which he so often preaches, and the venerable doctor answered. The following is Mr. Moody's own account of this original episode:

In response to a request for an account of the watch-night inquiry-meeting, when the Rev. Dr. Plumer was questioned by me as to the great truths of salvation, I give the questions and answers, as I recall them, aided by notes taken by others at the time:

Dr. Plumer.—I wish to give a year-text to this assembly. It is from the 73d Psalm: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

Mr. Moody.—Dr. Plumer, we speak of the duty of "conviction." What is conviction?

Dr. Plumer.—Conviction is a clear persuasion that a thing is true. Religious conviction is a clear, settled persuasion of five things. *First.* That I am ignorant, and need instruction. *Second.* That I am guilty, and deserve wrath and not pardon. *Third.* That my heart is vile, and must be renewed. *Fourth.* That my condition is miserable; I am "wretched, and miserable, and poor." *Fifth.* That I am helpless; I am without strength; I cannot save myself; I cannot think a good thought without divine grace.

Mr. Moody.—What is the use of conviction?

DR. PLUMER.—The use of conviction is not to punish a man for his sins; nor is it to make him any better. The devils in hell have been under an awful conviction for a long time, and not one of them is any better. The sole object of conviction is to light up the soul to the faith of Jesus. The sole object of conviction is to bring the sinner to accept salvation by atoning blood.

MR. MOODY.—Is any given amount of distress necessary to genuine conversion?

DR. PLUMER.—Lydia had no distress—we read of none. God opened her heart, and she attended to the things spoken by Paul; but the jailer of Philippi would not have accepted Christ without some alarm. If you will accept the Son of God, you need have no trouble; there is nothing in trouble that sanctifies the soul.

MR. MOODY.—Well, Doctor, what is conversion?

DR. PLUMER.—Glory be to God, there is such a thing as conversion! If there was not, everlasting chains and darkness would be our doom. To be converted is to turn from self, self-will, self-righteousness, all self-confidence, and from sin itself, and to be turned to Christ. The turning-point in a man's conversion is his acceptance of Jesus Christ; that he closes in with Christ and gives him all his confidence.

MR. MOODY.—Why must a sinner come to Christ for salvation?

DR. PLUMER.—Because Jesus Christ is the only Saviour. All the angels in heaven and all the saints in heaven and earth cannot save one sinner. He must come to the Saviour. I will tell you why. Here are quintillions of tons of atmospheric air, why does not that support life without your respiring? You must breathe it, or you die. For the same reason you must make Christ yours, or you perish, notwithstanding what he has done. The sight of a river will never quench thirst, and the sight of food will never satisfy hunger. You must come to Christ and make his salvation yours.

MR. MOODY.—Can a man be saved here to-night before 12 o'clock—saved all at once?

DR. PLUMER.—Why not? In my Bible I read of three thousand men gathered together one morning—all of them murderers

—their hands stained with the blood of the Son of God. They met in the morning, and before night they were all baptized members of Christ. God added to the church in those days such as should be saved. If you are ever saved there must be a moment when you accept Christ and renounce the world.

MR. MOODY.—What is repentance?

DR. PLUMER.—It is turning to God with abhorrence of sin, and cleaving to Christ with promise of obedience. A man truly repents of his sins, who does not commit the sins he has repented of; therefore saving repentance always terminates in purity of life and reformation. A thorough change of heart is followed by a thorough change of character.

MR. MOODY.—How can I know that I am saved?

DR. PLUMER.—The fact that God is true. "Let God be true, but every man a liar." If I accept Jesus Christ it is not Mr. Moody's word, nor Mr. Sankey's, nor Dr. Newton's; it is the Word of the living God whose name is Amen. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

MR. MOODY.—What if I haven't got faith enough?

DR. PLUMER.—Glory be to God, if I can touch the hem of my Saviour's garment I shall be saved. A little faith is as truly faith as a great deal of faith. A little coal of fire in the ashes is as truly fire as the glowing heat of a furnace. Jesus says not, if you have great faith you will be saved, but "he that believeth shall be saved." Oh, come and trust him fully. Give him all your confidence, and if your faith is not as strong as it ought to be, cry, as did the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

MR. MOODY.—But I don't know that I have the right kind of faith.

DR. PLUMER.—Are you able to analyze your faith and say whether it is exactly of the right kind? The thief upon the cross did not say, if I had a little more faith I would ask you to remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. He offered his prayer with the faith he had and Christ accepted him. You must have faith in God through grace, and then your faith must have works, to be of the right kind.

Mr. Moody.—I don't feel that I love Christ enough.

Dr. Plumer.—And you never will. To all eternity you never will love him as much as he deserves to be loved.

> "Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
> Not one should silent be;
> Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
> I'd give them all to thee."

Mr. Moody.—When the temptation comes, it is so much stronger than my resolution that I yield. What shall I do?

Dr. Plumer.—Look to Jesus. He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Christ can give us the strength of giants. Jesus is the best Master and the best Friend in the universe. Glory be to his name forever.

The questions and answers are worthy of preservation. It would be indeed well if the scene, on the occasion of this conference between the two men of God, could be faithfully pictured to our readers.

It was near midnight. The close of the year was at hand. The Depot Church was crowded. Twelve thousand persons sat listening intently to the words of the earnest evangelist. Mr. Moody had concluded a sermon from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." The appeal had come home with power to many who now longed for words of personal counsel, or who were burdened with anxious doubt. An ordinary inquiry-meeting, such as usually follows Mr. Moody's sermons, was not practicable then and there; for the services in the main room were to continue until the new year opened. Said Mr. Moody: "You always show an interest in the inquiry-meetings. I often see some of you who are outside looking in at the doors to see what is going on in there. Some of you have been in there. Some of you would like to go there to-night; but we've no chance for such a meeting now. So I propose to turn this whole meeting into an inquiry meeting. Here is the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of South Carolina. He is seventy-four years old. He

has been living on borrowed time for four years. For fifty-five years he has been sitting at the feet of Jesus. I'm going to put him on to the witness stand, and question him before you all. Dr. Plumer, will you take the pulpit?"

The venerable clergyman, with his commanding form and patriarchal presence, arose, and with tremulous movements took the stand before the vast congregation. He gave his Bible greeting from the seventy-third Psalm to the waiting hearers. Every word was spoken with distinctness and with deep feeling as if under a sense of weighty responsibility in thus witnessing for the Lord. It was a most impressive service. Many a soul present seemed to feel himself the questioner, and to listen as for his life to the answer. In that solemn hour it was as if God's prophecy for the latter days was fulfilled: "And I will give power unto my two witnesses." Their speech and their "preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

The Midnight Watch.

At eleven o'clock the doors were again thrown open while the big audience sang "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing." This was the commencement of the watch-meeting proper—watching for the first stroke of the hour which marked the end of the old and the beginning of the new year. Though but a few more persons got in through the briefly opened doors, it was because those who had come to stay the meeting out held on to their seats, unwilling to give up an opportunity of once a year's happening. Another solemn hymn "A charge to keep I have," and one of a joyful character "The Lord of earth and sky," were sung, Mr. Sankey standing by the organ while Prof. Fisher played, beating time by gently clapping his hands, and the Rev. Dr. March, formerly of the Clinton Presbyterian, prayed. He entreated God that all the meditations of the night should draw the congregation to a contemplation of their great blessing in Christ. The twenty-eighth hymn, "One more day's work for Jesus," was sung,

the solo by Mr. Sankey and the chorus by the choir, Mr. Sankey substituting the word "year" for "day" and asked the choristers to do the same. The change fitted the hymn very well. Mr. Moody then began his third sermon of the evening by the sudden utterance of the words "There are thirty-five minutes left for you to take Jesus." He resumed the theme "decision," which he had treated two hours before, taking for his text the words in Matthew, "What shall I then do with Jesus who is called Christ?" If Pilate, said the preacher, had decided to follow Christ he would have been walking with Peter, John and the disciples in heaven; he would now be in the fold of Christ; but he liked popularity, and he listened to the call of ambition, and he gave Jesus up to be crucified. Every one in the depot had to go out to-night with or without Jesus; there was no more serious question to be settled in the last few minutes of the year. The Jews had said, Crucify Him! crucify Him! when the words of the text were asked of them. Would those present do the same. Let Christians in "these last minutes of 1875" lift up voices in prayer for the salvation of sinners. Mr. Moody pictured Pilate's supposed remorse on the morning after he had refused to save Christ from the cross. He followed the footsteps of Judas—this man Pilate, who would be popular with Cæsar—and put an end to his life. The man of pleasure and the woman of the world were then exhorted to come to Jesus. "How about you blasphemers who have come in here to-night? What are you going to do? Many are here to-night who have made resolutions to commence the new year with, but they can do nothing without Jesus." At 15 minutes to 12 Mr. Moody asked that all join in a silent prayer. Heads were bowed all over the building, and silence reigned, Mr. Sankey breaking it by playing the soft strains of "Almost persuaded," which he sang, or rather recited, in a broken voice. Mr. Moody asked those Christians to arise who wished other Christians to pray for them. Almost the entire audience rose to their feet. Then the unconverted were invited to stand up and ask Christians for their prayer. Rev. Mr. Johns led in prayer, remembering both classes—the

converted in need of help and the unconverted in need of a Saviour. Dr. Newton, after this, recited the Lord's prayer, and all the congregation followed. The doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was sung, and Mr. Moody said that there were about four minutes of the old year left, which he wanted spent in silent prayer. It was an awful solemn four minutes. It was so silent inside that the sudden clang of the bells and shriek of the whistles on the stroke of twelve on all sides of the building broke with startling distinctness on the ear. A few words of prayer were uttered in the meanwhile by Messrs. Moody, Sankey and George H. Stuart, the multitude still bowing their heads. The benediction was impressively pronounced by Rev. Dr. Plumer, and Mr. Moody, wishing all a "Happy New Year," closed the meeting.

Dr. Plumer said, "I wish you all a Happy Eternity," and with this solemn greeting the vast multitude passed out.

The Mid-Day Service.

At the noon service, which was specially for the reclamation of inebriates, more than a hundred requests for prayer were read for unfortunates of all ages and sexes of that class. Mr. Moody's text was, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth." He told of a man who, in his drunken moments, came into one of these meetings, declaring: "John Wannamaker's catchpenny won't have any effect on me." But the question, "Where art thou?" so affected that drunkard that he was led to the Saviour. Dr. Plumer, president of Columbia College, exhorted the people, saying: "Oh, believe! Be saved! Come, ye opium-eaters and smokers, ye drunkards and ye chloral drinkers, come all and be saved!"

The hymn "Sowing the Seed" was announced. Mr. Sankey said, Before we sing this song I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns, and that is, God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position

in life came into this hall and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote down these words:

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

Last night that man in the inquiry-room went on his knees and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise-meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup, but before he reached home he went into a saloon and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want you to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these Gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, said the question was asked: "Are there any permanent results following the labors of these two brothers, Moody and Sankey, in the only two cities they have visited in this country?" We had no substantial results in Brooklyn until the froth of novelty had blown away. In Philadelphia the froth of novelty has now blown away, and you have got to the blessed work. Every church in Brooklyn that followed up the labors of Moody and Sankey with personal effort is to-day in the midst of a greater or more limited revival of religion, and every case that has been followed up by an effort has been succeeded by a permanent conversion. Our chief difficulty was from the self-indulgence of church-members who were greedy to get enjoyment for themselves and not pass it to a dying soul. Sabbath-school teachers were quickened in their work, but the greatest results of the work have been in regard to young men. Two union prayer-meetings have grown out of the work—one in Brooklyn and the other in New York. God has blessed the labors of these brothers in reaching that class of men who are addicted to strong drink. The most significant example I have yet met with

in Brooklyn is that of a man given up by everybody. That man was picked up in the mud before my church-door many a time, and he has stood before that church and damned it. He is now sitting at the feet of Jesus, humble and in his right mind. If God will save him, He will save any man in this city.

Mr. Moody said he had received a note Sunday night, asking him if a person could come to the Saviour if he wanted to, or, in other words, has one power in himself to come? To answer this he read from Matthew xi. 27, and from other portions of Scripture. If a man wants to come, no power on earth or hell could hinder him; but God will not receive any one who is not willing to give up his sins.

The only sorrowful meeting of the week is the prayer-meeting for drunkards on Friday. The glimpse that is given in these meetings into many of the homes of the great city is an appalling one. Wives, sisters, daughters, send up a bitter cry for intercessions in behalf of those who are walking in the sure way to death, and wrecking the happiness of others in the work of their own destruction. And darker still was the revelation when the requests for prayer mentioned wives, mothers, and daughters hastening to a shameless end through strong drink. One note was in behalf of a wife in a home of wealth, of social position, the slave to strong drink, "whose husband would gladly give all his wealth for the restoration of his partner and their home." Another for an only daughter given to the use of intoxicating liquors. The prayers in behalf of these cases are most urgent and beseeching, and it is a relief to these dark unveilings to know that some of the poor slaves of drink have been rescued from their bondage, and brought in humility and penitence to the feet of Christ.

A Sunday-school Day at the Depot Church.

Thursday, January 6, the noon-day service at the Depot Church was specially in the interest of the Sunday-schools. The platform was crowded, as was also the space in front of the separating curtain, which was finally lifted and a large number of per-

sons occupied the space beyond. Mr. Moody conducted the services, which began by singing, under Mr. Sankey's leadership, the hymn beginning, "There is a land of pure delight." After reading a few verses from Matthew xviii., Mr. Moody said:

We have been having such a tender time in these noon-day meetings for a few days back, that we want to keep on to-day in the same line. And so our topic is, "How to lead our children to Christ."

Now my experience in the Sabbath-school has been something like this: that wherever I could find a teacher who was willing to work personally with the children, and get them to learn one by one, and talk with them, and pray with them, and pray for them; and then, after they had succeeded—because that kind of work always succeeds—in bringing them to Christ, if they just nursed them, and fed them with the sincere milk of the Word—instructed them, and taught them how Christians ought to live, how Christians ought to walk—that teacher has always been successful. I never knew such a teacher to fail. But those teachers who never speak to their scholars, except in the class and when they are all together, are about as successful as the ministers who never have any inquiry-meetings, and who always meet their people in the pulpit, and preach to them in a body. If we are to be successful in leading children to Christ it must be done personally.

A friend of mine, who has been a teacher some time, said to me that he had never seen a soul converted. He had in his class five young ladies of position and influence in the town in which he lived. He had tried to teach them the Bible, and had talked to them about Christ, but had never spoken to them personally about their going to Christ. Some remarks were at length made to him about working personally with the children. He went home and thought over the matter, and the next Sunday he said to one of the five young ladies that he would like to see her and have a little talk with her after the school had broken up. The young lady stayed when the rest went out, and he then spoke to her personally about her soul's salvation; told her how anxious he was for her conversion. The tears began to trickle down her

cheeks, and he found that she was ready to be taught the way. The next time the others met that young lady they asked her what he wanted of her, and she told them. The next Sunday he asked another one to stay, and in five Sundays those five young ladies were led to Christ, and all of them have been successful teachers now for five years. Remember that this was done in five short weeks, by exhorting them personally, and praying for them.

I remember once going out with two of my teachers' class, calling upon some scholars. We went into one house and met three young ladies who had grown up in our mission Sunday-school. They had been there from little childhood up. As I went out I said, "Now let us go to work and see if we can't win those three to Christ. You take Margaret, you take Sarah, and I will take Henrietta, and we will give them books, write to them, visit and pray for them—work personally with them." Within a month two of them have been led to Christ, and since I have been in Philadelphia a young man has come to me from Chicago and told me that Margaret has been converted. Prayer has prevailed, and those three have been saved, and two of them have been coworkers with me in the Sabbath-school for a long time.

If teachers here will hold their classes next Sabbath with a determination, God helping them, that they will try to lead one soul to Christ, and pick out one member of their class and earnestly endeavor to work with that one member, you don't know what you may do for Christ. And if you can't see them on Sunday, make a point of meeting them through the week, invite them to some of your meetings, and then pray to God to convert them.

My friends, when you turn one of these little children to Christ, you don't know and you can't tell what God may do with them; you don't know how they may be raised to be a great blessing to the honor of the Lord, or how they may hereafter turn hundreds and thousands to Christ. If we don't get into this personal work of dealing with souls I don't think we are going to be very successful. It is my experience, after having superintended schools for twelve or thirteen years, that the people who deal personally with the scholars make the successes.

And not only that. How very few mothers take their children off into a room, talk with them, pray with them, tell them the way to Christ! I know if that were done we would have fewer requests here from mothers for drunken sons; but the fact is that hundreds of mothers do not believe in the conversion of their little children, and the result is that soon those children wander into billiard-halls and drinking-saloons, and at twenty many of them have become confirmed drunkards, and then, and then only, the mothers begin to wake up and cry to God that He must save their sons. We ought to commence earlier.

In Cincinnati, at a Sunday-school meeting, the little children were repeating verses, and one of them, a little child only four years of age, got up. She was so small she had to be put up on a seat. She got scared at the people, and was afraid to repeat the verses her mother had been teaching her through the week—"Suffer little children." With trembling lip and heart, she said, "Suffer little children," and then broke down. She commenced again, "Suffer little children to come," and broke down the second time. She attempted it the third time, "Suffer little children to come, *and don't any of you stop them from one and all to come.*" She had got the meaning of the phrase. She could not have given a better one.

Don't any of you stop them, for God wants them all to come, and it is this miserable unbelief in the church that is keeping back the children. How many could be brought to Christ in the morning of their days if we labored for their salvation as we should. God help us to be wise while we have our children with us young—their hearts tender. Let us pray to make an impression on them for eternity, that they may go to Christ in the morning of their day.

Mr. Sankey said many a parent and many a teacher, it is to be feared, as the result of all his earthly career, will at last be able to say nothing better than that he has gathered "nothing but leaves." Pardon me, then, while I sing that hymn, and let each one pray that his harvesting will be far better.

After singing, the Rev. H. C. McCook spoke as follows: Faith

is natural to a child. There is scarcely anything that a child does not receive by faith. In the family circle, when he comes to learn the first principles of right and wrong, he has nothing for it but the word of the father, "This is right, my child," or the word of the mother, "This is wrong, my child; you must do this; you must not do that," and the child believes. You scarcely ever find a doubter among children. Now, God has already prepared the children for this. When you come before them persuaded that the child can be led to Christ—as Brother Moody has said—persuaded that the Word of God which you teach is able to make the child wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ—when you sit down before that little immortal, God has made the whole way, so far as his natural disposition is concerned, perfectly plain and easy for you.

Now, what are you to do? You do not need to stop and explain what faith is, or what regeneration is, or to enter into any other of these questions about religious doctrines and life, but the great thing is to hold up the object of faith. If you can put Christ's creed before the child, showing what Jesus is to the child and to all the world, in all his lovely attributes, the child will follow you, and the Holy Spirit will bring that child to embrace Christ by faith.

Now, then, point to God as the Father of the child in Jesus Christ. Let him be taught to believe through all his days that this heavenly Father is his own father—his Father in heaven—and that he may go to him for every blessing. Several years ago I was playing with my own little girl and a companion who had come to the house, when the children were both very small. They were leaping down from the stairway, and as I stood below, my little child said, "Papa, let me jump into your arms." "Very well," I said, "go up a step or two higher," and I reached out my arms. The little one stepped up and then sprung down the steps without any hesitation, and I caught her safely. "Now," said I, "Gracie, you try it," and little Gracie went up a step or two lower and stood as though she was going to make the jump, but she didn't do it. Once, twice, several times, she tried to

make the jump and couldn't do it, and I had to reach up and lift her down in my arms. Now, what was the difference? How can you account for the difference in those two children? Why, my own little girl had the spirit of a child in her. I was her father, and so with an unquestioning faith she leaped right down stairs, knowing that I would catch her. But the other child was not of my family. She was only in there as a playmate for a season, and when she came to attempt to repeat the action her little heart failed her, because she didn't see her father down below with outstretched arms.

Rev. C. A. Dickey, D.D., next addressed the meeting. He said: God has laid on me many responsibilities, under which I tremble, but there is none that I carry like my two children, because I feel that for those I am wholly responsible before God. I believe that in regard to every other soul on God's earth somebody must share the responsibility with me—some other father or some other mother must divide it with me—but before God I feel that for two souls I am wholly responsible. And I say that nothing bears upon me like the weight that God has put upon me for those two little children. And if I have one word to say to you, knowing that most of you are parents here to-day, it is this one thought, that the responsibility is yours and not the child's. I therefore wish that this question had been otherwise presented. Instead of how to bring the children to Christ, we ought to be considering on our knees how we are liable to hinder the children from coming to Christ, for I believe that there is nothing which can possibly interpret the promise of God and the precepts of God but this thought, that so far as God and his plans of mercy are concerned they embrace the children, and God is exhausting everything to save them all, even those who are hindered by others. It is to me the most humiliating thing that falls from the Word of God that the disciples are presented in the most beautiful picture of God's work as the obstacles in the way of the children. There is no picture that God has painted upon the Word so beautiful as that where Christ beseechingly says, "Suffer them to come." And I say that the dark line on that

bright picture is the fact that the disciples must be rebuked and be gotten out of the way before Christ can be gratified in the possession of the children. It is not said, "Suffer little children to be brought unto me," but "suffer them to come," as though the little ones were themselves eager to come; as though their hearts were full of the desire to come; as though they, by the plans and purposes of God, could come; as though everything that was essential was provided but one thing, and that was the removal of the obstacle, the taking away of the hindrance. "Suffer them to come." "I am ready," says Jesus. The children are ready. The trouble is that something is in the way, somebody is violating some pledge, somebody is violating some promise, somebody has thrown himself in the way of the child, and it is prevented from coming to me.

Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of the Beth-Eden Baptist Church, related an interesting incident. He said that they organized some years ago a mission on South street, and among the scholars was a little boy who was a rider in Dan Rice's circus, and whose mother kept a peanut stand at the Arch-street Theatre. The little boy was a great trouble in the school, and none of the male teachers could do anything with him. Finally a lady said she would take the boy, and soon after he noticed the little fellow looking earnestly into his teacher's face, and intently listening to her. Through her he was led to the Saviour. He finally left the school, and some time after they heard that he was a drummer-boy in the Union army, and was mortally wounded. He sent a letter to his old teacher, full of love, thanking her for leading his soul to Zion. Some persons say that they are not sufficiently educated for teachers, but, said the speaker, all that is required is to have the love of Christ in our hearts, and He will do the rest.

Mr. Moody gave his experience. He said where he found a teacher willing to work personally with the children—get them alone one by one and talk with them, and pray with and for them, teaching them how a Christian ought to live and walk—that teacher has always been successful. Teachers that never speak

to their scholars only in the class are about as successful as preachers who never have any inquiry-meetings. If we are going to be successful in leading children to Christ it must be by personal teaching. Mr. Moody related several instances of the successful result of personal teaching, both by Sunday-school teachers and mothers with their children. If mothers would take their children alone in a room and teach them, there would not be so many requests by mothers for us to pray for sons who are drunkards.

The Rev. Dr. E. P. Rogers said: I want to give a single illustration of what my friend Mr. Moody said in his opening address. One fact is worth a thousand arguments. He said we didn't know what our children might be the instruments of accomplishing in God's hands if they were early converted. I want to state one single fact to him and to you. The scene occurred about twenty-five years ago, and I shall never forget. One beautiful Sunday morning word came to me that a little girl, six years old, a member of my Sunday-school, was lying on her dying bed. She was a child of un-Christian parents, the highest people in the State, her father the Governor of the State, a former Judge of the Supreme Court, a gentleman of the highest standing, but out of Christ. The little girl as I stood by her bedside said to her father, "Father, come here." She took him by the coat, drew him down to her so that his head almost touched her cheek, and said, "Father, I am going up, I am going up, I am going to Jesus; and now, dear father, I want you to promise me one thing." "What is it, my child?" said he, broken down in agonizing sorrow. "I want you to promise me," said she, "that you will be a Christian and follow me to where I am going, up to Jesus;" and turning to her grandfather, an old gray-headed man, nearly eighty years of age, she said, "Grandpa, your head is very white, and your time is very short; but, grandpa, follow me to Jesus." So she passed away, saying to me, "Give my love to my Sunday-school teacher, and thank her for all she did for me." The next day we laid little Sallie in her grave under the tall pine-trees of the Southern forest, and after the funeral this tall, stately,

dignified man, always attentive to my voice as a preacher, but never allowing me to get near him out of the pulpit, said to me with tears in his eyes, "Mr. Rogers, come and see us every day, and talk to us about Jesus, for we want to remember the little preacher and follow her to Christ."

You don't know what your children could accomplish if they were brought to Jesus. One of the sweetest pictures of the latter-day glory closes with this climax, "A little child shall lead them." And there are children in your household who may yet lead men and women to the Saviour, if we suffer them to come to Him now.

After silent prayer, the Rev. George A. Peltz said: How can we reach that very point? How can we see in the children of our homes and our classes that work of the Lord God so that they will lead others to righteousness? In theory I have long held that they may be Christ's very early, but I had to wait for a little girl in my own home to teach me that the thing was a great reality. That little girl, five years old at the time of which I speak, was singing around the room, "I love Jesus." We thought it was to her only a matter of amusement, and one of us said, "Do you really love Jesus?" "Why, I can't tell the time when I didn't love Jesus," said she. Love to Jesus appeared to have sprung up in that little heart, so far as she was conscious of it, as early as love to father or love to mother.

It taught me this: First, None can tell how early God's Holy Spirit may take hold on a heart and mould it savingly. It taught me, secondly, That very little ones may intelligently receive the blessed Jesus; and it taught me, thirdly, Never to doubt a child's experience where there is a sweet trust and a loving faith in the Saviour. As parents and as teachers let us hold to this.

One other lesson we may learn from children. A boy in my own Sunday-school was convicted of sin. He came to the school hoping his teacher would say something to help him, but the teacher did not. He went home with his heart all crushed because he felt that nobody cared for his soul. He sat down alone to brood over his terrible condition. His little sister came run-

ning into the room, and as she came in she repeated the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," and away she went. He thought about it. Thought he, "Who sent me that message?" He supposed an older sister had sent it, and he felt so grateful that he went to thank her. She said, "I didn't send it." He called the little girl and asked who told her to say those words. "Nobody told me," said she. "Where did you get them?" said he. She answered, "Why, I was learning my text for next Sunday." He asked where the text was. She showed it to him, and for the first time the fact dawned on him, there is a Saviour who said, "Let not your heart be troubled." He thought, "My teacher had no such word for me, but Jesus had it, and I have it from the lips of Jesus." And just there and then he felt that Jesus had personally suffered with and sympathized with him, and was ready to bear his burden and take away his sins. Let us hold up a personal Saviour such as that. That is the Saviour the children need.

Mr. Moody read a letter from an English correspondent, in which a very touching account was given of the call up higher of two Christian boys. "Precious Jewels" was then sung, and the meeting closed, the mothers tarrying to pray in one ante-room, and many of the men retiring for the same purpose to another.

Teachers in the Sabbath-school might well take some hints from Mr. Moody. He preaches for a purpose. He does not merely do it to interest, but to convert. He would not preach at all, we may be sure, unless he did interest and instruct, but we may be equally certain that he would cease to preach if he did no more than this. His great aim is so to interest and instruct that his hearers shall decide for Christ. When a teacher spends all his time on that which will secure the attention and give instruction, he may find that after all he has accomplished nothing. He has taken the easily-captured outworks, while the citadel remains untouched. The heart, and not the mind or the fancy, is the real object of attack.

Mr. Moody, in one of his sermons, said: "Suppose I go to find a poor beggar-woman whom I have seen standing on the

street clothed in rags. I find her all nicely clothed, and ask, 'What does this mean?' She says, 'Why, Mr. Moody, a man came and put into my hand, as I stood here, a ten-pound note.' 'How was that? Did you know how to put out the right kind of hand? Was your hand all right?' 'Why, sir, you don't understand. The stranger put the money, a ten-pound note, into my hand; laid it here on this very palm. Why, I got the money; isn't that enough?' Now, many come to me and say, 'I am afraid I haven't got the right kind of faith.' Faith is only the hand held out to God. Don't look at your hand, look up to God. You don't feel joyful? Take Jesus at His word, and let feelings alone."

Mr. Marsh, who has been on Mr. Moody's track, writes:

I have not once heard the complaint, so often made after revival excitement has cooled, that converts did not "hold out." It was a common thing for people to come into his meetings indifferent and go away converted. Indeed, the emphasis with which he preached to all alike the duty of immediate surrender was a stumbling-block to some good people. Who could not see that a man who decides promptly when an issue is fully before him, is quite as much to be depended on as one who dallies a long while over a decision? There are no more steadfast soldiers of Christ in the British churches to-day than those who enlisted under Mr. Moody. Perhaps no other minister in Edinburgh has had to do with so many of the converts in that city as Mr. Wilson, of the Barclay Church. He recently stated that he had known of but two declensions. But I am sure that the most important result of this two years' work is not measured by the number of hopeful conversions in connection with it, many thousands though they were. The breaking down of denominational prejudices is most marked. The spiritual life of the churches has been greatly quickened. Ministers confess that they have preached since as they never knew how to preach before. "He used to be a very different man, but he got a blessing when Moody was here," was a remark made about an earnest Christian worker in Edinburgh, the like of which one often hears in

Scotland. It was something marvellous how he inoculated those whom he met with his zeal for souls. A business man in an English town went to hear him in another city. They had a five minutes' talk together. A new fire was kindled in his heart, and since then he has had no greater joy than to preach in the evening on the street to those who never go to church; adjourning to some convenient room for a prayer and inquiry-meeting with such as may be entangled in his net. In Aberdeen I found the theatres filled every Sunday evening to listen to the simple, pleading presentation of Gospel truth from a lawyer; and a police magistrate holding meetings in the Infirmary with the old people who are too feeble to get out to any other service.

The results that followed his flying visits to some of the smaller cities were sometimes quite remarkable. At Berwick-on-Tweed I asked whether he held meetings there. "Yes, he was here for one day." I suggested that such a short visit did not leave much of a mark, probably. "Indeed it did," was the answer. "It was the beginning of a great revival. Berwick has never been the same town since." In many places the special revival interest—if it may be called special in such a case—which began with his meetings, still continues.

"Evangelistic meetings" are a common form which this quickened interest in Christian work takes,—meetings with the special aim of leading sinners to Christ. They are held in halls, in churches, in tents; on week-day evenings and on Sundays, conducted sometimes by ministers and sometimes by laymen. Edinburgh seemed to be full of them. The noon prayer-meeting is one of the notable results of the work in the latter city. It is held in the Free Assembly Hall, and attended by hundreds every day. The ministers and members of all denominations seem to be most thoroughly and delightfully united in it. It flows on full to the banks with a current of its own. No one comes for the sake of "keeping it up." The specific requests for prayer that are sent into it sometimes reach a hundred in one day, a goodly number being accompanied by thanksgiving for answers received to prayers previously solicited. On Satur-

days it takes the form of a crowded children's meeting, similar to those held in Dundee and other cities on Saturday afternoons.

It is with sincere pleasure that we present the views of the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton as to the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia. Dr. Newton is so widely known, both in this country and abroad, from his prominence as a preacher to children, as a representative clergyman in one school of thought in the Episcopal church, and as editor of *The Sunday School World*, that a communication from him will always command attention. Moreover as chairman of the committee of arrangements for the meetings of the evangelists in Philadelphia, he has had unequalled opportunities of learning the truth as to the subject on which he now writes.

I write, by request, a few lines expressive of my own impressions of those dear brethren, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and of the work which they are now carrying on in this great city. The details of their work are reported in the papers every day. I need not dwell upon them. The striking peculiarities which mark the men themselves have been spoken of, again and again. We are all familiar with these. There are three points of view from which these men, and their work, have most strikingly impressed me; and on each of these I wish to say a few words.

The first of these *is the illustration afforded in the work of these men of the essential, practical union existing between Protestant Christians.* Many instances of this might be referred to in connection with this movement. A single one may here be adduced. This occurred rather in the preparation for the work than in the work itself. A part of this preparation was to have a class of Christian workers trained and ready to go into the inquiry-rooms and render service there, in guiding anxious souls to Jesus. The class was composed of between three and four hundred Christian men and women. These were gathered from the different churches of the city, known to be in sympathy with the evangelists and their work. They were the best specimens of Christian knowledge and experience that these churches could

furnish. And when convened together this body of "Christian Workers" made up a deeply interesting assembly.

The preparation of these workers was intrusted to a committee of four ministers, representing the leading Protestant denominations. The Rev. Dr. Breed represented the Presbyterian church; the Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, the Baptist; the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, the Methodist; and the present writer the Episcopal church. This committee met the workers several times for general counsel and directions in view of the solemn and responsible work in which they were to engage. At these meetings each member of the ministerial committee addressed the workers in turn. There was no concert or agreement beforehand, as to the points to be discussed, and yet the most delightful harmony prevailed through all the exercises. Not one jarring or discordant note was struck from the beginning to the end. If a stranger had been present, he might have listened most attentively to the teachings of these men, representing the leading branches of the Protestant church; and for the life of him, he could not have detected the slightest shade of difference in their teaching. From anything he saw, or heard there, he could not have told who was the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, or the Episcopalian. The watchmen on the walls of Zion were seeing eye to eye. They had approached so near to Jesus that they no longer saw things in the decomposed rays of their separate denominationalism. The pure white light that shines eternally from the Sun of Righteousness was shedding down its beams upon them; and, on that grandest of all questions, "How shall a man be just with God?" they were made "one in Christ Jesus." And whatever helps to bring us thus together in such a way is a blessed work, and one on which God's blessing must certainly rest.

Another interesting point of view from which to contemplate the work of these men is in *its influence for good on the churches*.

We see several things from which this influence must spring. One of these is the marked characteristic of these men. If asked to put my finger on this peculiarity, I should say it was great singleness of aim, a remarkable earnestness and intensity

of purpose. And to be brought into contact with such men, especially when, as in the present case, they are possessed of great magnetic power, cannot fail of having a good effect on all about them. We hear the song of life pitched to a higher key than we have been wont to sing it; and before we know it, we find that our own hearts and spirits have been attuned to harmony with this loftier strain.

Then, again, the church in general is receiving good from the effect of Mr. Moody's style of preaching on the clergy. The most striking peculiarity that marks his preaching, is its simple, direct, practical, unceasing, and intensely earnest appeals to the Word of God. And greater conformity to a style of preaching, so truly primitive and apostolic, in the pulpits of our land, would be an unspeakable blessing to the church. It would be to put aside what the Apostle Paul calls "the enticing words of man's wisdom," and substituting for them "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." This is a great want of the church in the present day.

Still further, these evangelists are doing good to the church by promoting, on the part of Christian people, a more careful and diligent study of the Word of God. All the services in which they engage lead to this result. This is especially the case with the Sunday-morning services for Christian workers. I wished, while at these last-named meetings, that every member of my church could have been present, for I was satisfied that it would have done them all great good. I never went to my Lord's-day work in a better frame of mind for doing it than on the mornings when I had the privilege of attending those meetings. What we need among our church members in these days, above everything else, is greater acquaintance with the Scriptures. And these men are blessing the church by helping to lead Christian people on to just this result.

The other point of interest from which to contemplate these evangelists and their work, is, in *their power to reach and bless multitudes of men not reached or blessed by the ordinary ministrations of the gospel.* This is seen in the character of the assemblies they

are addressing all the time. It is seen in the open acknowledgment of numbers converted at these meetings; and especially in the numerous cases of those, lost to their families, or to society, and given up to the body-and-soul-destroying tyranny of strong drink; but who, through God's blessing on their instrumentality, have been "plucked as brands from the burning," and restored to health and hope—to peace, to comfort, and to usefulness. The recovery of *one* such would be a sufficient recompense for all the time, and money, and labor expended in this work since these brethren came to our city. But when this one comes to be multiplied by dozens of scores of rescued men, of this most hopeless class of all who go astray; and when to this one class are added large numbers of those in every other class of transgressors, brought back to God, through the labors of these evangelists, I feel, for myself—whatever others may say, or do—that I can do nothing else than thank God for sending them here; and pray Him to bless them more and more while they tarry among us; and then to follow them with His blessing, wherever else it may please Him to lead them.

Mr. Moody's Winsomeness.

Gentlemen thus write from Philadelphia:

For once we have an evangelist who is an evangelist. As such no fault can be found in him, except by some scurrilous papers, rumdealers and infidels. Many thanks to Him who has raised up and sent to us Mr. Moody. No crotchets, or hobbies, or eccentricities, or taint of heresy, or anything objectionable to earnest Christians—what a comfort in this, to begin with. But in expounding the Book he is mighty, because he has made it his study, is full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and has strong common sense. In all these seven weeks of labor no heresy-hunter has even smelled any unsoundness. Plain, pointed, all-sided, tender and intensely earnest, he reaches every case. In the power of illustration he has no equal known to us—though he is not conscious of any scholastic rules or professional technical-

ities. For once we have an evangelist who has solved that question of ministerial conferences and Sunday-school institutes, "*How shall we reach the masses?*" Over eleven thousand people, of all classes, crowd the great tabernacle, all eager to get near the stand, and all hang upon his thrilling words.

Mr. Moody is an organizer and a manager in the best sense. Classifying Christian workers by age and sex, for greater efficiency, by meeting at different hours and places adjoining, and all under his direction, his way of doing things wins the co-operation of all. And if, as rarely is the case, anything falls out of line, or is likely to disturb the harmony, he has the happy faculty of shutting it off without offence. Hence what a work has been done in seven weeks! No exact estimate can be made, of course, but inquirers have gone up to thousands. And the good gained to the church members in attendance, and to the ministry, cannot be told. At this point the interest is steadily rising and extending, and it seems vastly important that Messrs. Moody and Sankey continue here a long while yet. The sweet gospel-singer has also won the hearts of the people by his unequalled singing, and his loving labors in the inquiry-room.

In the churches that are enjoying the influence of these great meetings, the good will long be felt, and the fruits seen.

God never has a work to be done but he finds a worker to do it. Commonly, too, his choice is what just man's would *not* be. Samuel blundered as to Israel's first king, and the last thought of David, the chosen one, prefigured the mischoices of the kingly ones by men, and their rectifications by the Lord of the kingdom ever since. John, the shaggy rustic of the wilderness, with loathsome "locusts and wild honey" for "his meat," grimy fishermen, and a hot-headed youngster fiercely "haling men and women to prison," who of the "wise men" would have picked *these* as the men to tell the world the great redemption story?

They *were* chosen and did it. Seventy years of Sunday-school work has drawn Christians into the general use of what are called the International lessons, which are simply a plan by which Christians agree to open to the same chapter and study it

together, each Sabbath of the year. The Christian world never before by their own choice hit upon such a *doing together* of anything. It has pleased Jesus the king, and throughout the world he has drawn the heart of man to the divine Word in a wonderful manner. He has anointed ones in the service. This humbly born, illiterate Mr. Moody is a "chosen vessel," or witness to the treasures hid in the book of grace. He didn't set out to do this work. He doesn't claim to be doing it beyond all other men. I think he is doing it, though he may not know it, for while aiming at and attaining other wonderful work—using this as a means only—he is educating millions *in a way of study*, which will go on after all his other work ends, and outgo it in real value.

Look at this assembly, seven or eight thousand, at early morning of Sabbath, or at 4 P.M. of a week day; sitting around him in far more reverent intensity of heed than the disciples of Socrates or Plato on the banks of the Illyssus ever showed; than any group of pupils in any "Divinity School" I have seen; no trifling, no fun-making, no dawdling, as in class-rooms; but the eager, diligent thousands hearken and turn to chapter and verse, and make notes of his words, as of no professors of exegesis and sacred literature I have yet seen.

The value of the work is not alone, not mainly, in what he does himself, but more in what he is training them to do. These may show what that is.

(*a.*) A supreme aim to push the divine Word up to the souls of men; to touch all men with God's thought in the Word, whatever that is. Face to face with God, his friend or his foe, is the practical fact in this way of using the Bible. The narrative; the text; the setting is second; how to get at the soul through it, is first. No matter for the story, or the style, or the commentaries on it. Does it stop you from sinning and stir you up to do what God would have you do? The persons in the narrative were good or bad, wise or foolish, as may be; they are there to carry God's question to you: Are you fleeing from the wrath to come, and doing God's bidding to you? To save souls, to

make alive in Christ, is the ever-visible aim in the reading, and of his upspringing, comments as he reads.

(*b.*) Vivid personation marks these readings. Take Lot and Peter. A quick-handed crayonist could put much of the "reading" on a board as it went on. It would be Lot stealing a look "*toward* Sodom," seeming not to see it; the glamour of its towers, warehouses, etc., stealing his heart. He gets there; makes money; gets into city office; is rich. See him strutting about Sodom: boys whispering, "There goes rich Mr. Lot, president of —— bank!" Been any Congress he'd been Hon. John Lot, M. C.! Sounds well. He's done well for himself!" Next he is seen lolling in the "best carriage in Sodom," with wife and daughters, going to opera or theatre, etc. Religion dead in his soul; "just like you, and you, worldly professor, getting the world and losing your soul." Then two angels come. They will put up with him. He's one of the chief men of Sodom now. Why not have any distinguished strangers? Ah! he didn't guess their errand. They tell him; ask if he has any other but those in the house. Then the mob; the stroke of blindness; and, because they can't see, he gets through the crowd to houses of sons-in-law. See him ring door-bell; window opens, with "Who's there?" The tidings; the call, "Up, flee for life." They laugh at him; "mocked him;" he's out of his head. *There's no danger!* Sodom never had better times or stood firmer. *He's lost his witness;* men don't believe a word he says, because he's been living as much in the world as they have; his testimony is good for nothing, just like so many here. Then the storm; the flight; "the sin of Sodom," etc.

Peter was most effectively sketched; with more of system and naturalness than any other I have noted.

He is fishing; is called; leaves all; but as soon as he has made himself over to Jesus, goes back to his business. [Converts who would jump from the inquiry-room into the pulpit, etc., had a plain speaking to at this point.] His call when the business was good—nets full—(costs to be a Christian); he gets into "Doubting Castle"—trying to walk the water—"most Christians

live in that castle." On the Mount of Transfiguration he started "toward Rome"—a touch of High Churchism got into him. He would have three tabernacles: one for Moses, one for Elias, one for Christ—*all alike*, bring Christ down to their "old saints'" level! Instantly they were gone! Christ alone with them; a voice of thunder, "hear him! hear him!"

This was a masterstroke in the reading. With awful emphasis, "hear him" rang over the throng. Peter's fall was divided into six steps—each a kind of medallion scene around the central figure, which grew into bold and powerful form as he "read him out." (1.) The feet-washing refusal; didn't know how dirty travel in the world had made him. (2.) Self-confidence; "If all forsake, not I," etc. (3.) Got asleep; "could not watch one hour." Malchus and his lost ear, or a half-awake Christian's blunder, was a telling point. (4.) "Followed afar off." (5.) Got into bad company; by the fire in the hall. (6.) Lost his temper; swore, etc. This detail is given to show the method the revival Bible-study is taking. It is simply the Bible made alive!

Very ragged and inaccurate many of the chalk-marks are, some almost grotesque, but life is in them; Christ is in them; the way to be saved is seen by them as by no other use of Scripture. On this method the Bible takes the hearer along with itself; it does not come at him, corner him, and "hew him in pieces," as in some uses of it; but it fills him with itself, and he walks in the light, seeing by it his sins, and the blessed Jesus ever so full of waiting love and mercy toward him.

Successors, more accurate, scholarly, and, we hope, as full of Christ, will carry on this raising to life of the Word of life in the manner Mr. Moody has so effectively begun. "Thy Word is truth."

It is a wonderful record which is made of the meetings led by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in this city up to the present week. Including the young men's and young women's meetings, there have been in all about 250 different services of the series, with an aggregate attendance at them of perhaps 900,000 persons. It

is thought by the committee in charge that at least 300,000 different persons have in all been at these meetings. To the last the interest in the services has deepened, and the attendance at them has increased. The meetings of last Sunday, at the beginning of the ninth and closing week, were as crowded as any from the first of the series. Very many Christians have been quickened to new activity in the work of the Lord, and very many sinners have been led to yield themselves to a waiting Saviour, through God's blessing on these services. The good results of the meetings are not to end with the removal of the evangelists from Philadelphia. There is a new Christian life in this city, manifested in a spirit of union, and in zeal and heartiness in all religious endeavors beyond anything hitherto known here. Unmistakable evidence of this is given in the varied exercises of the closing week of these evangelistic meetings. The brightest anticipations of friends of this work at its beginning are already more than realized in Philadelphia.

It is interesting to note that the closing meeting of the course was densely packed by the best people of the city, while thousands were unable to gain admittance. Faithful to Christ and to the truth he wins the confidence of good men, and more than all binds them closer to the Lord and to duty.

Mr. Sankey Answers a Question.

"How should music be conducted in the Lord's work?" asks one. Before we give his reply we insert the crisp remark of a veteran pastor:

"There are these three," said Dr. Plumer, at one of the Moody meetings, "faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity, for charity endureth forever. There are these three, prayer, the sacraments, praise, but the greatest of these is praise, for praise endureth forever."

I can scarcely expect that my views will be accepted by all singers; but my opinions are based upon the results of more than fifteen years' personal experience in conducting the service

of praise in various branches of the Lord's work in this country and other lands.

I will speak first of the music in the church, which should be conducted by a good, large choir of Christian singers, who would encourage the congregation to join heartily with them in the songs of Zion, instead of monopolizing the service themselves.

I would not have unconverted persons leading the praise of the people of God. I am fully persuaded that four-fifths of the traditional trouble with choirs arises from having unconverted people conducting this part of the service of the sanctuary. If I could not get a converted choir, I would go back to the good old ways of our forefathers, and select the best Christian man in the church who had a good voice, and put him up in front of the congregation, and let him lead as best he could, and I am sure the people would join more heartily under his leading than they would with a choir who are anxious to show how well they could execute some new tune which they have just found. But there are very few churches, if any, in which a good Christian choir may not be formed, and no one will doubt that when all the parts of our sweet church songs are sung from the heart, and the words of the hymn are distinctly pronounced, it is much sweeter than where all are singing in unison.

I would have the singers and the organ in front of the congregation, near the minister or speaker, and would insist on deportment by the singers in keeping with the services of the house of God. The conduct of the choir during the service will have very much to do with the success of the preaching. Instead of whispering, writing notes, passing books, and the like, the choir should give the closest attention to all the services, especially to the preaching of the Word. There should be the most intimate understanding between the leader of the singing and the pastor. When new tunes are to be introduced into the church they might be sung frequently by the choir alone, before the regular services commence, as voluntaries ; thus the people would become somewhat familiar with the music, and when it is introduced into the regular service they would be able to take up the tune and

sing it with pleasure and profit. New hymns and tunes should be introduced occasionally, but great damage is often done by injudicious choir leaders trying to introduce a new tune at every service.

The congregation should be exhorted by the pastor to join heartily in the singing, and if a choir-master persisted in bringing out new-fangled tunes in which the people could not join during the hour of public worship, he should be set aside and his place supplied by some one who would not be so ambitious to show off how well the choir could perform, but who would be glad to have all the people join in the good old songs of Zion, which will be loved and sung until

> "All the ransomed church of God
> Are saved to sin no more."

The whole question of the singing should be kept in the hands of the office-bearers of the church, and the choir should never be encouraged to entertain the idea that they are an independent organization, with power to levy war upon the church and bring it to terms, or to secede from it and cause a disruption. Praying singers are likely to be loyal to the church, and not to give trouble.

The singing in the regular prayer-meeting should be of the most spirited and spiritual character, and should be led by a single voice, usually without instrumental accompaniment, so that no restraints of any kind may interfere with the worship of even the oldest saint, who might not be able to sing in just such time and voice as would be expected were the instrument used.

The singing of long hymns should be avoided. Two or three verses well sung and bearing upon the key-note or subject of the meeting will do more good than a dozen verses poorly sung. Old familiar hymns and tunes should be used, with now and then a Sunday-school song, so that the children may feel that they have a part in the prayer-meeting as well as in the Sunday-school. The young should be encouraged to attend the prayer-meetings to assist in the singing.

Nothing will kill a prayer-meeting more effectually than poor, drawling, lifeless singing; while many a poor prayer-meeting has been saved by good and spirited singing.

The American Sunday-school has done more to make us a singing people than all other causes combined, and to attempt giving suggestions as to how its singing should be conducted, may seem rather venturesome. But as there are schools where, for want of a good singing-leader, there is a sad deficiency in this most delightful service, I may be pardoned for dropping a few suggestions for their benefit.

In the first place, you should have a lady or a gentleman who can play the cabinet-organ. If you have not such an instrument already, I would advise you to get one as soon as possible. Let the leader, seated at the organ before the school, with a few good voices near by, conduct the singing in a hearty and spirited manner, inviting and urging all the teachers and scholars to take part in it. You will have great difficulty in getting the children to sing at all, if the tunes are allowed to drag. A word now and then as to the meaning of the hymn, a few directions as to the way in which it should be sung, and hints as to the correct pronunciation of the words, will add much to the interest and profit of the singing.

Do not let the school run into a singing-class. See that all the hymns have a bearing upon the lesson of the day.

When union religious services are held, the singing should occupy a prominent place, and it should be judiciously conducted. A union choir should be formed, composed of the best singers from the different denominations in the community. The pastors should select the persons from their own choirs or congregations, and send in their names to the person or persons selected to have charge of the singing. Frequent meetings of these singers should be held for practice. Such hymns and tunes should be used as are easily caught by the people, and such only as contain the simple gospel; those which are full of invitations to Christ rather than to creed.

All these preparatory meetings for practice should be opened

and closed with prayer. Moreover each singer should be impressed with the importance of bearing himself in the most exemplary manner. Especially should this be demanded from each singer during the time of the public services, for inattention to the preaching on the part of members of the choir will cause more or less inattention in the congregation.

The time and tune should be led by the organ. The organist should first play a measure or two, to indicate the time and movement. At the close of this all should join heartily in the singing, leaving no place for the appearance of the quite useless appendage of too many religious gatherings—a fussy singing-leader. During the public service I would not have the leader stand up before the audience, and with a stick or a book beat the time with such fearful gesticulations as to call the attention of the people from the singing to himself. Let there be nothing about the choir to divert the audience from their part of the worship. All should try and understand the sentiment of the hymn or sacred song, and enter into it with heart and voice, in a prayerful frame of mind, silently asking God to bless the song to every soul.

I am persuaded that much interest may be added to evangelistic services by the singing occasionally of some sweet gospel hymn by a single voice. If the voice be strong enough, and the pronunciation of the words be clear and distinct, and the singer be full of faith that God will bless his message, I have no doubt that many will accept the "gospel in the song" who would, perhaps, otherwise remain unreached by the truth. I would not permit solo singing, or any other kind of singing, to take the place of the preached Word; but solo singing, properly conducted, may be a means of attracting people to the services who would not have come simply to hear a sermon in the usual way.

What is most needed in all these things is that they be attempted in prayer and faith, and to the glory of God. Ministers should pray for the singers and the singing. The singers should pray for themselves and their work. Thus may a bond of union be formed in this service which will be owned of God, and thereby will the world be led to see still more and more of the power of sacred song in winning souls to Jesus.

At an immense praise-meeting presided over by him, additional words were spoken worthy of being read by many ten thousands.

Mr. Sankey said: "There has been running through my heart since coming here this evening, a sort of mournful note along with these notes of joy. It is that these meetings are soon to pass away—that this is the last praise-meeting we shall probably join together in on earth. But with that thought comes this blessed thought, that by and by, with this large company, and with other large gatherings we have met elsewhere, we shall meet to sing a better song than we have ever sung on earth. We are glad of the Christian hope and assurance we have that we shall stand with that company, and our song shall be, 'Hallelujah, 'tis done; I believe on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.' I would to God that while we are praying, singing, and speaking to-night, souls may decide for heaven. We are fast moving on to judgment. May God help us all to believe on Jesus, so that when we stand before the presence of the King we may be able to join in the new song of Moses and the Lamb."

Mr. Sankey and the congregation then sang, "'Tis the promise of God full salvation to give."

Rev. Dr. McCook spoke of the way Messrs. Moody and Sankey had overcome the prejudices of the people of Scotland against the organ and songs. When Mr. Sankey showed them he was singing the Gospel, it struck some of the people as a novelty, but it was no new thing. It was only a part of the old, old way of declaring the old, old story. He quoted several texts of Scripture to prove that there was a mighty influence in Christian song to retain in the minds of the people the truths of the Gospel.

Mr. Sankey said: "I have received so many cheering letters of how these little hymns are blessed, that I am encouraged to go on with this speaking to one another in hymns and songs. It is wonderful how these hymns have been spread all over the world these last two years. After our work in London was over, I had twelve days to spend before sailing for home. I thought I would slip off where I would get rest, where I would not be asked to sing or even talk about these meetings. I went to Calais, thence

to Paris, and on to Switzerland. I went to the capital of Switzerland, near the foot of the Alps. The evening I got there, the first thing I heard under my window was the most beautiful volume of song that I almost ever heard. I looked out of the window and saw about one hundred and fifty people singing this sweet hymn: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on his gentle breast.' It had been translated into their language. I recognized the words. I spoke to them through my friend as an interpreter. The next evening they were requested to attend a large gathering in the capital of that country. I promised to go down and sing a hymn or two. The old French church was packed, and people were standing in the street. These people sang nearly all the hymns that you sing to-day. They had been translated and sung for months. I heard the children sing them in the Alps. As I returned through another portion of France, I heard those hymns sung on board the railway trains, and I thought, 'What shall the harvest be?' You do not know how many souls have been rested by hearing 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' Then, I said, by God's grace I will keep on singing, and I will encourage every other person who has a voice to keep on singing these sweet stories of Jesus and His love, and somebody will be blessed, just as somebody is being blessed here. May God bless the singing of these hymns throughout the earth until we meet to sing a better song in heaven."

Rev. Dr. Sheppard said: "We owe a special debt of gratitude to God that in His good providence He has made the service of song so efficient in publishing the Gospel. When I first had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Sankey I told him he had actualized an idea of the Rev. Albert Barnes. Mr. Barnes said to me a few weeks before his death, if he could sing as well as I could, he would not preach but would sing the Gospel in the pulpit; for he thought he could accomplish more by singing than preaching it. The first song I heard Mr. Sankey sing was: 'Jesus passeth by,' and I said that was the most eloquent sermon I ever heard; it spoke of the opportunity present—soon to pass—and actually passed. It was most impressing and powerful."

Mr. Sankey rendered the favorite hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." His voice, in the lines "Oh, all ye heavy-laden, come," and afterward in "Too late! too late! will be the cry, Jesus of Nazareth *has* passed by," became so low, broken, full of pity and clear withal, that dozens of people half rose from their seats and bent forward toward the stage as if by magnetic attraction. Mr. Sankey's singing was as fine as ever, and it seems strange that any one who listens to his beautiful songs of praise is not touched and brought to look upon the question of eternal life as the most important that could be presented. Men have risen for prayer who have stated that they were brought to realize their lost condition and to seek salvation through the hymns that they have heard sung.

Mr. Moody read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, after which he made an earnest prayer, thanking God for the rich blessings that he has showered upon the people. Reports were then received. Mr. Moody first made the report as to the women's meetings. He stated that they are very interesting, and God is showing his power greatly. The prayers of mothers and wives are being amazingly answered. The 87th hymn was then sung,

Lord, I hear of showers of blessings.

The reports were then continued as follows: Mr. George H. Stuart reported a great awakening in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church. He said that the pastor had taken a great interest in the revival services, and that since they have commenced his only son has given his heart to Christ. There are now twenty-three young men who are living witnesses of what Jesus is doing in that church, and while he could not give the number of ladies who have professed Christ, he would say that there have been quite a large number. Several young men in his store had come out on the Lord's side.

Mr. Rowland represented the Young Men's Christian Association. He said that the prayer-meetings on Saturday evenings are largely attended, and that there is an average of twenty young men who at every meeting rise for prayer and express a desire

to come to Christ. There have been twenty-seven drinking men converted. Meetings have been inaugurated by the young converts among the workmen at the Gas Works and the seamen on board of the receiving-ship. He also stated that a good work is being done by the Yoke Fellows, and that bands of workers were going out, holding meetings, and bringing men to the Saviour.

Professor William Johnston followed by stating that a great awakening was going on in a small mission near Germantown, and that on last Tuesday evening some twelve or fifteen arose for prayer. and before leaving the place gave their hearts to Christ. On Sunday a meeting was held at the House of Correction, the result of which was most encouraging. Over one hundred persons arose for prayer. At the Bethany Presbyterian Church, at the request of the pastor, he reported the most happy results. At the last communion twenty-nine persons arose for prayer.

Mr. Wannamaker made a very encouraging report of what the Lord is doing at the young men's meetings. He said that they are largely attended, and that nightly a score or more men rise for prayers and are led to Christ. The meetings are remarkable for their length, and though it has been his effort to close them at 11 o'clock, it is often midnight before some of the young men are able to get away. He also said that many had been turned to God through the singing of Mr. Sankey, and often when Mr. Moody feared that he had failed in his efforts to reach the hearts of the people, a number have testified that the sermons had induced them to take a stand for Christ.

Rev. Dr. Hatfield followed, and said that he had been greatly encouraged with the meetings, and had given them very much of his time. He spoke of the great work that is being done among the women, and said the results are astonishing. He then referred to the young men's meetings, and stated that he had seen as many as fifty rise for prayer. The number of conversions are surprising, and, do what he would, he never could get away until a very late hour.

Mr. Moody said that he had received a letter from a young convert, a resident of Cedarville, New Jersey, who, several weeks ago, while on a visit to this city, attended a meeting in the depot and was converted. He went home and opened a prayer-meeting in a school-house, which has been greatly blessed. The meetings are still being held, and are being attended with glorious results.

A school-teacher from the country during the Christmas holidays was converted at one of the meetings, and he writes that after he got home he gathered the boys together and had a prayer-meeting. Several have since been held, all of which have been greatly blessed. On Monday last a lady came in the women's prayer-meeting and was converted. She said that the evening before her husband had attended the meeting in the depot and given his heart to Christ. The conversion was brought about in this manner: The two had engaged in a quarrel, during which their little girl, unobserved by them, on the porch knelt down and prayed for them. A neighbor noticed the child, and went into the house and told the parents. The quarrel ceased, and that night the father went to the meeting at the depot, and there was converted. He returned home and set up the family altar. The result was that the wife and mother the next day attended the meeting and was also converted. The family are now rejoicing in the Saviour.

Mr. John Wannamaker, who has so efficiently presided over the young men's meetings, made a very encouraging report of the work that has been done and is being done for the conversion of souls to Christ. He said that it was difficult for him to know just where to commence, and what to say in the limited time afforded him to speak. The churches in which the meetings have been held have been crowded, and very many interesting incidents have taken place. On Sunday night, in Rev. Dr. McCook's church, between four hundred and five hundred young men on their knees consecrated themselves afresh to the Master's work, and nearly all of those young men were converted during the past eight weeks. He had never witnessed such meet-

ings, and on earth he never expected to be closer to God than he has been while in attendance upon them. Every night men have stood up and given their hearts to Christ, and are now laboring hard for the conversion of all out of the fold. A recent convert who once had been a Christian, but who had fallen through the power of strong drink, related his experience. He had lost two fortunes, and all his friends had left him, but through the efforts of Mr. Moody he had been again brought into the fold.

Mr. Wannamaker said he did not know how he could get into words the report he desired to make of the young men's meeting. He wished he could put it in like the beggar who came to the door and said: "Please ma'am, give me a drink of water; I am so hungry, I don't know where to sleep to-night." It has been high tide all the week at these meetings, and they have been crowded as they have never been before. He never expected on earth to get as near heaven as he had been when at some of these meetings, when in some portions of the house young men were finding the Saviour, others weeping over their sins, others singing joyous songs; and such was the spirit of the hour that, for the time at least, we were all Methodists. It was impossible to enter into details, and, indeed, he would rather not mention names or special cases except to say that among those who are coming to take their places on the Lord's side, it seemed to him that we have the promise of many Moodys and Sankeys, of grand men to stand in the front and preach for the Lord Jesus Christ. In all our city the shining host of heaven last night did not look down upon a more beautiful scene than when between four and five hundred young men in Dr. McCook's church were upon their knees consecrating themselves afresh to the service of the Lord. These men, so far as he had observed, were new recruits in the ranks of the Master's army. The most beautiful thing about it was that they came from all classes of society. Some of the first men in Philadelphia are nobly confessing Christ, and are ready to work for him. He believed the time was coming again when, like Joseph, Shadrack, Meshech, Abednego, and Daniel,

the young men are to be noble witnesses for Christ. May God speed the day when every young man in this city shall feel that it is the greatest privilege and highest honor to be on the side of Christ and working for him.

Interest Culminates.

Such an interest in any matter has never been experienced, much less in religious affairs. It would seem from the crowds and the number of anxious inquirers that the Master's cause was being taken up with the determination to carry it through to a final and complete victory, that Satan and his followers are to be overcome, and that truth and righteousness are to triumph over sin and iniquity. Whatever may be said of the meetings, one thing is certain, that an amount of good has been accomplished during the past eight weeks that is beyond all calculation. Blasphemers have been made to realize the extent of their sins; scoffers have been turned to Christ; drunkards have been reformed through the operations of the Holy Spirit, and those who denied the existence of a God have been compelled to cry for mercy and forgiveness. Where there has been strife there is now happiness; and where there was once discord there is now peace. Families have been united, and husbands and wives, once estranged, reconciled. With all this has come an entire dependence upon God, and but for the Scriptural teaching of the evangelist, it could not have been brought about. With all these evidences of the power of God, there would seem to be nothing else necessary to prove the necessity of accepting the terms of the Saviour. No happiness can be obtained outside of Him, and he acts rashly who refuses to heed the warning words of those who are holding up the cross.

Theirs is a holy work, that has the approval of all good men, and, what is better than all, the blessings of the Father. Every man or woman who has been checked while on the downward path of destruction, and through the teaching and preaching of the evangelists has been induced to look in faith for strength

to a Higher Power, has reason to thank God that the meetings were inaugurated. There have been thousands of brands rescued from the burning, and who are now tasting of a happiness that hitherto they knew nothing of. Anything that brings comfort to the sorrowing heart and peace to a family must be of God, and those who are the instruments by which it is brought about cannot but be His servants. For all the good that has been done by the evangelists and by all who are aiding them there is awaiting a reward in heaven far richer than any gift that could be bestowed by men.

So great was the desire to hear that the Depot was filled with upwards of twelve thousand persons, and the doors closed, and before twenty minutes from this time there were seven thousand persons around the several doors of the building striving in vain to gain admittance. There were two thousand persons forming an excursion party from Wilmington, Del., and Chester, Penn., a portion of whom were unable to get within the building. It was with much difficulty that Mr. Moody himself was able to force his way through the crowd that thronged the door. One of the doors was forced open and a number of persons took possession of some of the seats reserved in front for the unconverted.

Among the distinguished persons on the platform were Hon. Judge Paxson (Supreme Court of Pennsylvania), Mr. S. Iwanager (Japanese Commissioner) and friend, Rev. Wm. Harmson (Baltimore), Mr. Potter (President National Bank), W. Simes, Esq., Mr. Noblett (President Commercial Exchange Bank), Hon. Horatio Gates Jones (State Senator of Pennsylvania), Alex. Brown (banker), Rev. Dr. Aikman (Detroit, Michigan).

Before commencing his discourse Mr. Moody spoke of how unfairly a part of the audience had acted in bursting open the door and taking the seats reserved for the unconverted. Some of those people who had taken possession of those seats had been occupying them for the past two weeks, and he hoped their consciences would trouble them so they would not sleep to-night, and then they would not break the door open to-morrow. It might not be right to make these remarks in regard to all who

had come in by that door, but those whom the coat fitted might put it on and button it up tight.

At the close of the meeting three thousand persons went into the inquiry-rooms.

Such an anxious seeking for the truth has never been witnessed, and it is a question whether the same amount of positive good has been accomplished anywhere in so short a time. What, apparently, is wanted by the people is the presentation of God's Word in the same simple and easily-to-be-understood manner, as has been the case the past few weeks by the evangelists. The plan of salvation and the promises and mercies of the Father are often so mysteriously clouded, that people do not really understand what is required of them. Then again, the truth is not unfrequently presented in such an uninviting form as to rather drive away than attract sinners. The plainer it is stated the better, and the more good is accomplished. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have signally succeeded in this matter, for by their preaching, praying, and exhortation, very many who never opened a Bible are now studying the sacred volume and in it are finding comfort and happiness. It may be said with a great deal of truth that all classes have been benefited by the special religious services—ministers, Christian workers, and sinners. There never has been such a delightful period as the past two months, and all who have been privileged to be present at the Depot during the sojourn of the evangelists in this city will look back upon the period with great pleasure, for they have witnessed wonderful manifestations of the Holy Spirit and the blessings of the labors of the good and faithful ambassadors of Christ.

Mr. Moody's example of constant speaking reminds us of the resolution formed by Fox, the greatest of English orators, who, after one failure in the House of Commons, determined to speak on every question, and so rose by degrees to be the greatest debater the world ever saw. Mr. Moody says:

When I began my Christian course, I tried to work in the churches in Chicago, and I was told that I had better not speak. I went into the dark lanes and got meetings together. I kept my

mouth open, I did not let the church close it. Confess Christ in season and out of season, and let the devil and the world talk and throw stones at you. Your reward will come by and by. Take a bold stand for Christ. You will never be good for much for God's service until the world calls you crazy. If the world has nothing to say against you, you are not much of a Christian.

"My subject is 'Instant Salvation.' What is that? One minute Noah was outside of the ark, and the next he was in. The man, Christ Jesus, is the ark, and the moment you step in you're saved. A man came to me at a Manchester meeting, and said that it was his feelings that kept him from believing. Said I, was it Noah's feelings that saved him in the ark, or was it the ark? 'Ah, I see it!' he exclaimed; 'I've got to make a train. Good-by,' and he was off. He afterward became one of the best workers in that town. One instant Lot stood inside of Sodom, and in the next he was outside—don't you see? That's instant salvation. The blood of the paschal lamb is placed on the door-posts in a second, and the Hebrews are safe from the destroying angel." Mr. Moody made another point in the six cities of Joshua on the banks of the Jordan, and once within the walls of which a murderer was safe from the avenging pursuit of the murdered man's relatives. In imitating the actions of a man striking the bloody blow, mounting his horse, rushing at breakneck speed over the hills and through the valleys, and at last springing into the city of safety, from which he turns a look of defiance back at his baffled pursuer, Mr. Moody made quite a lively place of the pulpit, and as he shouted until he became hoarse, his dramatic display was very attractive. "As soon as we get into the city, we may stop running—we're free. When the black man in our country was in slavery, he always kept looking toward the north star; he knew there was no use in going into Pennsylvania or New York, for he'd be brought back; but he looked farther — across the Canadian boundary, where he beheld waving a flag under which no bondsmen breathed. He is pursued, he flees, crosses the line —is one instant a slave, and the next he stands under the Union Jack a free man. The Queen's soldier is enlisted by simply hav-

ing a British shilling placed in the palm of his hand—made a soldier in an instant. Do you want to know when you're a Christian? It's when you've got the British shilling. Is there one here to-night who will cross the line and be free?" [Voice, "Yes."] "Thank God—any more?" he inquired. [Voice, "Yes."] "Praise the Lord! Who else will come to Christ?" A lady arose to her feet and said, "I will." "Let us pray," said Mr. Moody, "and let all who want our prayers arise. Now, don't look around to see who else is rising." The intercession for the penitents being ended, there was a general chorus of the hymn, "Come to Jesus," and the multitude dispersed.

At the great Christian convention which assembled on the 19th and 20th of January, Mr. Moody said he had received a great many letters from ministers and others asking him how to get up these meetings, and how to conduct them. If you can get two or three ministers and congregations agreed in a town of five thousand inhabitants, let your meeting be appointed and have it advertised; and when the meeting is organized, do not change the speakers each night to please the different denominations, but let one man speak each night for at least one week, and then the people become acquainted with his way of presenting the Gospel to them. Let the meetings be short. Send the people away hungry, and they will come back again. Look well after the ventilation, and have good, lively singing. Have godly men and women to sing from the heart, and sing new pieces once in a while. The songs of John Wesley went further than his sermons.

There is no general rule as to how to pull the net and gather in the harvest of souls. There are various ways, such as getting them to go into the inquiry-room, or to rise for prayer. One way to find out who want to become Christians is to get them to do something they do not want to do. At a union meeting do not speak on controverted subjects if they are not cardinal points; but if they are, we must take a firm stand. At these meetings all denominations have given up something. The Quakers have given up something, and so have the Methodists. Dr. Hatfield

has not shouted once since he has been here. [Laughter.] The object of these union meetings is to proclaim the Gospel.

Mr. Moody expressed himself ready to answer any questions that might be asked, and these several questions were asked by the audience:

Q. If a meeting is to last one hour and ten minutes, how long should the sermon be?

A. From thirty to forty minutes. A good many people, by a long sermon, receive impressions and lose them again before the sermon is concluded.

Q. What ought to be the character of the prayers?

A. Special meetings ought to have special prayers. Regular church services pray for everything in general. This is right; but when we have special services we do not want the prayers offered for our rulers, but for the souls that are present.

Q. Where would you have the meeting held in a small town?

A. In one of the churches, if there was no sectarian feeling; but if there is a spirit among the churches to bring converts to their particular churches, then go into some public hall.

Q. In villages where there are several churches, and the church-goers are cold, and you cannot make an impression on their hearts, how would you act?

A. Go on with the regular services, but have a special service to wake them up. These special services are something out of the regular course and it sets people to thinking.

A gentleman in the audience requested Mr. Moody to repeat the questions before answering them, as the congregation could not hear them.

Mr. Moody said he could not hear some of them himself. [Laughter.]

The meeting for the hour closed with singing "Come Thou Fount of every blessing." The doors were opened to allow the departure of some, and the admission of others to the eleven o'clock meeting, the subject of which was "How to conduct prayer-meetings."

Rev. Allison Henry, of Philadelphia, made the opening prayer.

Mr. Moody gave his ideas of how prayer-meetings ought to be conducted. There should be no formality. If the people will not come up and take the front seats, the minister should go down among them and take the stiffness from the meeting. The secret of the minister's success is to get others to work. People who take part in your prayer-meetings are the ones that don't find fault; but when they don't work they will find fault. In Chicago we have nineteen meetings a week, and there is no time to go to theatres, if there is any wish to go. The prayer-meetings should be open if you want to make them interesting.

Q. Do you think prayer-meetings are better than a Wednesday evening lecture?

A. I pity the church where the minister has no prayer-meeting; I do not advocate giving up prayer-meetings for lectures.

Q. Should women and children be encouraged to speak in our prayer-meetings?

A. That is a controverted point. The Presbyterians say women should be silent.

Q. Is it best to have laymen lead the prayer-meeting?

A. I think when a minister has been leading a prayer-meeting for fifty years it gets into a groove, and it would be an advantage to have an elder lead the meeting; then, in the case of a vacation, the prayer-meeting would not be closed.

Q. How is a spirit of prayer to be developed in a meeting?

A. It better be commenced in the classes.

Q. If there are members who cannot pray or speak, and yet are good, conscientious members of the church, ought they to be encouraged to speak or pray?

A. That is an important question. When I was converted, I got up in a good many prayer-meetings to speak for Christ. I had zeal without knowledge. A minister took me one side; he colored up, and I knew something was coming. He hesitated and then he hung his head. I said, "Say on." He said, "I have no doubt but that the Lord has converted you, but—ah, ah, —ah, don't you think you would serve the Lord by keeping silent?" [Laughter.] The man was honest, and if I had been

in his place I might have given the same advice. He should have told me there was some work I could do. I was two years in finding it out, and then I went into the lanes and went to among the ragged boys.

Q. Don't you think it would be a failure in a prayer-meeting if there was no effort made to bring unconverted men to Christ?

A. There should be an effort made, but it is sometimes best done by believers giving an account of the joy they experience in believing, instead of exhorting.

How to Get Hold of the Non-Church-Goers.

On this subject Mr. Moody spoke as follows:

I want to say a few words on this question if you will allow me. We have had in our city (Chicago), for a number of years, what we call a "Yoke Fellow's Band." They meet every Sunday night, say at six o'clock. We furnish them with tea. This doesn't cost much, only about fifteen cents a head; and after they have drank their tea, and prayed together, they start out to find recruits and bring them to the church. I have not known for years what it is to preach to empty seats; long before I had any reputation to draw folks we always used to have our church full. Many churches around us that had men with great names to draw a congregation, very often during the Summer season were only quarter full, or half full, but for the twelve months of the year our church would be full. It was these young fellows who brought them there. These men who bring in the recruits off of the street, found probably in some dark saloon, and brought in, will be anxious that you should preach well, and if the minister sees that his helpers are anxious that he should make an impression upon his hearers, he will preach all the better for it.

There are hundreds and thousands of young men in this country who want to work in the church, but they don't know how. They want some one to set them to work. The way we do in our meetings is this: We have two men generally go to-

gether; we put them on the corners of the great thoroughfare, or we give them so many saloons, and billiard-halls, and hotels to look after. Every saloon within a mile of that place of worship is visited. Many a time I have gone into these saloons and asked men to come and hear me preach. I know that isn't a very proper thing for a preacher to do, but it's a good deal better than preaching to empty seats. Some of our brethren said they didn't like to do it; I said there were a great many things we didn't like to do. If we make up our minds to it, we can get people to the preaching. If we roll up our sleeves, they will come. Then in the summer season never mind the church, leave it to the owls and bats; if the people won't come to the church, go out on the first street corner you come to and preach, or go to the court-house square, or the park; anywhere, to get at the people. And then when you get the people, have good singing. And remember when you sing that what the people want is the words. The words, not the music, reach the soul and convert the man. And then shake hands with every one who comes. Instead of staying in the pulpit to pronounce the benediction, I used to go right down to the door while they sang the last hymn, then I'd get them as they passed out. Let the benediction go, but shake hands with them. And we must have plainer churches. And they must not have mortgages upon them. If we are all the time staggering under a big debt, we must be after the money of the people, and that will soon drive them off. When they won't come to the church, or, as many can't come—mothers, washerwomen, people with nothing to wear—why, go to them. Ask permission to go down to their rooms and hold a cottage prayer-meeting. Let them call in their neighbors. That commits these people to your side; they are then known to favor religious meetings, and good is done in that way. Don't arrange it so as to keep the hymn-books in the church all the time. Let the people carry the books home, then they'll sing of Jesus while at their home work.

In answer to question, What was the secret of your success in Chicago? Mr. Moody said: The only way I got along in Chicago

was by going to preach to the people if they would not come and hear me.

A Farewell Not Final.

At the close of the course of meetings in Philadelphia, the Evangelists were greeted in the Old Depot by an immense audience, from which thousands were excluded by lack of room, who had come to manifest their interest in the mighty work and its chief promoters. Deep solemnity rested on the vast assemblage, and many hearts were saddened by the prospect of the departure of the men who had won them to Christ, or stimulated and instructed them as Christian workers.

Mr. Moody, after making the announcements for the meetings to follow, said that the expenses of the meetings had been paid, but that this evening he would, on his own responsibility, ask for a thank-offering with which to finish and pay for the building now in course of construction for the Young Men's Christian Association. He said that he desired it also to be distinctly understood that they [Moody and Sankey] were receiving no money from the committee, and declined to have any collections taken up in the meetings. As to the photographs, they had no interest in them, and for eight years he had refused to have any taken. If any one had purchased a copy and felt cheated, he did not pity him. It is true that there is a royalty upon the hymn-books, which is paid over to a committee, consisting of Mr. George H. Stuart of this city, William E. Dodge of New York, and Mr. Farwell of Chicago. He did not know how much had been realized upon the sale of the books in this city, but in order to satisfy any one that no money has been made out of the meetings, the committee would give one thousand dollars as a thank-offering for the Young Men's Christian Association's Hall. He trusted that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be subscribed.

He read the following letter:

Dear Mr. Moody:—Through the instrumentality of the blessed meetings now closing, my darling son, a prodigal, and his wife are

now resting in a Saviour's love. The accompanying ring, the gift of one dearly loved, and so long worn it seems a part of myself, I now offer to my dear Lord and Master as a thank-offering for His unspeakable blessing. Do with it as the Holy Spirit directs. Please join with me in prayer that my son may be consecrated to God, and be the means of leading many to Christ.

He said: Enclosed I found a diamond ring with eight diamonds. One man said he would give $500 for it. If any will give more he can have it, but if not the ring will be sold for $500 and the money be given to the Y. M. C. A. Let us now go to work and praise God by giving $280,000 for this object.

The ushers then began to take the collection up, and almost immediately Mr. Moody announced that three persons had given $70,000, and shortly after that another person had given $10,000 more, and that the diamond ring had been sold for $1,000.

About $100,000 were speedily raised, a short sermon was preached, and then Mr. Moody spoke of his past nine weeks' labor as most precious weeks to him ; but one cloud crossed his path, and that was that he was now to take his leave of them. He wanted to thank the people for their attention, and he wanted their prayers for the success of the work in the metropolis of the country. He thanked the ministers of Philadelphia for their support and sympathy. He also thanked the ushers, choir and reporters, and invoked the blessing of heaven upon them. 20,000 copies of his little book for the unconverted would soon be ready, and copies would be sent to those who are not Christians if they sent their names.

Finally, he said: We love you, and we want your prayers as we go to New York. He then prayed most earnestly for all the young converts, that they may be kept true to the faith.

After singing "Blest be the tie that binds," the happy throng dispersed.

The Last Farewell.

After a brief absence from the city, the Evangelists returned Feb. 4th, to bid a last farewell to the thousands who had learned

to follow them as the multitudes once followed the Master. The Depot-Tabernacle was packed to repletion with an eager multitude, many of whom were better content with a few square inches on which to stand, where the words of the Evangelists could be heard, than with all the pleasures of the great world beckoning from the outside. On the stage were almost all the clergymen who have taken an active interest in the movement.

Mr. Sankey, by request, sang the beautiful hymn,

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair.

The stanzas were sung as a solo by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus with much spirit and expression. The chorus of the last verse was sung so softly as to give the sweet effect of a distant choir of angel choristers. At the conclusion of the hymn Mr. Moody arose, and calling attention to the fact that at the last meeting a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association building, said that it was necessary to raise about $280,000, and at the last meeting only $120,000 had been subscribed. It might be supposed that this was a good deal to spend on a building, yet many citizens had private houses worth far more in actual value, and only one family could reap the benefits. But this building was to be a home for thousands of young men who might otherwise be led astray by the brilliant palaces of crime which Satan was constantly rearing for the ruin of the young. If it was desirable to redeem young men it was necessary to go where they would naturally congregate, and this association, if provided with convenient and pleasant quarters, would attract the young of all classes, and there the workers for Christ could labor. Continuing, he spoke of the advantages of the Young Men's Christian Association in other cities, showing that in Cleveland especially the results were beyond calculation. Every young man, when converted, became a Christian worker, and was it not better to have one, or two, or three thousand young men voluntarily working for God than letting the young wander in any direction, while a few hundred paid missionaries were vainly striving to stem the

tide of sin? He then told an affecting story of a boy who was taken by his father from his Scotland home, and lost in the streets of Chicago while the father was on a drunken spree. The boy became a street gamin, and grew up surrounded by the worst influences. Time passed on, and at length, through the Young Men's Christian Association, the youth was saved. Then, as the love of the Saviour pervaded his heart, the memories of boyhood returned, and he was seized with an irresistible longing to gaze once more on the face of the mother so long lost. He wrote again and again to many different addresses, but the letters were all returned. Almost despairing, he threw himself on his knees, and in anguish called on God to help him. As he prayed, the memory of a long-forgotten village came to his brain, and he seemed to hear some spirit whisper that there he could find a letter awaiting him. He wrote, and received the letter which his mother had written to him seven years before. With this as a guide he found the mother, so long lost, waiting in submission to God's will for the return of her son, and when that son not only returned, but she folded to her arms a Christian, her heart overflowed with joy, and that one moment repaid for all the long years of hopeless longing. "Was not the saving of this young man," asked Mr. Moody, "worth all the money that could be spent on any building? Did not that mother's tears bestow a double blessing on every giver and every worker in Christ?" Mr. Moody concluded by beseeching those present to each do their share towards forwarding the blessed work of the Young Men's Christian Association by aiding in the erection of a long-needed building. While the ushers were passing through the congregation with the contribution baskets Mr. Sankey sweetly sang a new solo, after which Mr. Moody made a fervent prayer for the blessing of God on the work already done, and asking that on the golden shore of the Beyond all who had found Christ might clasp hands without missing the face of one lost brother.

The 82d hymn,

> Only an armor-bearer proudly I stand,
> Waiting to follow the King's command,

was next sung by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining heartily in the chorus. At the conclusion of the second verse the entire congregation of twelve thousand persons rose to their feet and blended their voices with those of the choir.

Mr. Moody next arose and said: "I want to call your attention to one little word in the fourth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Romans. That little word is *able*. God is able to hold you, and will hold you up if you have faith in His power, and are not self-confident. There are three enemies which every young convert has—the flesh, the world, and the devil. Don't think you have got rid of them. Not only do the young fall, but some of the most eminent men have fallen after years of walking in the right path. Don't think you are to be wafted into heaven without any effort. You have got to fight—it is a conflict. But how sweet is the thought that God is able to make us stand. But you must let God keep hold of you. It is a great deal better to have God take hold of you than for you to try to take hold of God for safety, while confident not only that you can stand alone, but can, if necessary, retain your grasp. Every Christian's life should be like that of the orange tree. In Florida I saw these trees growing in dry sand, and when I asked how they lived, I was told that every tree had a top root which went right down until it struck water. We, too, must find a fount so pure and revivifying that no surroundings can injure our spiritual growth. Now, I want to call your attention to the second chapter of Hebrews, the eighteenth verse. It is temptation that brings out the character. We don't want to be like hot-house plants. We must learn to overcome temptations. Our Saviour has been tempted, and He knows how to succor them that are tempted. If you are overtaken in a fault, young friends, don't be discouraged; go right to Christ in your time of trouble and tell it right out. You will find forgiveness and loving aid. Now look at the first chapter of Paul, Second Epistle to Timothy. A great many predict that these young converts will fall away. Perhaps some will. The parable of the sower is as true to-day as it was when Christ first spoke it. But if some seeds have fallen on stony ground or

among thorns, is it any sign that God is not able to keep what has been committed to Him? He is able to grant all our wants and to aid us under all circumstances. You may tremble when you look into your own heart, but you can't tremble when you look towards God. The Bank of England is protected by soldiers, who march around it all night long; so the moment your eyes are closed in sleep, God's angels are guarding you. Now, what I particularly want to say to young converts is to become united to some church. If you have got your arm around the cross, don't go to sleep there, forgetful of all others, but while clinging with one hand, reach with the other down into the water and help to save some one else who is struggling in the waves. One danger which young converts always meet is found in spiritual pride, which the devil instils into their hearts. Another danger is the possibility of becoming lukewarm and losing all pride in the work of God. Let 'Word and Work' be our watchword. If you neglect either the one or the other you won't be successful. But he who holds the word in one hand and works with the other must advance nearer and nearer to the Throne." In closing, he said: "I hate to say farewell. I hate to leave you. The hardest part of our work is when we have to say farewell to those we have prayed with and wept with. Let us pray that God may lift us higher and higher. May God bless you; may God keep you. Keep close to the Saviour; try to follow Him closer and closer every day. I don't like the word farewell. I'll bid you good-night, and by the grace of God I want to meet you in the morning where night can never come and farewells are never needed."

As Mr. Moody ceased, Mr. Sankey touched a few familiar notes on the organ, and in the next moment began in a trembling voice a farewell hymn set to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." The scene was an affecting one, and many were the glistening eyes among the thousands who seemed to have forgotten that the evangelists were ever to depart. A few moments were next spent in silent prayer, after which the congregation and choir sang in unison "The Sweet Bye and Bye," filling the vast auditorium with floods of musical sound. The benediction was then pronounced, and the audience gradually dispersed.

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[redacted]			
[redacted]			